MEMOIR

OF

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

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MEMOIR

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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

It is a circumstance of rather unusual occurrence that the day and place of a famous birth should be unknown even to contemporary inquirers; yet such is the case on the present occasion. It is certain that the Duke of Wellington was born in Ireland, and of an Irish family, and that the year in which he saw the light was that which ushered also Napoleon Bonaparte into the world. For most purposes but those of astrology these verifications of fact would be sufficient; but it is not unlikely that the event which has now thrown Britain into mourning may reanimate a controversy not without its attractions to inquisitive minds. The 1st of May, 1769, is specified, with few variations, as the birthday of Arthur Wellesley by those of his biographers who venture on such circumstantiality, and Dangan Castle, county Meath, has been selected with similar unanimity as the scene of the event. The former of these statements has received a kind of confirmation by the adoption of the Duke's name and sponsorship for a royal infant born on the day in question; yet, in the registry of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, it is duly recorded that "Arthur, son of the Right Honourable Earl and Countess of Mornington," was there christened by "Isaac Maun, archdeacon, on the 30th of April, 1769." This entry, while it conclusively negatives one of the two foregoing presumptions, materially invalidates the other also; for, though not impossible, it is certainly not

likely that the infant, if born at Dangan, would have been baptized in Dublin. Our own information leads us to believe that the illustrious subject of this biography first saw the light in the town residence of his parents, Mornington House, a mansion of some pretensions in the centre of the eastern side of Upper Merrion Street, Dublin, and which, as it abutted eighty years ago as a corner house upon a large area, since enclosed with buildings, was occasionally described as situate in Merrion Square. We are not inclined, however, to pursue a question of which the most notable point is the indifference with which it was treated by the person most immediately concerned. The Duke kept his birthday on the 18th of June.

Two families, both English by original extraction, and both Irish by settlement and adoption, were centered in the lineage from which our great Captain sprung. We shall be giving sufficient prominence to points possessing little beyond incidental interest if we state that in the year 1728 Richard Colley, of Castle Carbery, in the county of Kildare, succeeded to the name and estates of Garret Wesley, of Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath. The Colleys had migrated in the 16th century from Rutlandshire; the Wesleys at an earlier date from Sussex. The two families had been already connected by a recent alliance, so that Richard Colley was the first cousin of Garret Wesley, whose estates in default of lineal issue he was called to inherit. The former of these two names was indiscriminately specified as Cooley, Colley, or Cowley; the third of which forms obtained the preference at a recent revival of the family designation; the latter was usually written Westley or Wesley till 1797, when the first Marquis adopted the orthography of Wellesley, now familiar to the world. It was, however, as "Arthur Wesley" that the subject of these memoirs was first known as a soldier, and the young officer will be found so designated in contemporary descriptions of his early services. The double notoriety attaching itself to the name of Wesley will be suggestive, we doubt not, of some edifying

thoughts, and to the ready pen which chronicled both reputations in the respective history of Methodism and the Peninsular War we owe an anecdote curious enough to be transcribed into our more concise biography. When Charles, the brother of John Wesley, was at Westminster School, his father received a communication from an Irish gentleman offering to adopt the boy as heir; but the overture, strange as it may seem, was declined. It was for this Charles Wesley that Richard Colley was substituted by the owner of Dangan, and thus, but for a capricious and improbable transfer of fortune, "we might," says Southey in his speculative reflections, "have had no Methodists; the British Empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might still have insulted and threatened us on our own shores." The Richard Colley thus favoured was created Baron Mornington, of the Irish peerage, in 1746,—a title which was exchanged for an earldom, fourteen years later, in favour of his son. This second Lord Mornington, of musical celebrity, left by his wife, Anne, daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, nine children surviving, of whom one became Marquis Wellesley, one Baron Cowley, and one, christened, we presume, after his maternal grandfather, Duke of Wellington.

Arthur Wellesley, by the death of his father in 1781, became dependent at an early age upon the care and prudence of his mother, a lady, as it fortunately happened, of talents not unequal to the task. Under this direction of his studies he was sent to Eton, from which college he was transferred, first, to private tuition at Brighton, and subsequently to the military seminary of Angers, in France. For the deficiency of any early promise in the future hero we are not confined to negative evidence alone. His relative inferiority was the subject of some concern to his vigilant mother, and had its influence, as we are led to conclude, in the selection of the military profession for one who displayed so little of the family aptitude for elegant scholarship. At Angers, though the young student left no signal reputation behind him, it

is clear that his time must have been productively employed. Pignerol, the director of the seminary, was an engineer of high repute, and the opportunities of acquiring, not only professional knowledge, but a serviceable mastery of the French tongue, were not likely to have been lost on such a mind as that of his pupil. Altogether, six years were consumed in this course of education, which, though partial enough in itself, was so far in advance of the age, that we may conceive the young cadet to have carried with him to his corps a more than average store of professional acquirements. On the 7th of March, 1787, the Honourable Arthur Wellesley, being then in his eighteenth year, received his first commission as an ensign in the 73d Regiment of Foot. The only point of interest in his position at this minute is the degree of advantage over his contemporaries, which might be derived from the family connexions above described; and a review of the facts will lead, we think, to the conclusion that, though the young officer commanded sufficient interest to bring his deserts into immediate and favourable notice, he was not so circumstanced as to rely exclusively on such considerations for advancement. A French historian, indeed, has indulged in a sneer at the readiness with which the haughty aristocracy of Britain submitted themselves, in after times, to the ascendancy of an Irish *parvenu;* but this assumption is as little warrantable as that by which the distinctions of the young cadet are attributed to the nobility of his extraction. The pretensions of Arthur Wellesley were insufficient, even at a somewhat later period, to secure him from failure in that test of social position — the choice of a wife; nor could his opportunities have produced more than common-place successes to a man of ordinary capacity. On the other hand, they relieved him from those risks of neglect and injustice which must occasionally be fatal even to eminent worth, and they carried him rapidly over those early stages in which, under other circumstances, the fortunes of a life might have been perhaps consumed. He possessed interest enough to make merit available, but not enough to

dispense with it. On a remarkable occasion in after times he spoke, in the House of Peers, of having "raised himself" by his own exertions to the position he then filled.

His promotion was accordingly rapid, but not more so in its first steps than in examples visible at the present day, and much less so than in the case of some of his contemporaries. He remained a subaltern four years and three months, at the expiration of which period of service he received his captaincy. The honour of having trained the Duke of Wellington would be highly regarded in the traditions of any particular corps, but so numerous and rapid were his exchanges at this period, that the distinction can hardly be claimed by any of the regiments on the rolls of which he was temporarily borne. He entered the army, as we have said, in the 73d, but in the same year he moved, as lieutenant, to the 76th, and within the next eighteen months was transferred, still in a subaltern's capacity, to the 41st foot and the 12th Light Dragoons, successively. On the 30th of June, 1791, he was promoted to a captaincy in the 58th, from which corps he exchanged into the 18th Light Dragoons in the October of the year following. At length, on the 30th of April, 1793, he obtained his majority in the 33d, a regiment which may boast of considerable identification with his renown, for he proceeded in it to his lieutenant-colonelcy and colonelcy, and commanded it personally throughout the early stages of his active career. These rapid exchanges bespeak the operation of somewhat unusual interest in pushing the young officer forward; for in those days a soldier ordinarily continued in the corps to which he was first gazetted, and to which his hopes, prospects, and connexions were mainly confined. So close, indeed, and permanent were the ties thus formed, that when Colonel Wellesley's own comrade and commander, General Harris, was asked to name the title by which he would desire to enter the peerage, he could only refer to the 5th Fusileers as having been for nearly six and twenty years his constant home. The brother of Lord Mornington was raised above these necessi-

ties of routine, but what is chiefly noticeable in the incidents described is, that the period of his probationary service was divided between cavalry and infantry alike—a circumstance of some advantage to so observant a mind.

Before the active career of the young officer commenced, he was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1790, having just come of age, he was returned to the Irish Parliament for the family borough of Trim. The most eager researches into this period of his career have not elicited anything to prove that he was distinguished from those around him. In one particular, indeed, he shared the failings common to his class and times, after a fashion singularly contrasted with the subsequent developments of his character. Captain Wellesley got seriously into debt. So pressing, in fact, were his obligations, that he accepted temporary relief from a bootmaker in whose house he lodged, and before quitting England on foreign service confided the arrangement of his affairs to another Dublin tradesman, whom he empowered for this purpose to receive the disposable portion of his income.

At length, in the month of May, 1794, Arthur Wellesley, being then in his 26th year and in command of the 33d Regiment—a position which he owed to his brother's liberality—embarked at Cork for service on the continent of Europe, so that his first active duties involved great independent responsibility. The aspect of affairs at that period was unpromising in the extreme. War had been declared about twelve months previously between England and France, and 10,000 British troops, under the command of the Duke of York, had been despatched to aid the operations of the Allied Powers in the Low Countries. It would be difficult to impress an Englishman of the present generation with a true conception of the character and reputation of the British army at that period. Forty years had elapsed since the appearance of any considerable English force on the European continent, and the recollections of the campaigns in question were not calculated to suggest

any high opinions of British prowess. In fact, the Duke of Cumberland had been systematically beaten by Marshal Saxe, and the traditions of Marlborough's wars had been obliterated by contests in which the superiority of the French soldiery seemed to be declared. The ascendancy, too, so signally acquired at this time by our navy tended to confirm the impressions referred to, and it was argued that the ocean had been clearly marked out as the exclusive scene of our preponderance. Throughout a great part of the century these opinions had been rather justified than belied by our own proceedings. We fought many of our colonial battles with mercenaries, and we hired German battalions even to defend our coasts and protect the established succession of the Throne. A new school of war, to whom the attention of the reader will be presently directed, was, indeed, forming in the East; but its influence was hardly yet known, and the Duke of York's corps was disembarked at Ostend with, perhaps, less *prestige* than any division of the allied army. Though the exertions of the Royal commander had already been directed, and with some success, to military reforms, yet the conditions of the service were still miserably bad. The commissariat was wretched, the medical department shamefully ineffective, and rapacity, peculation, and mismanagement prevailed to a most serious extent. Such was the army which Colonel Wellesley proceeded to join. It was no wonder that English as well as Imperialists were worsted by Republican levies, not only numerically superior, but whose system confounded all received tactics as utterly as the Italian campaigns of Charles VIII. demolished the conceptions of mediæval warfare. The Duke of York was repulsed in a series of engagements which we need not describe, and it was in aid of his discomfited force that Colonel Wellesley carried out the 33rd regiment to the scene of his first, as well as of his last services — the plains of Belgium.

The first military operation performed by the conqueror of Waterloo was the evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy.

The 33rd had been landed at Ostend; but when Lord Moira, who had the chief command of the reinforcements sent out, arrived at that port with the main body, he saw reason for promptly withdrawing the garrison and abandoning the place. Orders were issued accordingly, and though the Republicans, under Pichegru, were at the gates of the town before the English had quitted it, the 33rd was safely embarked. Lord Moira, by a flank march, effected a timely junction with the Duke of York at Malines. Colonel Wellesley took his corps round by the Scheldt, and landed at Antwerp, whence he moved without delay to the head-quarters of the Duke. This was in July, 1794. The operations which followed, and which terminated in the following spring with the re-embarkation of the British troops at Bremerlehe, a town at the mouth of the Weser, constituted Arthur Wellesley's first campaign. They do not, for the purposes of our memoir, require any circumstantial description. The total force of the Allied Powers was strong, but it was extended over a long line of country, composed of heterogeneous troops, and commanded by generals, not only independent, but suspicious of each other's decisions. In the face of an enemy, first animated by desperation and then intoxicated by success, there existed no unity of plan or concert of movements. After the defeat sustained by the Austrians at Fleurus the campaign was resolved into retreat on the part of the Allies, and pursuit of fortune on the part of the French. The Austrians were on the Middle Rhine, the British on the Meuse. The route taken by the Duke of York in his successive retirements from one position to another lay through Breda, Bois le Duc, and Nimeguen, at which latter place he maintained himself against the enemy with some credit. Early in December, however, he resigned his command to General Walmoden, and returned to England, leaving the unfortunate division to struggle with even greater difficulties than they had yet experienced. Disengaged by repeated triumphs from their Austrian antagonists, the Republican forces closed in tremendous strength round the English and their comrades. The winter set

in with such excessive severity that the rivers were passable for the heaviest class of cannon, provisions were scanty, and little aid was forthcoming from the inhabitants against either the inclemency of the season or the casualties of war. It was found necessary to retire into Westphalia, and in this retreat, which was commenced on the 15th of January, 1795, the troops are said to have endured for some days privations and sufferings little short of those encountered by the French in the Moscow campaign. So deep was the snow that all traces of roads were lost; waggons laden with sick and wounded were unavoidably abandoned; and to straggle from the column was to perish. The enemy were in hot pursuit, and the population undisguisedly hostile to their nominal allies. At length the Yssel was crossed, and the troops reposed for a while in cantonments along the Ems; but as the French still prepared to push forward, the allied force continued its retreat, and as they entered Westphalia, the tardy appearance of a strong Prussian corps secured them from further molestation till the embarkation took place.

Such was the Duke of Wellington's first campaign. Whatever might have been the actual precocity of his talent, there was obviously no room in such operations for the exercise on his part of anything beyond intrepidity and steadiness, and these qualities, as we learn, were made visibly manifest. His post was that which in a retreat is the post of honour—the rearguard. The command of a brigade devolved on him by seniority, and the able dispositions of Colonel Wellesley in checking the enemy or executing an assault are circumstances of special remark in contemporary accounts of the transactions. In particular, the affairs of Druyten, Meteren, and Geldermansel, are mentioned with some detail, as reflecting considerable credit on the 33rd and its commander. Beyond this point Colonel Wellesley's reputation was not extended; but we may readily imagine how material a portion of his professional character might have been formed in this Dutch campaign. Irrespectively of the general uses of ad-

versity, the miscarriage of this ill-starred expedition must have been fraught with invaluable lessons to the future hero. He observed the absolute need of undivided authority in an enemy's presence, and the hopelessness of all such imperfect combinations as State jealousies suggested. We are justified in inferring from his subsequent demonstrations of character that no error escaped either his notice or his memory. He saw a powerful force frittered away by divisions, and utterly routed by an enemy which but a few months before had been scared at the very news of its approach. He saw the indispensability of preserving discipline in a friendly country, and of conciliating the dispositions of a local population, always powerful for good or evil. Though a master hand was wanting at head-quarters, yet Abercromby was present, and the young Picton was making his first essay by the side of his future comrade. Austrian, Prussian, Hanoverian, French, Dutch, and British were in the field together, and the care exemplified in appointing and provisioning the respective battalions might be serviceably contrasted. Every check, every repulse, every privation, and every loss brought, we may be sure, its enduring moral to Arthur Wellesley; and although Englishmen may not reflect without emotion on the destinies which were thus perilled in the swamps of Holland, the future General had perhaps little reason to repine at the rugged tuition of his first campaign.

On the return of the expedition to England, the 33rd was landed at Harwich, and for a long time encamped at Warley, where it soon recovered its effective strength. In the autumn of the same year, Colonel Wellesley conducted his corps to Southampton, where it was embarked on board the outward-bound fleet, under the flag of Admiral Christian. The destination of the force was the West Indies: but, through a series of accidents so remarkable as to acquire, in conjunction with subsequent events, a providential character, the orders were ultimately changed, and the services of the young Colonel were employed on a scene far

better calculated to develop his military genius. For some time the winds were so adverse that the vessels were unable to quit the port at all; and when they had at length succeeded in putting to sea, they encountered such tempestuous weather as to be finally compelled, after experiencing serious casualties, to return to Portsmouth. Meantime new exigencies had arisen; and in the spring of 1796 the weather-beaten 33rd received directions to embark for Bengal. At this critical period, however, the health of Colonel Wellesley suddenly failed him. Considering that strength of constitution and temperament with which we have since become familiar, it is remarkable to observe how repeatedly the Iron Duke, in earlier days, was attacked, and apparently almost mastered, by debility and sickness. On the present occasion he was actually unable to embark with his regiment; but a favourable change afterwards supervened, and he succeeded in joining the corps at the Cape of Good Hope. The remainder of the voyage was soon completed; and in February, 1797, Arthur Wellesley landed at Calcutta to commence in earnest that career of service which will reflect such eternal lustre on his name.

Before recounting those memorable campaigns by which our empire in the East was finally established, it will be desirable to premise some intelligible description of the scenes and persons to which Colonel Wellesley was now introduced. Half the unpopularity attributed to Indian history resides in the strangeness of Oriental names; and we are persuaded that any reader of ordinary attention who would familiarise himself with the geographical expressions and family titles current in these parts, would afterwards comprehend the affairs of India with as much readiness as those of any European country.

In 1797 there still existed, and in something more than name, a Great Mogul, that is to say, a representative of that Mogul or Tartar dynasty which since the commencement of the 16th century had established itself in the Imperial Sovereignty of India.

He was not, however, directly possessed of any substantial power, though there was eager competition for the exercise of his traditional authority. He resided at Delhi, and in histories of this period is often termed "King," a title which, though afterwards conferred by us on the Nabob of Oude, was long considered in India as the exclusive property of the supreme territorial lord. The power lost by this monarch in the decline of his dominion had been seized by two classes of the people—his own lieutenants, who had converted their governments into independent heritages; and his Hindoo subjects, who had embraced the opportunity of renouncing an allegiance which they had never willingly or perhaps absolutely acknowledged. Of the former class were the Nabobs of Oude and Bengal in Hindostan, *i. e.*, in that part of India, commonly so called, which is north of the Nerbudda river; and the still more powerful lieutenant who administered singly the whole of the "Deccan" or "South," under which designation was nominally comprised almost all the southern portion of the peninsula excepting "the Carnatic," a name attached to its south-eastern districts between the river Kistnah and Cape Comorin. The first of these three Princes was usually termed "the Nabob-Vizier," or "Vizier," in consequence of that state-office having been monopolised by his family during the decline of the Mogul sovereigns. The second, the "Nabob" or "Subahdar" of Bengal, had been conquered by us at Plassey, and we had virtually assumed his inheritance ourselves. The third, he of the Deccan, was termed emphatically "the Lieutenant" or "Nizam," — a title which had been given purely for personal distinction to the first Viceroy of this province on his accepting office, but which had been perpetuated in favour of his successors, as we see, to this day. The Carnatic was not held immediately of the Mogul Sovereign, but of his lieutenant in the Deccan, who thus claimed the allegiance of a feudatory not greatly inferior to himself. This latter Prince was called the Nabob of the Carnatic, or, more familiarly, from his place of residence, the

Nabob of Arcot. These were the Mahometan Powers with which we had then to deal.

The Hindoo pretenders to dominion were represented by the Mahrattas, a powerful and warlike tribe of the Malabar coast, which had successfully resisted the great Aurungzebe, and which had turned to such profit the imbecility of his successors, as to have almost revived in their own favour the Imperial claims of the Moguls themselves. They had extended their power by despatching their great captains in various directions on the common errand of conquest; such conquests to be retained by the individual victors on condition of allegiance and tribute payable to the supreme family. This family held court originally at Sattara, under a title which has been made familiar to the present generation by the importunities of its *soi-disant* representative; but the actual Rajahs of Sattara had been superseded in all effective or cognizable authority by the "Peishwa" or "chief" of their own privy council — an office which had been made hereditary in a particular family, and to which the princely power had been wholly transferred. The Peishwa resided at Poonah, but his lieutenants had already assumed an independence little less substantial than that of the Mogul viceroys just described. One, sirnamed Scindiah, then the most formidable of the cousinhood, had established himself in Malwa, and was pretending to extraordinary dominion in western Hindostan; another, named Holkar, had set up his standard a little to the south of Scindiah, in the town of Indore; the Bhonsla family were settled with great possessions at Nagpore, in the north-east of the Deccan; and the "Guicowar," or "herdsman," was installed in the government of Guzerat, contiguous to the Peishwa's territory. Of this great and formidable Mahratta confederacy only two members now survive as substantive powers of India — the Guicowar, still called by his ancestral appellative; and the Nagpore prince, at present styled the Rajah of Berar; the Peishwa's prerogatives having been extinguished and absorbed by Lord Hastings, in 1819, and Scindiah and Holkar having

succumbed in the stubborn contests which we shall have presently to recount. It will further be requisite to mention that an inconsiderable Hindoo principality in the south had been usurped by a Mahometan adventurer, Hyder Ali, who, with his son, afterwards Tippoo Sahib or Sultaun, was consolidating an inheritance with true Oriental success; and that the Abdallee empire, founded about forty years previously in Affghanistan, was still vigorously administered by Zemaum Shah, the identical prince visited by our own generals but the other day. Our remarks refer to a period of Indian history so comparatively early, that any actor in these half-forgotten scenes appears like a phantom of the past; but it will stimulate our interest in the subject before us, if we endeavour to realise to our own imaginations that the grey-headed old soldier who but yesterday was riding down Whitehall, was the identical hero who fifty years since drove Dowlut Rao to capitulate, and packed off Dhoondiah on the carriage of a galloper gun. It is strange that the commander of an army should be one of its last survivors!

The position of the Indian Government relatively to the Home Administration was not, when Colonel Wellesley arrived in those parts, materially different from that which exists at present. The great step of identifying those prodigious acquisitions with the dominions of the British Crown had virtually been taken already; and Lord Cornwallis, in the last war, had wielded, to Tippoo's cost, the resources of an Empire instead of the arms of a Company. A few years earlier India had scarcely been reputed among the fields open to soldiers of the British army, and regiments were reluctantly despatched to quarters not looked upon at first with any favourable eye. But the scene had been changed by late achievements; and, though a command in India was not what it has since become, it was an object of reasonable ambition. Napoleon pretended, even after the victories of Seringapatam and Assaye, to slight the services of a "sepoy general;" but Wellesley established for the school, in the eyes of all Europe, a reputation which it has never since lost.

Small as were the anticipations of such active service which the young Colonel could have entertained at his first landing in India, a few months saw him in the field with his corps against a resolute and formidable enemy. By a notable instance of fortune, the elder brother of Arthur Wellesley was nominated to the Governor-Generalship of India within a few months after the subject of these memoirs had arrived at Calcutta, and the talents of a most accomplished statesman were thus at hand to develop and reward the genius of the rising soldier. Lord Mornington, like many of his successors, went out in the confident expectation of maintaining peace, but found himself engaged in hostilities against his most ardent desire. At that time the three Presidencies of India shared pretty evenly between them the perils and prospects of active service in the field. Bengal, since the definite submission of Oude, had been comparatively quiet; but it was the Imperial Presidency, and its troops were held readily disposable for the exigencies of the others. Bombay vibrated with every convulsion of the Mahratta States, by which it was surrounded; and Madras, in earlier times the leading Government, had recovered much of its importance from the virtual absorption of the Carnatic, the formidable resources and uncertain disposition of the Nizam, and, above all, the menacing attitude of Tippoo Sultaun, the famous adventurer of Mysore. It was against this barbaric chieftain that the spurs of Arthur Wellesley were won.

When the two brothers met at Calcutta, in 1798, the chief risk of war was clearly created by the unruly resentments of Tippoo. Oude had been subdued; Bengal was our own; the Carnatic had been absorbed, and the Nizam of the Deccan, like the other Princes still independent, was trimming between the British alliance and that of States whom he dreaded still more than ourselves. There still remained, however, a considerable element of *French* influence in the Peninsula. We had, it is true, definitely expelled these dangerous rivals by the capture of Pondicherry in 1761, and they no longer worked openly on their own account; but the

Nizam maintained an imposing force, disciplined by more than 100 French officers, under M. Raymond, and Scindiah employed with similar views the services of General Perron. It can be little matter of surprise, therefore, that the dread of French influence should still predominate at Madras, and it was the assumed identification of Tippoo with these inveterate antagonists of Britain which rendered the wars with him, and with him *only* of all Indian Princes, so generally popular at home.

Tippoo had recently, after a stubborn conflict, made peace with the Company, but the treaty, as regarded his stipulations, was so essentially of a penal character that his patient acquiescence in its operation was not to be expected, though Lord Mornington, as we have seen, did both desire and anticipate a perpetuation of the truce. Within a very few weeks, however, of his arrival at the seat of his government, he learnt that the Mysore Sultaun had been actively intriguing with the French for the purpose of expelling us from the Peninsula. It is more likely, perhaps, that this idea should have been suggested to Tippoo through some one of the many Frenchmen still lurking in India than that the Oriental despot should of himself have descried the resources presented to him by the unscrupulous ambition of the Republican Directory. However this may be, he undoubtedly despatched ambassadors with this object to the Mauritius, the nearest French settlement, and these envoys actually disembarked at Mangalore on their return voyage, with a body of European recruits, at the very moment that the new Governor-General, on his way to Calcutta, touched at Madras. It does not fall within our purpose to discuss the respective cases of the belligerents. It is enough to remark that Tippoo's suspicions of ourselves were most cordially reciprocated, and that this new dynasty of Mysore had been always regarded, both in India and at home, with excessive jealousy and alarm. A war with Tippoo was counted as a life and death struggle, and although the last campaign of Cornwallis had pretty clearly foreshadowed the ultimate issue, yet the whole resources of the Indian Government were now summoned as to a deadly strife. Those resolutions

nearly affected the rising fortunes of Arthur Wellesley. On landing, as we have seen, at Calcutta in February, 1797, he had been despatched upon an expedition directed against Manilla, but transports sailed slowly in those days, and by the time that the several vessels had arrived at their first rendezvous the alarm had been given at Madras, and they were overtaken by a peremptory recall. Each Presidency mustered its whole strength for the conflict, and as a reinforcement of that most immediately menaced, the 33rd was transferred from Bengal and placed upon the Madras establishment. On this new scene of duty Colonel Wellesley arrived in September, 1798.

It had happened, and, as we may reasonably conclude, by something more than accident, that the young Colonel was already well acquainted with the future theatre of war. On returning from the Straits he had paid a visit to Lord Hobart, then Governor of Madras. His stay extended over a few weeks only; but this short period had enabled him to cast his eagle glance over the military establishments of that Presidency, and over the various capabilities of the Carnatic. He brought, therefore, to the duties which he now assumed, information of a most serviceable character. The Commander-in-Chief at Madras was General, afterwards Lord Harris, under whose auspices Colonel Wellesley was stationed at Wallajahbad, with the responsible commission of organising, equipping, and practising the forces of the Presidency destined for the expedition. The state of feeling in India at that period partook of no such confidence as was afterwards displayed. The troops at the Governor's command were neither numerous nor well provided; the resources of the Treasury were scanty, and the alliances of the Company had been seriously damaged by the temporising and ungenerous policy of the late Governor-General, Sir John Shore. Moreover, although the last campaign had been undoubtedly successful in its results, recollections of a disagreeable character were created by its vast consumption of blood and treasure, and by the perils of miscarriage which had been expe-

rienced in its course. It is natural enough from our present point of view to consider these apprehensions as having been unduly magnified, but it should be remembered that at the very moment when Colonel Wellesley was ordered to Madras, Bonaparte had actually disembarked a French army on the shores of Egypt, and had put himself in communication with Tippoo—facts quite menacing enough to warrant unusual misgivings. The strength, too, of the Mysore army gave at least 70,000 troops, admirably equipped, and in no contemptible state of discipline, while the Madras muster rolls showed a total of no more than 14,000 of all arms, including less than 4,000 Europeans. In fact, Lord Mornington had been compelled to exchange the scheme of attack originally contemplated for a more cautious and regular exertion of his strength. With these reluctant conclusions he ordered General Harris to stand on the defensive along the Mysore frontier, and to augment the efficiency of his army by all available means, while he turned his own attention to the native Courts, whose alliance or neutrality it was desirable to secure.

That nothing on his part might be wanting to the success of the enterprise, he had transferred himself and his staff from Calcutta to Madras, and the effects of his policy and his presence were quickly discernible in the impulse communicated to every department of the service, and the restoration of energy and confidence throughout the Presidency. These efforts were admirably seconded by the practical exertions of his brother at Wallajahbad. So effectually had Colonel Wellesley employed the three months of his local command, that the division under his charge from being weak and ill provided had become conspicuous for its organisation and equipment; and when the whole army afterwards took the field in wonderful efficiency, the especial services of Colonel Wellesley in bringing about this result were acknowledged in a general order of the Commander-in-Chief. The whole force now put in motion against the famous Tiger of Mysore comprised three divisions — that of the Carnatic, 30,000 strong, that of Bombay,

two-thirds less numerous, and the contingent of our ally, the Nizam. The latter consisted of the British detachment in the Nizam's service, of a few battalions of his own infantry, including some of M. Raymond's force lately disbanded, and of a large body of cavalry. To complete the efficiency of this powerful division it was resolved to add a King's regiment to its rolls, and at the express wish of the Nizam's Minister, coupled with the prompt approval of General Harris, Colonel Wellesley's corps was selected for this duty, and on him the general command of the whole contingent was suffered to devolve. By these arrangements, which were to the unqualified satisfaction of all parties concerned, Colonel Wellesley assumed a prominent place in the conduct of the war, and enjoyed opportunities of displaying both his special intelligence and his intuitive military powers. Few opportunities indeed could be better calculated for the full development of his genius. He held a command sufficiently independent to elicit all his talents; he formed one of the political commission attached to the Commander-in-Chief; and he acted under the eyes of a Governor whose acuteness in discerning merit and promptitude in rewarding it were quickened on this occasion by the natural impulses of affection. Nor were there wanting in the same ranks either models of excellence or stout competitors for fame. Besides Harris himself, there were Baird and Cotton, Dallas and Brown, Floyd and Malcolm — soldiers all of them of high distinction and extraordinary renown, who either sought or staked a professional reputation in this memorable war against Tippoo Sultaun.

By the end of February, 1799, the invading forces had penetrated into the dominions of Mysore, though so difficult was the country, and so insufficient, notwithstanding the previous preparations, were the means of transport, that half-a-dozen miles constituted an ordinary day's march, and three weeks were consumed in conveying intelligence from the western division of the army to the eastern. The first movements of Tippoo from his central position had been judiciously directed against the weaker corps

which was advancing from Cannanore on the opposite coast of the Peninsula, but in his attempt on this little force he was signally repulsed; on which, wheeling to the right about, and retracing his steps, he brought himself face to face with the main army under General Harris near Malavelly, a place within thirty miles of his capital city, Seringapatam. His desires to engage were promptly met by the British commander, who received his attack with the right wing of the army, leaving the left, which was composed of the Nizam's contingent under Colonel Wellesley, to charge and turn the flank of the enemy opposed to it. Colonel Wellesley's dispositions for this assault were speedily made, and, having been approved by General Harris, were executed with complete success. The conduct of the 33rd decided the action. Knowing that if he could break the European regiment the native battalions might be expected to despair, the Sultaun directed a column of his choicest troops against Colonel Wellesley's corps; which, reserving its fire till the enemy had closed, delivered a searching volley, charged, and threw the whole column into a disorder which the sabres of the Dragoons were not long in converting to a rout. After this essay it was clear that the campaign would turn upon the siege of the capital, and on the 4th of April the army, by the judicious strategy of Harris, arrived in effective condition before the ramparts of Seringapatam.

Between the camp of the besiegers and the walls of this famous fortress stretched a considerable extent of irregular and broken ground, affording excellent cover to the enemy for annoying the British lines with musketry and rocket practice. At one extremity was a "tope" or grove called the Sultaunpettah tope, composed mainly of betel trees, and intersected by numerous watercourses for the purposes of irrigation. The first operations of the besiegers were directed to the occupation of a position so peculiarly serviceable to the party maintaining it. Accordingly, on the night of the 4th, General Baird was ordered to scour this tope — a commission which he discharged without encountering

any opposition. Next morning Tippoo's troops were again seen to occupy it in great force, on which General Harris resolved to repeat the attack on the succeeding night, and to retain the position when carried. The duty was intrusted on this occasion to Colonel Wellesley, who, with the 33rd and a native battalion, was to be supported by another detachment of similar strength under Colonel Shawe. This was the famous affair of which so much has been said, and which, with such various colourings, has been described as the first service of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. On receiving the order, Colonel Wellesley addressed to his commander the following note, remarkable as being the first of that series of despatches which now constitute an extraordinary monument of his fame: —

"*To Lieutenant-General Harris, Commander-in-Chief.*

"Camp, 5th April, 1799.

"My dear Sir,—I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines, and show it to me. In the meantime I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

"Upon looking at the tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the nullah you have the tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I shall be ready.

"I am, my dear Sir, your most faithful servant,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

This letter has been often appealed to as evidence of that brevity, perspicacity, and decision afterwards recognised as such notable characteristics of the great Duke's style. Without stopping to challenge the criticism, we would rather point to it as signally exemplifying the change which had taken place in the young Colonel's official position since we last saw him in the Dutch

campaign. Instead of simply conducting a regiment, we now find him, though still only a colonel, in command of a powerful division of an army, influencing the character of its operations, corresponding on terms of freedom with the General-in-Chief, and preserving his despatches for the edification of posterity. Reserving, however, any further comment on these circumstances, we must now state that the attack in question was a failure. Bewildered in the darkness of the night, and entangled in the difficulties of the tope, the assaulting parties were thrown into confusion, and, although Shawe was enabled to report himself in possession of the post assigned to him, Colonel Wellesley was compelled, as the General records in his private diary, to come, "in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the tope." When daylight broke the attack was renewed with instantaneous success, showing at once what had been the nature of the obstacles on the previous night; but the affair has been frequently quoted as Wellington's "only failure," and the particulars of the occurrence were turned to some account in the jealousies and scandals from which no camp is wholly free. The reader will at once perceive that the circumstances suggest no discussion whatever. A night attack, by the most natural of results, failed of its object, and was successfully executed the next morning as soon as the troops discovered the nature of their duties.

When these advanced posts had fallen into our hands, the last hour of Tippoo's reign might be thought to have struck, and the final results of the expedition to be beyond peril. But there is an aspect of facility about Indian campaigning which is extremely delusive to those unexperienced in its risks. All goes apparently without a check, and all is thought easy and insignificant; but the truth is, that a single check, however slight, will often turn the whole tide of success. It is the characteristic of this warfare that reverses which in other countries would be endured without serious damage, are here liable to be fatal. To our check before the little fort of Kalunga, in 1814, we owed probably the duration

and losses of the Nepaul war, and it has been credibly averred that if the ingenious operations of our officers had failed before the gates of Ghuznee, the disasters of the Cabul retreat would have been anticipated in that first Affghan expedition, which now reads like a triumphal march. It is true that Tippoo's forces proved unequal to encounter in the field even the weakest of the invading armies, and that our position before Seringapatam had been taken up without any resistance proportioned to the renown or resources of our enemy. But the fort was extremely strong, the place unhealthy to the last degree, and any material protraction of the siege would have exhausted the provisions of the army, and given time for the season to do its work. The river Cauvery is periodically swelled during the monsoon, and had this occurred earlier than usual, the siege must have been raised, and a disastrous retreat—for in India all retreats are disastrous—must have been the inevitable consequence. As it was, the Commander-in-Chief was full of apprehensions, and Sir John Malcolm used, in after days, to relate an anecdote which shows, better than any calculation, how many chances still remained in Tippoo's favour. On the day appointed for the storm he entered the General's tent, and saluted him, by anticipation, with the title which proved afterwards the reward of his services. "Malcolm," was the grave reply of the old chief, "this is no time for compliments. We have serious work on hand. Don't you see that the European sentry over my tent is so weak from want of food and exhaustion, that a Sepoy could push him down? We must take this fort, or perish in the attempt. I have ordered Baird to persevere in his attack to the last extremity; if he is beat off, Wellesley is to proceed with the troops from the trenches; if he also should not succeed, I shall put myself at the head of the remainder of the army, for success is necessary to our existence."

In fact, these arrangements had been actually made. Colonel Wellesley, whose unremitting attention to all the duties of the siege is shown in a multiplicity of despatches, and the value of

whose suggestions is proved by their effect upon the operations, received orders to head the reserve in the advanced trenches and to await the first success of the storm. The fighting in the batteries had already been desperate and the losses heavy, but 2,500 Europeans still survived to lead the assault, and a chosen column of Sepoys followed them. It was midday on the 4th of May. Colonel Wellesley had received reports of the state of the breach, had revised them in terms exactly like those afterwards used at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, had superintended the final preparations, and was expecting the result from his appointed post. "It was," says one near him, "a moment of agony, and we continued with aching eyes to watch the result, until, after a short and appalling interval, we saw the acclivity of the breach covered with a cloud of crimson." The assault in fact succeeded, and Colonel Wellesley advanced from his position, not to renew a desperate attempt, but to restore some order in the captured city, and to certify the death of our dreaded enemy by discovering his body yet warm and palpitating under a mountain of slain.

Duties little less arduous than those of the actual storm devolved presently upon the troops of the reserve and their commander. The captured city presented a scene of rapine, terror, and confusion, in which not even the conquerors were safe, and the despatches of Colonel Wellesley from within the walls to General Harris, who still remained without, assumed an almost peremptory tone in their demands for positive instructions and summary authority to arrest the evil. The suggestions of the writer were acknowledged by an appointment conferring upon himself the powers required for restoring order. The establishment of a permanent garrison under Colonel Wellesley's immediate comman speedily brought the city to its ordinary state of tranquillity and confidence, and his services or his claims were still more conspicuously recognised by his subsequent nomination to the commission instituted for disposing of the conquered territories. Of these one portion was conferred on the Nizam, another offered to

the Peishwa, a third retained by ourselves under the provisional government of Colonel Wellesley himself, and the remainder restored to the original proprietors, dispossessed by the usurpation of Tippoo and his father. In these hands it still remains, and the residence of the Court having been again transferred to its ancient capital, Mysore, Seringapatam, the creation of Hyder and Tippoo, and the scene of British triumphs, is now crumbling to ruin from desertion and neglect, and will probably leave as little visible trace as the dynasty which raised it. Such was the end of the famous war in which Arthur Wellesley first won consideration and renown. It is not easy, perhaps, at this period of time, to appreciate the extraordinary interest with which it was viewed by contemporary observers, but it deserves to be remarked that these impressions were by no means confined to the shores of Britain. In the negotiations for the peace of Amiens the French plenipotentiaries repeatedly specified the conquest of Mysore as counterbalancing the continental triumphs of Napoleon himself, and the argument was acknowledged by Mr. Fox and his party to be founded on substantial reason.

We have now, within little more than two years of Colonel Wellesley's first landing at Calcutta, accompanied his rising fortunes to the point of independent and almost viceregal command. In July, 1799, he was actual Governor of Seringapatam and Mysore,—that is to say, of territories nearly equivalent to Tippoo's late kingdom; and as General Harris, on returning to the Presidency, had, in obedience to orders, surrendered to him the command in chief of the army of occupation, the civil and military authorities were united in his single person. The use which he made of these discretionary powers, and the account to which he turned such extraordinary opportunities of developing, correcting, and maturing his natural talents for organisation and command, may be readily conceived. For some months he was now actively engaged in reconstituting the various departments of an Administration wholly disorganised by the overthrow of its chief;

he selected and appointed officers in every capacity, giving preference to those who had faithfully discharged their duties under the former *régime;* he repaired roads, opened communications, attended to the claims of every class of the population, and executed with admirable sagacity all the functions of a Governor. Of the assiduity and talents which he brought to the performance of his duties his correspondence during this period with Colonel Close, the Resident at Mysore, contains copious illustration; but his services were soon to be again demanded in that capacity which was more peculiarly and memorably his own.

It is a characteristic of Oriental life that a few deeds of daring and a few turns of fortune will suffice to convert a freebooting adventurer into a popular captain, a mighty chief, and a recognised sovereign. Hyder Ali himself had been little more, and the existing rights of some Princes of India are derived from a similar title. Scarcely had Tippoo's standard been overthrown when it was raised again by a rival, who, but for the opportune antagonism of Wellesley, might have repeated on a larger scale the pretensions and aggressions of the Mysorean usurper. The name of this desperado was Dhoondiah Waugh. Having been unable, even during Tippoo's life, to restrain his predatory propensities, he had been incarcerated in Seringapatam, and was only released at the general deliverance which attended our conquest of the capital. On escaping from his dungeon he betook himself to the district of Bednore, on the Mahratta frontier, collected a numerous force from the disbanded levies of the Sultaun, and proceeded to lay the country under contribution after the usual fashion of such aspirants. On being pursued by a British detachment he crossed the frontier, and ensconced himself in a territory which it was then thought very undesirable to violate. Just at this conjuncture Colonel Wellesley received an offer which might have exercised considerable influence on his subsequent career. It had been resolved to attempt, though by negotiation rather than force, the reduction of the Dutch settlement at Batavia, and the military command of

the expedition was placed by Lord Mornington at the disposal of his brother. As the appointment was eventually declined, little notice would have been due to the incident but for the indirect testimonies which it elicited to Colonel Wellesley's services. Lord Clive, then Governor of Madras, dissuaded, in emphatic terms, the removal of a commander so indispensable to the peace of the Presidency, and Colonel Close alludes to the mere report of the project with expressions of unfeigned alarm. Wellesley himself remitted the question to the judgment of Lord Clive, not concealing his appreciation of the opportunity, but resolutely postponing all other considerations to those of the public service, and candidly avowing that Dhoondiah's progress was taking a very serious turn indeed. His disinterestedness on this occasion suggested the most advantageous policy he could possibly have adopted; for if Dhoondiah, whose fortunes were watched by a far more powerful foe, had been permitted to gather strength, either our Indian empire must have been crushed in its infancy, or the glories of the Mahratta war must have been gathered by other hands than those of Wellesley.

In point of fact, at the moment of writing the despatches with his conclusions on this critical subject, Colonel Wellesley was in the field on Dhoondiah's track. Towards the end of May he had put his troops in motion against this rapacious marauder, who having assumed the title of "King of the Two Worlds," had appeared in imposing force on the borders of Mysore, alarming the well affected, enlisting the malcontents, and ravaging the whole country before him. There was, indeed, little likelihood that he would affect to make head against Colonel Wellesley's force in open field, but his troops were almost wholly composed of light cavalry and artillery, extremely difficult to overtake, and the seat of war, which was the "Dooab," or space between two rivers called the Kistnah and Toombudra, was peculiarly calculated to facilitate his plans. The country was intersected in all directions by rivers, which swelled prodigiously after rains, it was under no

regular government, and had been exhausted by Dhoondiah's previous ravages. The exertions, therefore, of Colonel Wellesley in this the first campaign which he ever directed in person, were turned to the means of concentrating his detachments in this difficult region, of provisioning his troops, and of either "running down" his adversary by rapid movements, or surprising him by adroit manœuvres. A subject of extreme importance was the disposition likely to be entertained at the Mahratta Court of Poonah, since the instructions of the British commander now empowered him to cross the frontier, if necessary, in pursuit of his antagonist —a step which he foresaw might entail a Mahratta war. The Peishwa, however, professed his readiness to co-operate in the campaign, but his contingent was routed by Dhoondiah with such promptitude, that little positive service was experienced from our allies, who would, there was little doubt, have themselves declared against us on any of those reverses rendered so probable by the difficulties of the campaign. For several weeks Dhoondiah, by doubling and countermarching, succeeded in eluding his pursuers, and it seemed doubtful how long the expedition might be protracted, when Colonel Wellesley received an offer from a native to terminate the whole business by a stroke of a poniard. His reply was as follows: — "To offer a public reward by proclamation for a man's life, and to make a secret bargain to have it taken away, are two different things; the one is to be done; the other, in my opinion, cannot, by any officer at the head of his troops." The contest was continued, therefore, on even terms. More than once did the British commander succeed in driving his adversary into a position from which there appeared no escape, but as often did the wily freebooter defeat the imperfect vigilance of our allies, or avail himself of some unforeseen opportunity for eluding his pursuers. At length, on the 10th of September, 1800, after two months of a campaign in which he had extemporised from his own resources all the means of the commissariat and engineer department, and had subsisted his army almost by his own skill, Colonel Wellesley

came upon the camp of his enemy. Though the whole force with him at that moment consisted but of four regiments of cavalry, harassed and overworked by constant marching, he at once "made a dash" at his prey, and put his army to the rout by a single charge, in encountering which Dhoondiah fell. The corpse of "his Majesty" being recognised, was lashed to a galloper gun and carried back to the British camp, but a certain item of the spoil deserves more particular mention. Among the baggage was found a boy about four years old, who proved to be the favourite son of Dhoondiah. Colonel Wellesley took charge of the child himself, carried him to his own tent, protected him through his boyhood, and, on quitting India, left a sum of money in the hands of a friend to be applied to his use.

This little war, if such a term can be applied to any hostilities in a country like India, was a simple rehearsal, both in character and result, of the great expeditions which were to follow. Against any antagonist but Wellesley it is highly probable that Dhoondiah's audacity and enterprise might have established him in a dominion equal to that of the Mahratta chiefs, whose power, indeed, had risen from an origin not dissimilar. At this moment the authority of the Peishwa was clearly on the decline, and threatened speedily to fall to the strongest, nor was there any reason why Dhoondiah should not have competed with Scindiah himself for the prize. The success of the recent campaign at once terminated all these risks, and confirmed Colonel Wellesley in an extraordinary reputation both with the native Courts and the British Government. The former were peculiarly qualified to appreciate such a victory as he had recently achieved, and the latter could not withhold their testimony to the abilities by which the brother of the Governor-General had justified the appointments conferred upon him. In fact, though still a simple colonel, Arthur Wellesley was already, as he himself expressed it, "at the top of the tree," being intrusted with commissions above his rank, and honoured with the entire confidence of those whom he served. His attention, after the fall

of Dhoondiah, had been directed, under the ever present apprehension of Mahratta policy, to the Court of Poonah; but the jealousies subsisting between the Peishwa and his own feudatories, especially Scindiah, superseded for the moment all intrigues of these Princes against the British dominion, and Colonel Wellesley was preparing to neutralise the ambition of the confederacy by supporting one of its members against the other, when events occurred which severely tested his moral fortitude, and which threatened at one time a serious interruption of his professional career.

It was the autumn of the year 1800. Napoleon had struck down the Powers of the continent, and was devising means for restoring to the French army in Egypt the resources they had lost by Nelson's victory of the Nile. In the eyes of Englishmen of those days Egypt was always considered in the light of a high road to India, nor was it ever imagined that Napoleon's views in this direction could be bounded by the Red Sea. When, therefore, the force under Sir Ralph Abercromby was despatched to counterbalance the anticipated expedition of Napoleon, a scheme was conceived of making India contribute to its own security by taking the French in the rear, while Abercromby's army attacked them in front. In pursuance of this remarkable plan, originally suggested, we believe, by the Marquis Wellesley himself, a force composed of detachments from the Indian armies was to sail westward, to rendezvous at Mocha, to proceed thence to Cosseir, and to carry their co-operation across the Desert to the scene of war. The conception was actually executed, but so serious were the delays in an enterprise without precedent or parallel, that the expedition only arrived at Cairo on the 10th of August, 1801, three months after the capitulation of General Belliard at that city had extinguished the prospects of the French in Egypt. With the expedition itself, therefore, not only as having been superfluous, but as not having included Colonel Wellesley among the officers employed, our present subject has little concern, but the circumstances attending its execution touched the fortunes of the future hero in some critical

points, and served to display his constitutional qualities in a very instructive degree.

We have mentioned that among the expeditions projected by the Indian Government was one directed against Batavia. On the intelligence of Napoleon's demonstration against our eastern possessions this scheme was abandoned, and it was resolved to substitute operations more immediately calculated to impede the advances of the French. With these views a force of about 5,000 troops was collected at Trincomalee, in Ceylon, not with any fixed destination, but for the purpose of being thrown on such points as might be considered most advisable. Of this force Colonel Wellesley received the command, and he repaired accordingly to Trincomalee, from the theatre of his recent services in Mysore. At the time of his arrival it was thought that the Mauritius offered the most promising point of attack, but the young commander soon discovered reasons for discarding this opinion, and had communicated his conclusions to the Governor-General, when he received intelligence which he permitted to decide his movements at once. A despatch from the home Government had been forwarded to the Governor-General, directing the immediate preparation of the expedition described above, and containing an authority for the prompt execution of the scheme, if circumstances should so advise, without waiting for instructions from Calcutta. A copy of this despatch had been left with the Governor of Madras, who transmitted it, without any directions of his own, to Colonel Wellesley at Trincomalee. The situation thus created was one of great delicacy and responsibility. Colonel Wellesley was convinced from the terms of the despatch that the expedition to Egypt must be immediately executed; he was perfectly aware that the troops under his command formed the only force available for the service, and he also knew that the destination now specially ordered had been among those contemplated for his detachment. Before he could receive from Calcutta any instructions founded on the despatch four or five precious weeks would be sacrificed, and the aid of the

expiring monsoon would be lost to his voyage. On the other hand, it required extraordinary confidence to assume so important a command, and to anticipate the orders of Government on a point of such serious magnitude. Colonel Wellesley's decision was characteristic. Relying, perhaps, partly on his brother's good opinion, but mainly, as we may fairly conceive, on the zeal for the service which had evidently prompted the resolution, he issued the necessary orders of his own authority, and set sail with the force under his command for the shores of the Red Sea. Learning, however, from the naval officers that the voyage would not be materially protracted by touching at Bombay, he resolved on adopting that course, for the double purpose of revictualling the transports and of receiving overland orders from the Governor-General, to whom he had immediately forwarded a statement of his intentions. On his arrival at Bombay he had the mortification to find his proceeding condemned, and himself superseded in his command.

From the light now thrown upon this subject by the Duke's despatches, we can perceive that the Governor-General, though privately acknowledging the substantial wisdom of his brother's decision, conceived that the general effect of the precedent, if uncensured, would more than counterbalance the advantages directly derivable, on any recurrence of a similar exigency. The actual supercession, however, of Colonel Wellesley, was not intended to carry a penal character. The Governor-General had concluded, with obvious reason, that a command so important as the projected expedition involved should be given to a general officer, and he had, in fact, already selected General Baird for the appointment, while still under the impression that the troops were at Trincomalee, and that Batavia would be their fittest destination. In these conclusions it is not difficult to hold with the Governor-General; but, on the other hand, Colonel Wellesley argued that the decision on the point of standing required in the commanding officer should have been taken at the first notification of the ap-

pointment; that he had been publicly intrusted with the command in question, although it was thought possible that Egypt might be the destination of the expedition; that he had been recalled for this purpose from a lucrative and honourable commission in Mysore; and that to supersede him without cause given by his own default was seriously to injure his reputation and prospects. His behaviour under these circumstances was highly characteristic and exemplary. Lord Mornington rightly considered that, apart from the good of the service, it concerned his brother's professional character that he should not be positively excluded from an expedition of this active kind, and he therefore offered him the appointment of second in command to General Baird, at the same time leaving him the option of returning to his post in Mysore. The jealousies previously created between General Baird and Colonel Wellesley aggravated the unpleasantness of the affair, but under the obvious suggestions of the situation Colonel Wellesley had no doubts. He recorded his own annoyance, and his sense of the injustice he conceived himself to have suffered; but he remained at his post at Bombay, sent pledges of his cordial co-operation to General Baird, and on hearing that the work had actually commenced in Egypt, prepared himself again to anticipate his superior officer by starting for the Red Sea without delay. "You will have seen," says he in a private letter to his brother Henry, "how much this resolution will annoy me, but I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary." This was written on the 25th of March, 1801; but on the same evening Colonel Wellesley was seized with a fever at Bombay, and wholly disabled from embarking on the expedition at all. In this annoying conjuncture he addressed General Baird with great candour and generosity of sentiment, and enclosed him a memorandum on his operations in the Red Sea, evincing in a most remarkable degree the research and reflection he had expended on his anticipated command. These events, discouraging as they appeared, proved

ultimately calculated, as the reader is aware, to develop even more signally than before the genius they seemed to repress. Colonel Wellesley returned to his command in Mysore, not for a service of inaction or routine, but to plan and conduct the operations of a war so extensive as to demand the highest efforts of professional skill, and so successful as to establish conclusively the supremacy of Britain in the East.

We delineated in a foregoing portion of this memoir the nature and extent of the empire or confederacy of the Mahrattas, which now constituted the only Power from which the British Government had anything to dread. Though no permanent tranquillity was ever to have been anticipated by the side of these formidable rivals, yet so averse were the British authorities to war, and so eager to maintain the peace conducive to mercantile prosperity, that the Governor-General would willingly have retarded to the utmost the inevitable rupture, had not circumstances clearly demonstrated the expediency of immediate action. Independently of the apprehensions created by their immense resources and their inveterate aggressiveness, the Mahrattas were evoking at this moment the dreaded vision of French influence and ascendancy. Though the peace of Amiens had checked the overt operations of our redoubtable rivals, their intrigues were continued with characteristic tenacity. Napoleon had sent Decaen to India with strict injunctions to provide for war while observing the stipulations of peace. Nor was this all; for Perron, a French adventurer, who had arrived in Hindostan twenty years previously as a petty officer in Suffrein's squadron, was rising rapidly to the command of the whole Mahratta forces. He had disciplined and armed some 15,000 or 20,000 men for Scindiah's service, who were officered by his own countrymen, and who were not inferior to the trained battalions of the Company. His influence with Scindiah was so unbounded as actually to excite jealousy among the Mahratta chiefs; and if he had possessed the national spirit of Dupleix, or been opposed by any less a soldier than Arthur

Wellesley, it is not too much to conceive that our Eastern empire might have hung upon a thread. So formidable even before this was the Mahratta power, that nothing but the fortunate antagonism of the Affghans could have saved us from a rivalry which, in the infancy of our dominion, must have been fatal, and such an imposing mass of strength was now constituted by this addition of European discipline, that we may well rejoice in the destiny which reserved the struggle for the hero of Assaye.

Beyond the probabilities inseparable from Oriental policy, there was no reason for presuming that the several chiefs of the Mahratta nation had concerted any designs against the British Government. At that moment their intrigues had found a more immediate object in the headship of their own confederacy. The Peishwa, their nominal lord, was rapidly losing the power which had been usurped from the original sovereigns, and three of his sons, great feudatories, were preparing to contest his place. The Guicowar, having more to fear than to hope from his brethren, had permitted himself to be detached from their councils into an alliance with ourselves, which has subsisted to the present day; but Scindiah, Holkar, and the Berar Rajah were all resolute competitors for the supreme seat at Poonah. From these circumstances the British Government drew both the motives and means of action. The most powerful candidate was Scindiah, whose success, as we have shown above, would have virtually resulted in the establishment of French influence on a most formidable scale. This consummation therefore was, if possible, to be averted, and the Governor-General hoped that by conceding to the Peishwa that support which, in his weakness and peril, he had begged at our hands, and, by playing off against each other the mutual jealousies of his rivals, we might succeed, at least for a time, in obviating the dangers descried.

With these views a considerable force, under the command of General Stuart, was collected on the frontier of the Poonah territory, recently the scene of Dhoondiah's exploits. This was to

serve the double purpose of demonstrating our strength and protecting our own provinces, while a detachment about 7000 strong was to enter the dominions of the Peishwa for more active co-operation with that prince. It was in November, 1802, that Major-General Wellesley (for such, since April previous, had been his rank) received intelligence that an army was to be collected at the point in question. He had then been for eighteen months unobtrusively but vigorously engaged in the government of Mysore, to which, as we saw, he returned after being disappointed of his Egyptian command. The results of his administration were immediately conspicuous in the facilities of communication and unexampled copiousness of his supplies. The resources of Madras were outdone by the productiveness of Mysore. Though not yet aware that the direction of active operations was to devolve upon himself, his exertions were unremitting, and the interest he instinctively felt in the expedition will be seen in a remarkable journal which he kept of his daily proceedings, and which is published in the first volume of his despatches. So involuntarily was he engrossed by the idea of the campaign, that he even sketched out a plan of action for the benefit of the officer who might be employed. In point of fact, however, there could be but one opinion on this point. Whatever might be the reluctance entertained to part with General Wellesley from Mysore, or whatever the jealousies suggested by his rapid rise, it was perfectly undeniable that he, not only from his military talents, but from the peculiar knowledge he had acquired, both of the country and of the enemy with which we had to deal, was marked out for the appointment in question. He received it accordingly in February, 1803, and as his commission was extended four months afterwards to the supreme military and political charge of British affairs on the scene of operations, he found himself now invested with a command almost as responsible as those which he was afterwards to hold in Europe.

There was, as we observed, no declaration of war at this moment between the Mahrattas and the British, nor was the force of the

detachment originally sent into the Peishwa's territory in any degree measured by the known resources of the Mahratta chiefs, although their open hostility was a matter of probable occurrence. The immediate object of General Wellesley was to protect the Peishwa from summary dethronement, a result which he accomplished by a skilful and rapid movement upon Poonah. After the establishment of the legitimate authority by this open demonstration of British alliance, and by the encouragement of well-disposed vassals, the proceedings of the British were to be regulated by the attitude of the refractory chiefs; and this attitude grew daily so menacing that the Governor-General resolved at once to attempt his ulterior objects of dispersing M. Perron's battalions and circumscribing the enormous pretensions of Scindiah. Accordingly, while Lake took the field in Hindostan for the memorable campaign of Laswarree, General Wellesley was invested, as we have said, with full powers to commence active operations against the Mahratta forces in the Deccan. The force at his command for these purposes consisted of about 10,000 men of all arms, Europeans and natives, including the 19th Dragoons and the 74th Regiment of Foot. He had desired that his old corps, the 33rd, should be attached to his division, but circumstances prevented the arrangement. The duty of co-operating with his movements devolved on Colonel Stevenson, an excellent officer, who commanded for this purpose the subsidiary force of the Nizam, which, by the addition of the 94th Regiment, had been raised to about the same strength as General Wellesley's division.

In the ensuing campaign General Wellesley's duties consisted in so combining his movements that none of his detachments were taken at a disadvantage, that the peculiar qualities of the British troops might be turned to the best account, and that the difficulties of Indian warfare might be obviated by wary provision, or surmounted by vigorous enterprise. It was now that his contemporaries had the opportunity of observing his singular faculties of foresight and his extraordinary aptitudes in all departments of his

profession. In his affair with Dhoondiah he had accurately noted the characteristics of native warfare, the chief features and serviceable points of the country, the strength of the forts, and the course, depth, and periodical variations of the rivers. From these observations he had conceived his plans of a Mahratta campaign. Selecting a season when the rivers were not fordable, he turned this feature of the country to the advantage of the British by preparing boats and pontoons, with which he knew the enemy would be unprovided. His despatches contain the most minute instructions for the fabrication of these bridges and boats, for the establishment of particular ferries, and for their protection by proper guards. Aware that a native army relied on the superior rapidity of its movements, he had been indefatigable in improving the breed of draught-bullocks by the aid of Tippoo's famous stock; and he had resolved, when occasion came, to discard the traditional rules of marching and halting. The forts, he observed, were strong enough, if well defended, to give serious trouble, and too numerous to be besieged in form. He gave orders, therefore, by way of conveying an adequate idea of British prowess, that one or two of them should be carried by simple escalade, and that an example should be made of the garrison in case of any desperate resistance. These tactics were completely successful. A Mahratta chief wrote to his friend as follows: — "These English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man. They came in here this morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?" The result was that the strongest forts in the country were afterwards taken with little or no loss of life on either side.

Meantime the demonstrations of the great Mahratta chiefs grew more and more overtly hostile. For the main body of Scindiah's troops Lake was finding ample work between Delhi and Agra, but a force including 10,000 of his disciplined infantry was hovering over the Deccan; Holkar, though he had hitherto retired before the British, was known to be dangerous, and the Rajah of Berar

was more than suspected of sharing their common views. The object therefore was first to compel these chieftains to an avowal of their intentions, and next, in the event of the probable result, to bring them to a decisive action. The plenary authority which General Wellesley received on the 26th of June enabled him to cut short the negotiations which had been purposely protracted, and to reduce Scindiah to his proper character. After some wearisome manœuvres he at length learnt that the enemy was on the north bank of the Godavery, meditating a swoop on Hyderabad. "If the river," he now wrote, "does not become fordable six weeks sooner than usual, I hope to strike a blow against their myriads of horse in a few days." This was on the 30th of August. On the 21st of September, having received more particular information, he concerted measures with Colonel Stevenson that one should take a western and the other an eastern route, and both fall together from opposite quarters on the enemy's camp early on the 24th. The next day the two divisions diverged accordingly, and pursued their respective routes, when on the 23rd General Wellesley learnt from his spies that the Mahratta cavalry had moved off, but that the infantry were still encamped at about six miles' distance. Pushing on with his Dragoons he presently descried not only the infantry, but the entire army of the Mahrattas in the Deccan, numbering at least 50,000 combatants, and strongly posted, with 100 pieces of cannon before the fortified village of ASSAYE.

At this critical moment of his fortunes the force which General Wellesley had in hand, including the infantry which was coming up, did not exceed 4,500 men; his few light guns were quite unable to make head against the tremendous batteries of the Mahrattas, and his draught cattle, notwithstanding the pains he had expended on them, were sinking under the severity of the campaign. His resolution, however, was taken at once, and without measuring the relative proportion of the two armies, or waiting for Colonel Stevenson to share the perils and glories of the field, he gave instant orders for the attack. Owing to a misapprehension of instructions,

his precautionary directions for avoiding the most menacing points of the Mahratta position were disregarded, and the battle was won with a terrible carnage by the bayonet alone, exactly like some of the actions recently witnessed with the Sikhs. But nothing could be more decisive than the victory obtained, which not only at once brought Scindiah to terms, but served, in the estimation of competent judges, to proclaim beyond reach of further challenge the military supremacy of the British. Taught by our example, and the aid of European officers, the natives had gradually brought their armies to an apparent equality with our own. The cumbrous and ill-served artillery trains, the unwieldy masses and irregular hordes of our early antagonists, had now given place to disciplined battalions formed of the same outward material as those of the Company, and to batteries of deadly strength, manned by skilful and devoted gunners. It now remained to be seen whether the success of the British arms depended on any element inaccessible to native emulation, and this enigma was solved, once and for all, by Wellesley at Assaye. With forces almost as numerically disproportionate as those of Clive, he had surpassed the glories of Arcot and Plassey against an enemy far more formidable than Chunda Sahib, or Suraj-a-Dowlah. With all odds but those of science and spirit against him he had maintained and confirmed the *prestige* superstitiously attached to the arms of England; and to this, the first pitched battle in which he ever commanded, has been plausibly traced the establishment of that ascendancy which we enjoy in India to this very day.

Though it was clear, both to British and Mahrattas, that the whole campaign was virtually decided by such a triumph as that of Assaye, yet the native chiefs, who, as Wellesley on this occasion described them, were "rashness personified," evinced resolutions of provoking yet another battle. Scindiah, it is true, under the combined teaching of Wellesley and Lake, had received a lesson which, to the latest days of his life, he never forgot; but the Rajah of Berar was still in the field, and as General Wellesley two

months afterwards was on the Mahratta track to compel adherence to the covenanted stipulations, and to clear the country of any dangerous gatherings, he came one evening upon the whole remaining force of the enemy, drawn up in battle-array before the village of ARGAUM, to renew again the experiment of September. Considering that since the last battle the British had been strengthened almost as much as they themselves had been weakened, it was indeed a forlorn hazard, yet a body of Persian cavalry in the Berar service made a desperate charge on the European regiments, and Scindiah's horsemen, who, notwithstanding the recent treaty, were found in the ranks of our adversaries, made a show of supporting the attack. The advance of the British line, however, was not waited for by the main body of the Mahrattas, who in hopeless confusion abandoned their guns and fled, but only to fall, through the long hours of a moonlight night, under the sabres of their pursuers.

With these operations, the capture of some strongholds, and the surprise and destruction of a new competitor for Dhoondiah's fame, ended our first Mahratta war, in which, owing to the genius and energy of our generals, we had prostrated, with incredible rapidity, that redoubtable foe whose enmity had been for years the traditional dread of the Indian Government. The personal contributions of Wellesley towards this consummation were well appreciated by those most intimately concerned. The British inhabitants of Calcutta voted him a valuable sword, the native population of Seringapatam received him with unfeigned congratulations on his return, and upon his departure from India, which soon followed, the thanks, the addresses, and the offerings of civilians, soldiers, and presidencies poured upon him in quick succession. A yet more remarkable testimony to the value of his services may be gathered from the opinions of that mighty antagonist with whom, at a future day, he was to compete in deadly grapple for the championship of the world. While Wellesley was clearing the Deccan of England's last enemies, Napoleon was

mustering the whole resources of his empire on the heights of Boulogne for a descent on the island of his hate. The flotilla was ready, the camps were formed, and the convoying squadron anxiously expected from the west, when, at this very moment, with the vision of conquest before his eyes, he wavered, as we are now told by his latest biographer, for some weeks together, between the ideas of destroying us by invasion or attacking us through the side of India by rekindling a Mahratta war!

It was in the month of September, 1805, that Sir Arthur Wellesley—after an absence of nine years, during which his services in the East had earned him a Major-Generalship, the Knighthood of the Bath, the thanks of the King and Parliament, and a confirmed professional reputation—landed once more on the shores of England. Between this period and his departure on those memorable campaigns with which his name will be immortally connected there elapsed an interval in the Duke's life of nearly three years, which a seat in Parliament, an Irish Secretaryship, and a Privy Councillorship enabled him to turn actively to account. His proper talents, however, were not overlooked, and he bore his part in those notable "expeditions" which were then conceived to measure and befit the military resources of England. His arrival from India had exactly coincided with the renewal of the war against France by the third European coalition—a compact to which England was a party. Our specific duties in these alliances were usually limited to the supply of ships and money. We swept the ocean with our fleets, and we subsidised the great Powers whose forces were actually in the field. As to the British army itself, that had been hitherto reckoned among the contingents of second and third rate States, which might be united perhaps for a convenient diversion, but which could make no pretension to service in the great European line of battle. At the beginning of the war these diversions had usually been made on the coasts of France, but they were now principally directed against the northern and southern extremities of the Continent, and for these reasons. The

dominion, actual or confessed, of Napoleon, against which the contest was undertaken, embraced all the ports of Europe, from the Texel to Genoa, while his battle-array extended along the length of the Rhine. The masses, therefore, of the Austrian and Russian hosts were moved directly against France from the east, and to the minor allies was left the charge of penetrating either upwards from Naples, or downwards from Swedish Pomerania, to the theatre of action. Sometimes detachments from Gibraltar and Malta disembarked on the shores of Italy in conjunction with Russians from Corfu and Neapolitans from Calabria, and sometimes we landed in Hanover to create a joint-stock army with Swedes, Norwegians, and Finlanders. One of these latter expeditions fell to the lot of Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately after his return, but with results even fewer than usual. The brigades were put on shore at Bremen at the close of 1805; but Napoleon in the meantime had done his work so effectually on the Danube that our contingent returned to England after a few weeks' absence without striking a blow. Sir Arthur's next service was one of greater distinction. In 1807, when the British Ministry had boldly determined upon anticipating Napoleon at Copenhagen by one of his own strokes of policy, the feelings of the Danes were consulted by the despatch of a force so powerful as to justify a bloodless capitulation, and in this army Sir Arthur Wellesley received a command which brought under his charge the chief military operation of the expedition. While the main body was menacing Copenhagen a demonstration was observed on the part of the Danes against the English rear, and Sir Arthur was detached to disperse their gathering battalions. This service he effectually performed by engaging them in their position of Kioge, and putting them to the rout with the loss of 1,500 prisoners, and 14 pieces of cannon. He was afterwards intrusted with the negotiations for the capitulation of the city—a duty which was skilfully discharged. This short episode in his military life has been thrown into shadow by his mightier achievements; but its merits were acknowledged by

the special thanks of Parliament; and M. Thiers, in his history, introduces Sir Arthur Wellesley to French readers as an officer who had certainly seen service in India, but who was principally known by his able conduct at Copenhagen.

At length, at the very moment when England seemed to be excluded from all participation in the military contests of the age, and the services of the British soldier appeared likely to be measured by the demands of colonial duty, events brought an opportunity to pass which resulted in one of the most memorable wars on record, and enabled Britain to support a glorious part in what, without figure of rhetoric, we may term the liberation of Europe. The coalition effected against France at the period of Sir Arthur Wellesley's return had been scattered to the winds under the blows of Napoleon. Russia had been partly driven and partly inveigled into a concert of politics with her redoubtable adversary; Austria had been put *hors de combat*, and Prussia was helplessly prostrate. To complete the concern experienced at this prospect of universal dominion, Napoleon had availed himself of the occasion to seize and appropriate the whole of the Spanish Peninsula. Under the pretence of a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal he had poured his troops into the former country, overrun the latter, and then repudiated the stipulations of his compact by retaining undivided possession of the prize. A few months later he established himself in similar authority at Madrid, and made open avowal of his intentions by bestowing on his own brother the inheritance of the Spanish Bourbons. Scarcely, however, had his projects been disclosed when he encountered a tempest of popular opposition; the nations of the Peninsula rose almost as one man; a French army was compelled to capitulate, King Joseph decamped from Madrid, and Marshal Junot was with difficulty enabled to maintain himself in Lisbon. At the intelligence of this unexpected display of vigour England tendered her substantial sympathies to the Spanish patriots; the overtures of their juntas were favourably received, and at length it was de-

cided by the Portland Ministry that Portugal would be as good a point as any other on which to throw 10,000 troops, who were waiting at Cork for embarkation on the next "expedition" suggesting itself. Such was the origin of the Peninsular War — an enterprise at first considered, and even for some time afterwards reputed, as importing little more to the interests or renown of the nation than a lodgment at Stralsund or Otranto, but which now, enshrined in the pages of a famous history and appreciated by the light of experience, will take its place among the most memorable contests which the annals of Europe record. Beyond doubt, the enthusiasm of the British nation at this conjuncture was unusually great, and there were not wanting arguments to prove that the contemplated expedition differed greatly in its promise from those heretofore recommended to favour. It was urged that Napoleon was now for the first time encountered by strong popular opinion, and that the scene of action, moreover, was a sea-girt territory, giving full scope for the exercise of our naval supremacy. These observations were sound, but it must needs have been expected by many that the "particular service" now announced to the nation would have the ordinary termination, and that the transports bound for Portugal would soon return, as others had returned before them from St. Domingo and the Helder, from Quiberon Bay and Ferrol. Nor was it owing, indeed, either to the wisdom of the nation or the strength of the cause that such predictions were belied by the triumphs and glories of an immortal war.

To comprehend the service now intrusted to Sir A. Wellesley, it will be necessary to retain constantly in mind the circumstances and persuasions under which it was undertaken. The actual state of the countries which it was proposed to succour was only known from the exaggerated descriptions of the Spanish patriots, who represented themselves as irresistible in military strength, and as needing nothing but stores and money to expel the French from the Peninsula. Nothing was ascertained respecting Napoleon's actual force in these parts; and, although it might reasonably

have been inferred, from the continental peace, that the whole hosts of the French Empire were disposable on the one side, and, from the contradictory reports of the Spanish envoys themselves, that neither unity nor intelligence existed on the other, these simple deductions were not drawn. The British Ministry had despatched the expedition without any purpose more definite than that of aiding in the resistance unexpectedly offered to France on the Peninsular territories. It had not been determined whether the landing should be effected in Portugal or Spain, and with the latter country, indeed, we were nominally at war when the armament was decreed. Neither was the single appointment which compensated all these deficiencies the result of any general or deliberate convictions. The nomination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the command was chiefly due to the private sagacity of Lord Castlereagh, whose judgment on this point was considerably in advance of that of other and higher authorities. Even this appointment itself, too, was intended to be nugatory, for Sir Arthur was to surrender the command to Sir Harry Burrard, who was in turn to make way for Sir Hew Dalrymple, and in the form which the expedition shortly afterwards assumed, no fewer than six general officers were placed above him, into whose hands the conduct of the war was ultimately to fall.

True, however, to that spirit of his profession which forbade him to balance his own feelings against the good of the service or the decisions of the Government, Sir Arthur departed on his mission, preceding the expeditionary armament in a fast frigate for the purpose of obtaining more information than was already possessed respecting the destination to be given to it. With these views he landed on the coast, and conferred with the juntas directing the affairs of the insurrection. His inquiries soon proved conclusive if not satisfactory, and he decided, with characteristic penetration, that "it was impossible to learn the truth." In point of fact, at the moment when the expedition was hovering irresolutely between the Douro and the Tagus — that is to say at the

conclusion of July, 1808, the Spaniards had really experienced extraordinary success at Baylen; but this victory was unknown to those who vaunted to Sir Arthur the magnitude of their forces, and whose ignorant vain-gloriousness was instantly detected by his acute and impartial vision. Dupont had indeed been circumvented in the south, but the other French Generals had been easily victorious in the north, and a force was at hand under Napoleon sufficient to sweep the country between the Pyrenees and Madrid. The patriot levies were miserably destitute of equipments and discipline, and below their reported strength even in mere numbers; their rulers were mostly devoid of any better qualities for the contest than national obstinacy and thoroughgoing hate, while as to unity of purpose or organisation of means there were no such features visible in any quarter of the Peninsula. Portugal offered somewhat better opportunities. Its geographical position favoured the designs of the English commander, and its internal condition offered considerable inducements to a descent on these parts. Junot, cut off from all communication with his colleagues in the Peninsula, was maintaining his ground with difficulty at Lisbon, between the insurgents of Portugal and the menacing patriots of Spain. The troops under his command amounted to fully 25,000 men, but so many detachments were required for various services that his disposable force could only become formidable by virtue of greater military skill than he happened to possess. He himself lay with a large garrison at Lisbon, and on the first rumours of the British expedition he despatched General Loison with a movable column of some 7000 men, to scour the country, overwhelm the insurrection, and "drive the English into the sea."

After ascertaining and estimating these prospects to the best of his power, Sir Arthur Wellesley decided on disembarking his troops in Mondego Bay, about midway between Oporto and Lisbon — a resolution which he successfully executed at the beginning of August. The force actually landed from the transports amounted to about 9000 men, but they were presently joined by that of an-

other little "expedition" which had been operating in the south of Spain, and Sir Arthur thus found himself at the head of some 14,000 excellent soldiers. Besides these, however, the British Government, as the design of liberating the Peninsula gradually assumed substance and dignity, determined on despatching two others of their corps-errant, one of which, nearly 12,000 strong, under Sir John Moore, was in a state of discipline not inferior to that of Napoleon's best brigades. Thirty thousand troops, therefore, were eventually to represent the arms of England in this memorable service; but wisdom had to be learnt before Wellesley was placed at their head, and it was with 13,000 only, and a provisional command, that the great captain of the age commenced on the 9th of August his first march in the Peninsular war.

The intention of Sir Arthur, who in the absence of his two seniors still retained the direction of affairs, was to march on Lisbon by the sea-coast, in order to draw from the English store-ships in the offing those supplies which he had already discovered it was hopeless to expect from the resources of Portugal itself; one of the earliest propositions of the Portuguese commander having suggested that his own troops should be fed from the British commissariat instead of the British troops from his. Reinforced, if the term can be used at this period, by a small detachment of the native army, Sir Arthur now mustered nearly 15,000 sabres and bayonets. To oppose him, Loison had about 7000 men, Laborde about 5000, and Junot, at head-quarters, some 10,000 more. Of these commanders Loison was on the left of the British route, and Laborde in front; nor was Sir Arthur's information accurate enough to enable him to estimate the point or period of their probable junction. As events turned out, his military instinct had divined the course proper to be pursued, for by pressing forward on Laborde he interposed himself between this general and Loison, and encountered his enemies in detail. Laborde's outposts at Obidos were promptly driven in on the 14th, and on the 17th Sir Arthur came up with his antagonist on the heights of Roliça, and there gained the first action of the war.

The engagement was sustained with great spirit, for Laborde, though outnumbered, availed himself to the utmost of his strength of position, nor was it without serious loss on both sides that he was at length compelled to retire. After this satisfactory essay of arms Sir Arthur prepared to meet Junot, who would, he was well aware, summon all his strength for the now inevitable encounter, and who had in fact concentrated 16,000 men with twenty-one guns at Torres Vedras, between Sir Arthur's position and Lisbon. Still moving by the coast, the British commander was fortunately reinforced on his march by one of the detachments despatched from home, as we before observed, to participate in the expedition, and his force was thus augmented to 18,000 effective men — an army nearly as large as that originally despatched by Napoleon on the mission of Portuguese Conquest. With these means he proposed to turn Junot's position at Torres Vedras by passing between it and the sea with his advanced guard, while the main body occupied the enemy's attention in front, so that the French general would either be cut off from Lisbon or driven to a precipitate retreat. These able dispositions, however, were not brought to the test of trial, for at this moment Sir Harry Burrard arrived off the coast, and, without quitting his ship or troubling himself to confirm by his own observation the representations of Sir Arthur, counter-ordered the proposed march, and gave directions for halting on the ground then occupied — the hills of VIMIERO, until the arrival of the other and larger reinforcement expected from England under Sir John Moore.

Among the facts which Sir Arthur had laboured to impress on his intractable superior was that of the certainty of his immediately receiving the attack which he was declining to give — a conclusion which was promptly verified by the appearance of Junot in battle-array the very next morning. The estimates, therefore, respectively formed by Sir Harry and Sir Arthur concerning the relative capacities of the two armies were presently to be certified by experience, and the complete defeat of Junot at every point of

by a single march, and establishing themselves at Madrid and Lisbon with less trouble than had been experienced at Brussels or Amsterdam, the French armies found themselves suddenly driven back, by a return tide of conquest, to the very foot of the Pyrenees; and now, in like manner, the English, after gaining possession of Portugal in a month's campaign, and closing round upon their enemies in Spain as if to complete the victory, were as suddenly hurled back again to the coast, while the Peninsula again passed apparently under the dominion of Napoleon, to be finally rescued by a struggle of tenfold severity. Sir Arthur Wellesley quitted Portugal towards the end of September, leaving behind him a British force of some 30,000 men, committed to an indefinite co-operation with the Spanish patriots. At this period the remains of the French armies of occupation were, as we have said, collected behind the Ebro, in number, perhaps, about 50,000 or 60,000, while the Spanish forces in numerical strength at least double, were disposed around them, in a wide semicircular cordon, from Bilbao to Barcelona; and it was conceived that an English army advancing from the west would at once give the finishing impulse to the campaign. But, in point of fact, these appearances were on both sides delusive. The Spanish armies were deficient in every point but that of individual enthusiasm. They were almost destitute of military provisions and were under no effective command. The administration of the country since the insurrection had been conducted by provincial juntas acting independently of each other, and, although an attempt had been made to centralise these powers by the organisation of a supreme junta at Aranjuez, little success had as yet attended the experiment. The consequence was a total distraction of counsels, an utter confusion of government, and a general spirit of self-will and insubordination, which the recent successes only tended to increase. Such was the true condition of the patriot forces. On the other hand, the French, though repulsed for the moment, were close to the immense resources of their own country; and Napoleon, with a perfect appreciation of the scene before him, was preparing one of

those decisive blows which none better than he knew how to deal. The army behind the Ebro had been rapidly reinforced to the amount of 150,000 men, and at the beginning of November the Emperor arrived in person to assume the command. At this conjuncture Sir John Moore, who, it will be remembered, had brought the last and largest detachment to the army of Portugal, and who had remained in that country while the other generals had repaired to England pending the inquiry into the convention of Cintra, was directed to take the command of 21,000 men from the army of Portugal, to unite with a corps of 7000 more despatched to Corunna under Sir David Baird, and to co-operate with the Spanish forces beleaguring the French, as we have described, in the north-eastern angle of the Peninsula. In pursuance of these instructions Sir John Moore, by a series of movements which we are not called upon in this place to criticise, succeeded in collecting at Salamanca by the end of November the troops under his own command, while Sir David Baird's corps had penetrated as far as Astorga. But the opportunity of favourable action, if ever it had really existed, was now past. Suddenly advancing with an imposing force of the finest troops of the Empire, Napoleon had burst through the weak lines of his opponents, had crushed their armies to the right and left by a succession of irresistible blows, was scouring with his cavalry the plains of Leon and Castile, forced the Somosierra pass on the 30th of November, and four days afterwards was in undisputed possession of Madrid. Meantime Sir John Moore, misled by false intelligence, disturbed by the importunities of our own Minister at Aranjuez, disheartened by his observation of Spanish politics, and despairing of any substantial success against an enemy of whose strength he was now aware, determined, after long hesitation, on advancing into the country, with the purpose of threatening the Emperor's communications, and obtaining, perhaps, some advantage against the corps of Soult, isolated, as he thought, at Saldanha. The result of this movement was to bring Napoleon from Madrid in such force as to

compel the rapid retreat of the English to Corunna under circumstances which we need not recount; and thus by the commencement of the year 1800 Spain was again occupied by the French, while the English army, so recently victorious in Portugal, was saving itself by sea without having struck a blow, except in self-defence at its embarkation.

Napoleon, before Moore's corps had actually left Corunna, conceived the war at an end, and, in issuing instructions to his marshals, anticipated, with no unreasonable confidence, the complete subjugation of the Peninsula. Excepting, indeed, some isolated districts in the east, the only parts now in possession of the Spaniards or their allies were Andalusia, which had been saved by the precipitate recall of Napoleon to the north; and Portugal, which, still in arms against the French, was nominally occupied by a British corps of 10,000 men, left there under Sir John Cradock at the time of General Moore's departure with the bulk of the army for Spain. The proceedings of the French marshals for the recovery of the entire Peninsula were speedily arranged. Lannes took the direction of the siege of Saragossa, where the Spaniards, fighting as usual with admirable constancy from behind stone walls, were holding two French corps at bay. Lefebvre drove one Spanish army into the recesses of the Sierra Morena, and Victor chased another into the fastnesses of Murcia. Meantime Soult, after recoiling awhile from the dying blows of Moore, had promptly occupied Gallicia upon the departure of the English, and was preparing to cross the Portuguese frontier on his work of conquest. In aid of this design it was concerted that while the last-named marshal advanced from the north, Victor, by way of Elvas, and Lapisse by way of Almeida, should converge together upon Portugal, and that when the English at Lisbon had been driven to their ships the several corps should unite for the final subjugation of the Peninsula by the occupation of Andalusia. Accordingly, leaving Ney to maintain the ground already won, Soult descended with 30,000 men upon the Douro, and by the end

of March was in secure possession of Oporto. Had he continued his advance, it is not impossible that the campaign might have had the termination he desired ; but at this point he waited for intelligence of the English in his front and of Victor and Lapisse on his flank. His caution saved Portugal, for, while he still hesitated on the brink of the Douro, there again arrived in the Tagus that renowned commander before whose genius the fortunes not only of the marshals, but of their imperial master, were finally to fail.

England was now at the commencement of her greatest war. The system of small expeditions and insignificant diversions, though not yet conclusively abandoned, was soon superseded by the glories of a visible contest: and in a short time it was known and felt by a great majority of the nation, that on the field of the Peninsula England was fairly pitted against France, and playing her own chosen part in the European struggle. But these convictions were not prevalent enough at the outset to facilitate in any material degree the duties of the Ministry or the work of the General; on the contrary, so complicated were the embarrassments attending the prosecution of the war on the scale required, that to surmount them demanded little less wisdom or patience than the conduct of the actual campaign. In the first instance the British nation had been extravagantly excited by the successful insurrections of the Spaniards, and the events of our experimental campaign in Portugal had so inspirited the public mind, that even the evacuation of that kingdom by the French was considered, as we have seen, in the light of an imperfect result. When, however, these conditions of the struggle were rapidly exchanged for the total discomfiture of the patriots, the recapture of Madrid, and the precipitate retreat of the British army, with the loss of its commander and the salvation of little but its honour, popular opinion veered quickly towards its customary point, and it was loudly proclaimed that the French Emperor was invincible by land, and that a contest with his legions on that element must inevitably prove ruinous to Britain. But the Government of

the day, originally receiving its impulse from public feeling, had gradually acquired independent convictions on this mighty question, and was now prepared to maintain the interests of the nation against the clamours of the nation itself. Accordingly, at the commencement of the year 1809, when the prospects of Spanish independence were at their very gloomiest point, the British Cabinet had proposed and concluded a comprehensive treaty of alliance with the Provisional Administration of Spain; and it was now resolved that the contest in the Peninsula should be continued on a scale more effectual than before, and that the principal, instead of the secondary, part should be borne by England. Yet this decision was not taken without much hesitation and considerable resistance; and it was clear to all observant spectators, that, though the opinions of the Government, rather than those of the Opposition, might preponderate in the public mind, their ascendancy was not so complete but that the first incidents of failure, loss, or difficulty, would be turned to serious account against the promoters and conductors of the war.

Nor were these misgivings, though often pretended for the purposes of faction, without a certain warrant of truth; indeed, few can read the history of this struggle without perceiving that the single point which concluded it in our favour was the genius of that great man who has just expired. It has been attempted to show that the military forces of France and England at this period were not in reality so disproportioned as they appeared to be; but we confess our own inability to discover the balance alleged. It is beyond doubt that the national spirit remained unchanged, and that the individual excellence of the British soldier was unimpeachable. Much, too, had been done in the way of organisation by the measures consequent on the protracted menace of invasion, and much in the way of encouragement by the successes in Egypt and Portugal no less than the triumphs in India. But in war numerical force must needs tell with enormous effect; and on this point England's colonial requirements left her little to show against

the myriads of the continent. It was calculated at the time that 60,000 British soldiers *might* have been made disposable for the Peninsular service, but at no period of the war was such a force ever actually collected under the standards of Wellington, while Napoleon could maintain his 300,000 warriors in Spain, without materially disabling the arms of the Empire on the Danube or the Rhine. We had allies, it is true, in the troops of the country; but these at first were little better than refractory recruits, requiring all the accessories of discipline, equipment, and organisation; jealous of all foreigners, even as friends, and not unreasonably suspicious of supporters who could always find in their ships a refuge which was denied to themselves. But above all these difficulties was that arising from the inexperience of the Government in continental warfare. Habituated to expeditions reducible to the compass of a few transports, unaccustomed to the contingencies of regular war, and harassed by a vigilant and not always conscientious Opposition, the Ministry had to consume half its strength at home; and the commander of the army, in justifying his most skilful dispositions, or procuring needful supplies for the troops under his charge, was driven to the most humiliating extremities of expostulation and remonstrance.

When, however, with these ambiguous prospects, the Government did at length resolve on the systematic prosecution of the Peninsular war, the eyes of the nation were at once instinctively turned on Sir Arthur Wellesley as the general to conduct it. Independently of the proofs he had already given of his quality at Rolica and Vimiero, this enterprising and sagacious soldier stood almost alone in his confidence respecting the undertaking on hand. Arguing from the military position of Portugal, as flanking the long territory of Spain, from the natural features of the country (which he had already studied), from the means of reinforcement and retreat securely provided by the sea, and from the traditional docility and prepossessions of the population, he stoutly declared his opinion that Portugal was tenable against the French, even if

actual possessors of Spain, and that it offered ample opportunities of influencing the great result of the war. With these views he recommended that the Portuguese army should be organised at its full strength; that it should be in part taken into British pay and under the direction of British officers, and that a force of not less than 30,000 English troops should be despatched to keep this army together. So provided, he undertook the management of the war, and such were his resources, his tenacity, and his skill, that though 280,000 French soldiers were closing round Portugal as he landed at Lisbon, and though difficulties of the most arduous kind awaited him in his task, he neither flinched nor failed until he had led his little army in triumph, not only from the Tagus to the Ebro, but across the Pyrenees into France, and returned himself by Calais to England, after witnessing the downfall of Paris.

Yet so perilous was the conjuncture when the weight of affairs was thus thrown upon his shoulders, that a few weeks' more delay must have destroyed every prospect of success. Not only was Soult, as we stated, collecting himself for a swoop on the towers of Lisbon, but the Portuguese themselves were distrustful of our support, and the English troops, while daily preparing for embarkation, were compelled to assume a defensive attitude against those whose cause they were maintaining. But such was the prestige already attached to Wellesley's name that his arrival in the Tagus changed every feature of the scene. No longer suspicious of our intentions, the Portuguese Government gave prompt effect to the suggestions of the English commander. Levies were decreed and organised, provisions collected, depôts established, and a spirit of confidence again pervaded the country, which was unqualified on this occasion by that jealous suspicion which had formerly neutralised its effects. The command-in-chief of the native army was intrusted to an English officer of great distinction, General Beresford; and no time was lost in once more testing the efficacy of the British arms.

Our description of the positions relatively occupied by the con-

tending parties at this juncture will, perhaps, be remembered. Soult, having left Ney to control the north, was at Oporto with 24,000 men, preparing to cross the Douro and descend upon Lisbon, while Victor and Lapisse, with 30,000 more, were to co-operate in the attack from the contiguous provinces of Estremadura and Leon. Of the Spanish armies we need only say that they had been repeatedly routed with invariable certainty and more or less disgrace, though Cuesta still held a nominal force together in the valley of the Tagus. There were, therefore, two courses open to the British commander: — either to repel the menaced advance of Soult by marching on Oporto, or to effect a junction with Cuesta, and try the result of a demonstration against Madrid. The latter of these plans was wisely postponed for the moment, and, preference having been decisively given to the former, the troops at once commenced their march upon the Douro. The British force under Sir Arthur Wellesley's command amounted at this time to about 20,000 men, to which about 15,000 Portuguese, in a respectable state of organisation, were added by the exertions of Beresford. Of these about 24,000 were now led against Soult, who, though not inferior in strength, no sooner ascertained the advance of the English commander, than he arranged for a retreat by detaching Loison with 6,000 men to dislodge a Portuguese post from his left rear. Sir Arthur's intention was to envelope, if possible, the French corps by pushing forward a strong force upon its left, and thus intercepting its retreat toward Ney's position, while the main body assaulted Soult in his quarters at Oporto. The former of these operations he intrusted to Beresford, the latter he directed in person. On the 12th of May the troops reached the southern bank of the Douro; the waters of which, 300 yards in width, rolled between them and their adversaries. In anticipation of the attack Soult had destroyed the floating-bridge, had collected all the boats on the opposite side, and there, with his forces well in hand for action or retreat, was looking from the window of his lodging enjoying the presumed discomfiture of his opponent. To attempt

such a passage as this in face of one of the ablest marshals of France was, indeed, an audacious stoke, but it was not beyond the daring of that genius which M. Thiers describes as calculated only for the stolid operations of defensive war. Availing himself of a point where the river by a bend in its course was not easily visible from the town, Sir Arthur determined on transporting, if possible, a few troops to the northern bank, and occupying an unfinished stone building, which he perceived was capable of affording temporary cover. The means were soon supplied by the activity of Colonel Waters—an officer whose habitual audacity rendered him one of the heroes of this memorable war. Crossing in a skiff to the opposite bank, he returned with two or three boats, and in a few minutes a company of the Buffs was established in the building. Reinforcements quickly followed, but not without discovery. The alarm was given, and presently the edifice was enveloped by the eager battalions of the French. The British, however, held their ground; a passage was effected at other points during the struggle; the French, after an ineffectual resistance, were fain to abandon the city in precipitation, and Sir Arthur, after his unexampled feat of arms, sat down that evening to the dinner which had been prepared for Soult. Nor did the disasters of the French marshal terminate here, for, though the designs of the British commander had been partially frustrated by the intelligence gained by the enemy, yet the French communications were so far intercepted, that Soult only joined Ney after losses and privations nothing short of those which had been experienced by Sir John Moore.

This brilliant operation being effected, Sir Arthur was now at liberty to turn to the main project of the campaign — that to which, in fact, the attack upon Soult had been subsidiary — the defeat of Victor in Estremadura; and, as the force under this marshal's command was not greater than that which had been so decisively defeated at Oporto, some confidence might naturally be entertained in calculating upon the result. But at this time the various difficulties of the English commander began to dis-

close themselves. Though his losses had been extremely small in the recent actions, considering the importance of their results, the troops were suffering severely from sickness, at least 4000 being in hospital, while supplies of all kinds were miserably deficient through the imperfections of the commissariat. The soldiers were nearly barefooted, their pay was largely in arrear, and the military chest was empty. In addition to this, although the real weakness of the Spanish armies was not yet fully known, it was clearly discernible that the character of their commanders would preclude any effective concert in the joint operations of the allied force. Cuesta would take no advice, and insisted on the adoption of his own schemes with such obstinacy, that Sir Arthur was compelled to frame his plans accordingly. Instead, therefore, of circumventing Victor as he had intended, he advanced into Spain at the beginning of July, to effect a junction with Cuesta and feel his way towards Madrid. The armies, when united, formed a mass of 78,000 combatants; but of these 56,000 were Spanish, and for the brunt of war Sir Arthur could only reckon on his 22,000 British troops, Beresford's Portuguese having been despatched to the north of Portugal. On the other side, Victor's force had been strengthened by the succours which Joseph Bonaparte, alarmed for the safety of Madrid, had hastily concentrated at Toledo; and when the two armies at length confronted each other at TALAVERA, it was found that 55,000 excellent French troops were arrayed against Sir Arthur and his ally, while nearly as many more were descending from the north on the line of the British communications along the valley of the Tagus. On the 28th of July the British commander, after making the best dispositions in his power, received the attack of the French, directed by Joseph Bonaparte in person, with Victor and Jourdan at his side, and after an engagement of great severity, in which the Spaniards were virtually inactive, he remained master of the field against double his numbers, having repulsed the enemy at all points with heavy loss, and having captured several hundred pri-

soners and 17 pieces of cannon in this the first great pitched battle between the French and English in the Peninsula.

In this well fought field of Talavera, the French had thrown, for the first time, their whole disposable force upon the British army without success; and Sir Arthur Wellesley inferred, with a justifiable confidence, that the relative superiority of his troops to those of the Emperor was practically decided. Jomini, the French military historian, confesses almost as much; and the opinions of Napoleon himself, as visible in his correspondence, underwent from that moment a serious change. Yet at home the people, wholly unaccustomed to the contingencies of a real war; and the Opposition, unscrupulously employing the delusions of the people, combined in decrying the victory, denouncing the successful general, and despairing of the whole enterprise. The city of London even recorded on a petition its discontent with the "*rashness, ostentation, and useless valour*" of that commander whom M. Thiers depicts as endowed solely with the sluggish and phlegmatic tenacity of his countrymen; and though Ministers succeeded in procuring an acknowledgment of the services performed, and a warrant for persisting in the effort, both they and the British general were sadly cramped in the means of action. Sir Arthur Wellesley became, indeed, "Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington in the county of Somerset;" but the Government was afraid to maintain his effective means even at the moderate amount for which he had stipulated; and they gave him plainly to understand that the responsibility of the war must rest upon his own shoulders. He accepted it, and, in full reliance on his own resources and the tried valour of his troops, awaited the shock which was at hand.

The battle of Talavera acted on the Emperor Napoleon exactly like the battle of Vimiero. His best soldiers had failed against those led by the "Sepoy General," and he became seriously alarmed for his conquest of Spain. After Vimiero he rushed, at the head of his guards, through Somosierra to Madrid; and

now, after Talavera, he prepared a still more redoubtable invasion. Relieved from his continental liabilities by the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, and from nearer apprehensions by the discomfiture of our expedition to Walcheren, he poured his now disposable legions in extraordinary numbers through the passes of the Pyrenees. Nine powerful corps, mustering fully 280,000 effective men, under Marshals Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier, and Massena, with a crowd of aspiring generals besides, represented the force definitely charged with the final subjugation of the Peninsula. To meet the shock of this stupendous array Wellington had the 20,000 troops of Talavera augmented, besides other reinforcements, by that memorable brigade which, under the name of the Light Division, became afterwards the admiration of both armies. In addition, he had Beresford's Portuguese levies, now 30,000 strong, well disciplined, and capable, as events showed, of becoming first-rate soldiers, making a total of some 55,000 disposable troops, independent of garrisons and detachments. All hopes of effectual co-operation from Spain had now vanished. Disregarding the sage advice of Wellington, the Spanish generals had consigned themselves and their armies to inevitable destruction, and of the whole kingdom Gibraltar and Cadiz alone had escaped the swoop of the victorious French. The Provisional Administration displayed neither resolution nor sincerity, the British forces were suffered absolutely to starve, and Wellington was unable to extort from the leaders around him the smallest assistance for that army which was the last support of Spanish freedom. It was under such circumstances, with forces full of spirit, but numerically weak, without any assurance of sympathy at home, without money or supplies on the spot, and in the face of Napoleon's best marshal, with 80,000 troops in line, and 40,000 in reserve, that Wellington entered on the campaign of 1810 — a campaign pronounced by military critics to be inferior to none in his whole career.

Withdrawing, after the victory of Talavera, from the concen-

trating forces of the enemy attracted by his advance, he had at first taken post on the Guadiana, until, wearied out by Spanish insincerity and perverseness, he moved his army to the Mondego, preparatory to those encounters which he foresaw the defence of Portugal must presently bring to pass. Already had he divined by his own sagacity the character and necessities of the coming campaign. Massena, as the best representative of the Emperor himself, having under his orders Ney, Regnier, and Junot, was gathering his forces on the north-eastern frontier of Portugal to fulfil his master's commands by "sweeping the English leopard into the sea." Against such hosts as he brought to the assault a defensive attitude was all that could be maintained, and Wellington's eye had detected the true mode of operation. He proposed to make the immediate district of Lisbon perform that service for Portugal which Portugal itself performed for the Peninsula at large, by furnishing an impregnable fastness and a secure retreat. By carrying lines of fortification from the Atlantic coast, through Torres Vedras, to the bank of the Tagus a little above Lisbon, he succeeded in constructing an artificial stronghold within which his retiring forces would be inaccessible, and from which, as opportunities invited, he might issue at will. These provisions silently and unobtrusively made, he calmly took post on the Coa, and awaited the assault. Hesitating or undecided, from some motive or other, Massena for weeks delayed the blow, till at length, after feeling the mettle of the Light Division on the Coa, he put his army in motion after the British commander, who slowly retired to his defences. Deeming, however, that a passage of arms would tend both to inspirit his own troops in what seemed like a retreat, and to teach Massena the true quality of the antagonist before him, he deliberately halted at BUSACO and offered battle. Unable to refuse the challenge, the French marshal directed his bravest troops against the British position, but they were foiled with immense loss at every point of the attack, and Wellington proved, by one of his most brilliant victories, that his retreat partook

neither of discomfiture nor fear. Rapidly recovering himself, however, Massena followed on his formidable foe, and was dreaming of little less than a second evacuation of Portugal, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he found himself abruptly arrested in his course by the tremendous lines of Torres Vedras.

These prodigious intrenchments comprised a triple line of fortifications, one within the other, the innermost being intended to cover the embarkation of the troops in the last resort. The main strength of the works had been thrown on the second line, at which it had been intended to make the final stand, but even the outer barrier was found in effect to be so formidable as to deter the enemy from all hopes of a successful assault. Thus checked in mid career, the French marshal chafed and fumed in front of these impregnable lines, afraid to attack, yet unwilling to retire. For a whole month did he lie here inactive, tenacious of his purpose, though aware of his defeat, and eagerly watching for the first advantage which the chances of war or the mistakes of the British general might offer him. Meantime, however, while Wellington's concentrated forces were enjoying, through his sage provisions, the utmost comfort and abundance within their lines, the French army was gradually reduced to the last extremities of destitution and disease, and Massena at length broke up in despair, to commence a retreat which was never afterwards exchanged for an advance. Confident in hope and spirit, and overjoyed to see retiring before them one of those real Imperial armies which had swept the continent from the Rhine to the Vistula, the British troops issued from their works in hot pursuit, and, though the extraordinary genius of the French commander preserved his forces from what, in ordinary cases, would have been the ruin of a rout, yet his sufferings were so extreme and his losses so heavy that he carried to the frontier scarcely one-half of the force with which he had plunged blindly into Portugal. Following up his wary enemy with a caution which no success was permitted to disturb, Wellington presently availed himself of his position to

attempt the recovery of Almeida, a fortress which, with Ciudad Rodrigo, forms the key of north-eastern Portugal, and which had been taken by Massena in his advance. Anxious to preserve this important place, the French marshal turned with his whole force upon the foe, but Wellington met him at FUENTES D'ONORO, repulsed his attempts in a sanguinary engagement, and Almeida fell.

As at this point the tide of French conquest had been actually turned, and the British army, so lightly held by Napoleon, was now manifestly chasing his eagles from the field, it might have been presumed that popularity and support would have rewarded the unexampled successes of the English general. Yet it was not so. The reverses experienced during the same period in Spain were loudly appealed to as neutralising the triumphs in Portugal, and at no moment was there a more vehement denunciation of the whole Peninsular war. Though Cadiz resolutely held out, and Graham, indeed, on the heights of Barossa, had emulated the glories of Busaco, yet even the strong fortress of Badajoz had now fallen before the vigorous audacity of Soult; and Suchet, a rising general of extraordinary abilities, was effecting, by the reduction of hitherto impregnable strongholds, the complete conquest of Catalonia and Valencia. Eagerly turning these disasters to account, and inspirited by the accession of the Prince Regent to power, the Opposition in the British Parliament so pressed the Ministry, that at the very moment when Wellington, after his unrivalled strategy, was on the track of his retreating foe, he could scarcely count for common support on the Government he was serving. He was represented in England, as his letters show us, to be "in a scrape," and he fought with a consciousness that all his reverses would be magnified and all his successes denied. Yet he failed neither in heart nor hand. He had verified all his own assertions respecting the defensibility of Portugal. His army had become a perfect model in discipline and daring, he was driving before him 80,000 of the best troops of the Empire, and he relied on the resources of his own genius for compensating those disadvantages to which he

foresaw he must be still exposed. Such was the campaign of 1810—better conceived and worse appreciated than any which we shall have to record.

As the maintenance of Portugal was subsidiary to the great object of the war, — the deliverance of the Peninsula from French domination, Wellington of course proceeded, after successfully repulsing the invaders from Portuguese soil, to resume the offensive by carrying his arms into Spain. Thus after defeating Junot, he had been induced to try the battle of Talavera; and now, after expelling Massena, he betook himself to similar designs; but with this difference — that instead of operating by the valley of the Tagus against Madrid, he now moved to the valley of the Guadiana for the purpose of recovering Badajoz, a fortress, like that of Ciudad Rodrigo, so critically situated on the frontier, that with these two places in the enemy's hands, as they now were, it became hazardous either to quit Portugal or to penetrate into Spain. At this point, therefore, were now to commence the famous sieges of the Peninsula — sieges which will always reflect immortal honour on the troops engaged, and which will always attract the strongest interests of an English reader; but which must, nevertheless, be appealed to as illustrations of the straits to which an army may be led by want of military experience in the Government at home. By this time the repeated victories of Wellington and his colleagues had raised the renown of British soldiers to at least an equality with that of Napoleon's veterans, and the incomparable efficiency, in particular, of the Light Division was acknowledged to be without a parallel in any European service. But in those departments of the army where excellence is less the result of intuitive ability, the forces under Wellington were still greatly surpassed by the trained legions of the Emperor. While Napoleon had devoted his whole genius to the organisation of the parks and trains which attend the march of an army in the field, the British troops had only the most imperfect resources on which to rely. The Engineer corps, though admirable in quality, was so deficient in numbers,

that commissions were placed at the free disposal of Cambridge mathematicians. The siege trains were weak and worthless against the solid ramparts of Peninsular strongholds, the intrenching tools were so ill made that they snapped in the hands of the workmen, and the art of sapping and mining was so little known that this branch of the siege duties was carried on by drafts from the regiments of the line, imperfectly and hastily instructed for the purpose. Unhappily, such results can only be obviated by long foresight, patient training, and costly provision; it was not in the power of a single mind, however capacious, to effect an instantaneous reform, and Wellington was compelled to supply the deficiencies by the best blood of his troops.

The command of the force commissioned to recover Badajoz had been intrusted to Marshal Beresford until Lord Wellington could repair in person to the scene, and it was against Soult, who was marching rapidly from the south to the relief of the place, that the glorious but sanguinary battle of Albuera was fought on the 16th of May. Having checked the enemy by this bloody defeat Beresford resumed the duties of the siege until he was superseded by the Commander-in-Chief. But all the efforts of Wellington and his troops were vain, for the present, against this celebrated fortress; two assaults were repulsed and the British general determined on relinquishing the attempt, and returning to the northern frontier of Portugal for more favourable opportunities of action. He had now, by his extraordinary genius, so far changed the character of the war, that the British, heretofore fighting with desperate tenacity for a footing at Lisbon or Cadiz, were now openly assuming the offensive, and Napoleon had been actually compelled to direct defensive preparations along the road leading through Vittoria to Bayonne — that very road which Wellington in spite of these defences was soon to traverse in triumph. Meantime fresh troops were poured over the Pyrenees into Spain, and a new plan of operations was dictated by the Emperor himself. One powerful army in the north was to guard Castile and Leon, and

watch the road by which Wellington might be expected to advance; another, under Soult, strongly reinforced, was to maintain French interests in Andalusia and menace Portugal from the south; while Marmont, who had succeeded Massena, took post with 30,000 men in the valley of the Tagus, resting on Toledo and Madrid, and prepared to concert movements with either of his colleagues as occasion might arise. To encounter these antagonists, who could rapidly concentrate 90,000 splendid troops against him, Wellington could barely bring 50,000 into the field; and though this disparity of numbers was afterwards somewhat lessened, yet it is scarcely in reason to expect that even the genius of Wellington or the valour of his troops could have ultimately prevailed against such odds but for circumstances which favoured the designs of the British and rendered the contest less unequal. In the first place, the jealousies of the French marshals, when unrepressed by the Emperor's presence, were so inveterate as to disconcert the best operations, being sometimes little less suicidal than those of the Princes of India. Next, although the Spanish armies had ceased to offer regular resistance to the invaders, yet the guerilla system of warfare, aided by interminable insurrections, acted to the incessant embarrassment of the French, whose duties, perils, and fatigues were doubled by the restless activity of these daring enemies. But the most important of Wellington's advantages was that of position. With an impregnable retreat at Lisbon, with free water carriage in his rear, and with the great arteries of the Douro and the Tagus transmitting his supplies, he could operate at will from his central fastness towards the north, east, or south. If the northern provinces were temporarily disengaged from the enemy's presence, he could issue by Almeida and Salamanca upon the great line of communication between the Pyrenees and Madrid; if the valley of the Tagus were left unguarded, he could march directly upon the capital by the well-known route of Talavera; while if Soult, by any of these demonstrations, was tempted to cross the Guadiana, he could

carry his arms into Andalusia by Elvas and Badajoz. Relying, too, on the excellence of his troops, he confidently accounted himself a match for any single army of the enemy, while he was well aware, from the exhausted state of the country and the difficulties of procuring subsistence, that no concentration of the French forces could be maintained for many days together. In this way, availing himself of the far superior intelligence which he enjoyed through the agency of the guerillas, and of his own exclusive facilities for commanding supplies, he succeeded, by constant alarms and well-directed blows, in paralysing the enormous hosts of Napoleon, till at length when the time of action came he advanced from cantonments and drove King Joseph and all his marshals headlong across the Pyrenees.

The position taken up by Wellington when he transferred his operations from the south to the north frontier of Portugal was at Fuente Guinaldo, a locality possessing some advantageous features in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo. His thoughts being still occupied by the means of gaining the border fortresses, he had promptly turned to Rodrigo from Badajoz, and had arranged his plans with a double prospect of success. Knowing that the place was inadequately provisioned, he conceived hopes of blockading it into submission from his post at Fuente Guinaldo, since in the presence of this force no supplies could be thrown into the town unless escorted by a convoy equal to the army under his command. Either, therefore, the French marshal must abandon Rodrigo to its fate, or he must go through the difficult operation of concentrating all his forces to form the convoy required. Marmont chose the latter alternative, and uniting his army with that of Dorsenne, advanced to the relief of Rodrigo with an immense train of stores and 60,000 fighting men. By this extraordinary effort not only was the place provisioned, but Wellington himself was brought into a situation of some peril; for after successfully repulsing an attempt of the French in the memorable combat of El Bodon, he found himself the next day, with only 15,000 men

actually at his disposal, exposed to the attack of the entire French army. Fortunately Marmont was unaware of the chance thus offered him, and while he was occupying himself in evolutions and displays, Wellington collected his troops, and stood once more in security on his position. This movement, however, of the French commander destroyed all hopes of reducing Rodrigo by blockade, and the British general recurred accordingly to the alternative he had been contemplating of an assault by force.

To comprehend the difficulties of this enterprise, it must be remembered that the superiority of strength was indisputably with the French whenever they concentrated their forces, and that it was certain such concentration would be attempted, at any risk, to save such a place as Rodrigo. Wellington, therefore, had to prepare, with such secrecy as to elude the suspicions of his enemy, the enormous mass of materials required for such a siege as that he projected. As the town stood on the opposite or Spanish bank of the river Agueda, and as the approaches were commanded by the guns of the garrison, it became necessary to construct a temporary bridge. Moreover, the heavy battering train, which alone required 5000 bullocks to draw it, had to be brought up secretly to the spot, though it was a work almost of impossibility to get a score of cattle together. But these difficulties were surmounted by the inventive genius of the British commander. Preparing his battering train at Lisbon, he shipped it at that port as if for Cadiz, transhipped it into smaller craft at sea, and then brought it up the stream of the Douro. In the next place, he succeeded, beyond the hopes of his engineers, in rendering the Douro navigable for a space of forty miles beyond the limit previously presumed, and at length he collected the whole necessary materials in the rear of his army, without any knowledge on the part of his antagonist. He was now to reap the reward of his precaution and skill. Towards the close of the year the French armies having—conformably to directions of the Emperor, framed entirely on the supposition that Wellington had no heavy artillery — been dispersed in canton-

ments, the British general suddenly threw his bridge across the Agueda, and besieged CIUDAD RODRIGO in force. Ten days only elapsed between the investment and the storm. On the 8th of January, 1812, the Agueda was crossed, and on the 19th the British were in the city. The loss of life greatly exceeded the limit assigned to such expenditure in the scientific calculations of military engineers; but the enterprise was undertaken in the face of a superior force, which could at once have defeated it by appearing on the scene of action; and so effectually was Marmont baffled by the vigour of the British, that the place had fallen before his army was collected for its relief. The repetition of such a stroke at Badajoz, which was now Wellington's aim, presented still greater difficulties, for the vigilance of the French was alarmed, the garrison of the place had been reconstituted by equal drafts from the various armies in order to interest each marshal personally in its relief, and Soult in Andalusia, like Marmont in Castile, possessed a force competent to overwhelm any covering army which Wellington could detach. Yet, on the 7th of April, BADAJOZ likewise fell, and after opening a new campaign with these famous demonstrations of his own sagacity and the courage of his troops, he prepared for a third time to advance definitely from Portugal into Spain.

Though the forces of Napoleon in the Peninsula were presently to be somewhat weakened by the requirements of the Russian war, yet at the moment when these strongholds were wrenched from their grasp, the ascendancy of the Emperor was yet uncontested, and from the Niemen to the Atlantic there was literally no resistance to his universal dominion save by this army, which was clinging with invincible tenacity to the rocks of Portugal at the western extremity of Europe. From these well defended lines, however, they were now to emerge, and while Hill, by his surprise of Gerard at Arroyo Molinos, and his brilliant capture of the forts at the bridge of Almaraz, was alarming the French for the safety of Andalusia, Wellington began his march to the Pyrenees.

On this occasion he was at first unimpeded. So established was the reputation of the troops and their general, that Marmont retired as he advanced, and Salamanca, after four years of oppressive occupation, was evacuated before the liberating army. But the hosts into which Wellington had thus boldly plunged with 40,000 troops still numbered fully 270,000 soldiers, and though these forces were divided by distance and jealousies, Marmont had no difficulty in collecting an army numerically superior to that of his antagonist. Returning, therefore, to the contest, and hovering about the English general for the opportunity of pouncing at an advantage upon his troops, he gave promise of a decisive battle, and, after some days of elaborate manœuvring, the opposing armies found themselves confronted, on the 22nd of July, in the vicinity of SALAMANCA. It was a trial of strategy, but in strategy as well as vigour the French marshal was surpassed by his redoubtable adversary. Seizing with intuitive genius an occasion which Marmont offered, Wellington fell upon his army, and routed it so completely that half of its effective force was destroyed in the engagement. So decisively had the blow been dealt, and so skilfully had it been directed, that, as Napoleon had long foretold of such an event, it paralysed the entire French force in Spain, and reduced it to the relative position so long maintained by the English—that of tenacious defence. The only two considerable armies now remaining were those of Suchet in the east, and Soult in the south. Suchet, on hearing of Marmont's defeat, proposed that the French should make a Portugal of their own in Catalonia, and defend themselves in its fastnesses till aid could arrive from the Pyrenees; while Soult advocated with equal warmth a retirement into Andalusia, and a concentration behind the Guadiana. There was little time for deliberation, for Wellington was hot upon his prey, but as King Joseph decamped from his capital he sent orders to Soult to evacuate Andalusia; and the victorious army of the British, after thus, by a single blow, clearing half Spain of its invaders, made its triumphant entry into Madrid.

Wellington was now in possession of the capital of Spain. He had succeeded in delivering that blow which had so long been meditated, and had signalised the growing ascendancy of his army by the total defeat of his chief opponent in open field. But his work was far from finished, and while all around was rejoicing and triumph, his forecast was anxiously revolving the imminent contingencies of the war. In one sense, indeed, the recent victory had increased rather than lessened the dangers of his position, for it had driven his adversaries by force of common peril into a temporary concert, and Wellington well knew that any such concert would reduce him again to the defensive. Marshal Soult, it was true, had evacuated Andalusia, and King Joseph Madrid; but their forces had been carried to Suchet's quarters in Valencia, where they would thus form an overpowering concentration of strength; and in like manner, though Marmont's army had been shorn of half its numbers, it was rapidly recovering itself under Clauzel by the absorption of all the detachments which had been operating in the north. Wellington saw, therefore, that he must prepare himself for a still more decisive struggle, if not for another retreat; and conceiving it most important to disembarrass his rear, he turned round upon Clauzel with the intention of crushing him before he could be fully reinforced, and thus establishing himself securely on the line of the Douro to wait the advance of King Joseph from the east.

With these views, after leaving a strong garrison at Madrid, he put his army in motion, drove Clauzel before him from Valladolid, and on the 18th of September appeared before Burgos. This place, though not a fortification of the first rank, had been recently strengthened by the orders of Napoleon, whose sagacity had divined the use to which its defences might possibly be turned. It lay in the great road to Bayonne, and was now one of the chief depôts retained by the French in the Peninsula, for the campaign had stripped them of Rodrigo, Badajoz, Madrid, Salamanca, and Seville. It became, therefore, of great importance to effect its

reduction, and Wellington sat down before it with a force which, although theoretically unequal to the work, might, perhaps, from past recollections, have warranted some expectations of success. But our Peninsular sieges supply, as we have said, rather warnings than examples. Badajoz and Rodrigo were only won by a profuse expenditure of life, and Burgos, though attacked with equal intrepidity, was not won at all. After consuming no less than five weeks before its walls, Wellington gave reluctant orders for raising the siege and retiring. It was, indeed, time, for the Northern army, now under the command of Souham, mustered 44,000 men in his rear, and Soult and Joseph were advancing with fully 70,000 more upon the Tagus. To oppose these forces Wellington had only 33,000 troops, Spaniards included, under his immediate command, while Hill, with the garrison of Madrid, could only muster some 20,000 to resist the advance of Soult. The British commander determined, therefore, on recalling Hill from Madrid and resuming his former position on the Agueda — a resolution which he successfully executed in the face of the difficulties around him, though the suffering and discouragement of the troops during this unwelcome retreat were extremely severe. A detailed criticism of these operations would be beyond our province. It is enough to say that the French made a successful defence, and we have no occasion to begrudge them the single achievement against the English arms which could be contributed to the historic gallery of Versailles by the whole Peninsular War.

Such, however, was in those times the incredulity or perverseness of party spirit in England that, while no successes were rated at their true import, every incomplete operation was magnified into a disaster and described as a warning. The retreat from Burgos was cited, like the retreat from Talavera, as a proof of the mismanagement of the war, and occasion was taken in Parliament to contrast even the victory of Salamanca with the battles of Marlborough to the disparagement of Wellington and his army. Nor did any great enlightenment yet prevail on the subject of

military operations, for a considerable force destined to act on the eastern coast of Spain was diverted by Lord William Bentinck to Sicily at a moment when its appearance in Valencia would have disconcerted all the plans of the French, and by providing occupation for Joseph and his marshals, have relieved Wellington from that concentration of his enemies before which he was compelled to retire. But neither the wilfulness of faction nor the tenacity of folly could do more than obstruct events which were now steadily in course. Even the inherent obstinacy of Spanish character had at length yielded to the visible genius of Wellington, and the whole military force of the country was now at last, in the fifth year of the war, placed under his paramount command. But these powers were little more than nominal, and, in order to derive an effective support from the favourable dispositions of the Spanish government, the British general availed himself of the winter season to repair in person to Cadiz.

It will be remembered that when, after the battle of Talavera and the retirement of Wellington to Portugal, the French poured their accumulated legions into Andalusia, Cadiz alone had been preserved from the deluge. Since that time the troops of Soult had environed it in vain. Secured by a British garrison, strongly fortified by nature and well supplied from the sea, it was in little danger of capture; and it discharged, indeed, a substantial service by detaining a large detachment from the general operations of the war. In fact, the French could scarcely be described as besieging it, for, though they maintained their guard with unceasing vigilance, it was at so respectful a distance that the great mortar which now stands in St. James' Park was cast especially for this extraordinary length of range, and their own position was intrenched with an anxiety sufficiently indicative of their anticipations. Exempted in this manner from many of the troubles of war while cooped in the narrow space of a single town, the Spanish patriots enjoyed ample liberty of political discussion, and the fermentation of spirits was proportionate to the occasion. It was

here that the affairs of the war, as regarded the Spanish armies, were regulated by a popular assembly under the control of a licentious mob; and it was here that those democratic principles of government were first promulgated which in later times so intimately affected the fortunes of the Peninsular monarchies. "The Cortes," wrote Wellington, "have framed a constitution very much on the principle that a painter paints a picture—viz., to be looked at. I have not met any person of any description who considers that Spain either is or can be governed by such a system." From this body, however, the British commander succeeded in temporarily obtaining the power he desired, and he returned to Portugal prepared to open with invigorated spirit and confidence the campaign of 1813.

Several circumstances now combined to promise a decisive turn in the operations of the war. The initiative, once taken by Wellington, had been never lost, and although he had retrograded from Burgos, it was without any discomfiture at the hands of the enemy. The reinforcements despatched from England, though proportioned neither to the needs of the war nor the resources of the country, were considerable, and the effective strength of the army—a term which excludes the Spanish contingents—reached to full 70,000 men. On the other hand, the reverses of Napoleon in the Russian campaign had not only reduced his forces in the Peninsula, but had rendered it improbable that they could be succoured on any emergency with the same promptitude as before. Above all, Wellington himself was now unfettered in his command, for if the direction in chief of the Spanish armies brought but little direct accession of strength, it at any rate relieved him from the necessity of concerting operations with generals on whose discretion he had found it impossible to rely. These considerations, coupled with an instinctive confidence in his dispositions for the campaign, and an irresistible presage of the success which at length awaited his patience, so inspirited the British commander that, on putting his troops once more in motion for Spain, he rose in his stirrups

as the frontier was passed, and waving his hat exclaimed prophetically, "Farewell Portugal!" Events soon verified the finality of this adieu, for a few short months carried the "Sepoy General" in triumph to Paris.

At the commencement of the famous campaign of 1813 the material superiority still lay apparently with the French, for King Joseph disposed of a force little short of 200,000 men—a strength exceeding that of the army under Wellington's command—even if all denominations of troops are included in the calculation. But the British general reasonably concluded that he had by this time experienced the worst of what the enemy could do. He knew that the difficulties of subsistence, no less than the jealousies of the several commanders, would render any large or permanent concentration impossible, and he had satisfactorily measured the power of his own army against any likely to be brought into the field against him. He confidently calculated, therefore, on making an end of the war; his troops were in the highest spirits, and the lessons of the retreat from Burgos had been turned to seasonable advantage. In comparison with his previous restrictions all might now be said to be in his own hands, and the result of the change was soon made conclusively manifest.

Hitherto, as we have seen, the offensive movements of Wellington from his Portuguese stronghold had been usually directed against Madrid by one of the two great roads of Salamanca or Talavera, and the French had been studiously led to anticipate similar dispositions on the present occasion. Under such impressions they collected their main strength on the north bank of the Douro, to defend that river to the last, intending, as Wellington moved upon Salamanca, to fall on his left flank by the bridges of Tore and Zamora. The British general, however, had conceived a very different plan of operations. Availing himself of preparations carefully made and information anxiously collected, he moved the left wing of his army through a province hitherto untraversed to the north bank of the Douro, and then, after demonstrations at Sala-

manca, suddenly joining it with the remainder of the army, he took the French defences in reverse, and showed himself in irresistible force on the line of their communications. The effect was decisive. Constantly menaced by the British left, which was kept steadily in advance, Joseph evacuated one position after another without hazarding an engagement, blew up the castle of Burgos in the precipitancy of his retreat, and only took post at VITTORIA to experience the most conclusive defeat ever sustained by the French arms since the battle of Blenheim. His entire army was routed, with inconsiderable slaughter, but with irrecoverable discomfiture. All the plunder of the Peninsula fell into the hands of the victors. Jourdan's *bâton* and Joseph's travelling carriage became the trophies of the British general, and the walls of Apsley House display to this hour in their most precious ornaments the spoils of this memorable battle. The occasion was improved as skilfully as it had been created. Pressing on his retiring foe, Wellington drove him into the recesses of the Pyrenees, and, surrounding the frontier fortresses of St. Sebastian and Pampluna, prepared to maintain the mountain passes against a renewed invasion. His anticipations of the future proved correct. Detaching what force he could spare from his own emergencies, Napoleon sent Soult again, with plenary powers to retrieve the credit and fortunes of the army. Impressed with the peril of the crisis, and not disguising the abilities of the commander opposed to him, this able "Lieutenant of the Emperor" collected his whole strength, and suddenly poured with impetuous valour through the passes of the Pyrenees on the isolated posts of his antagonist. But at MAYA and SORAUVEN the French were once more repulsed by the vigorous determination of the British; ST. SEBASTIAN, after a sanguinary siege, was carried by storm; and on the 9th of November, four months after the battle of Vittoria, Wellington slept, for the last time during the war, on the territory of the Peninsula. The BIDASSOA and the NIVELLE were successfully crossed in despite of all the resistance which Soult could oppose, and the British army, which five years before,

amid the menacing hosts of the enemy and the ill-boding omens of its friends, had maintained a precarious footing on the crags of Portugal, now bivouacked in uncontested triumph on the soil of France. With these strokes the mighty game had at length been won, for though Soult clung with convulsive tenacity to every defensible point of ground, and though at TOULOUSE he drew such vigour from despair as suggested even an equivocal claim to the honours of the combat, yet the result of the struggle was now beyond the reach of fortune. Not only was Wellington advancing in irresistible strength, but Napoleon himself had succumbed to his more immediate antagonists; and the French marshals, discovering themselves without authority or support, desisted from hostilities which had become both gratuitous and hopeless.

Thus terminated, with unexampled glory to England and its army, the great Peninsular War — a struggle commenced with ambiguous views and prosecuted with doubtful expectations, but carried to a triumphant conclusion by the extraordinary genius of a single man. We are not imputing any prodigies of heroism to the conquerors or their chief. None knew better than he who is now gone that war was no matter of romance, but a process obeying in its course the self-same rules which humanly determine the success of all national undertakings. It is undoubtedly true, as we have been describing, that Wellington, with a heterogeneous force, rarely exceeding 50,000 effective troops, and frequently far below even this disproportionate amount, did first repel, then attack, and ultimately vanquish, a host of foes comprising from 200,000 to 350,000 of the finest soldiers of the French empire, led by its most renowned commanders; and such a feat of arms does, indeed, appear to savour of the heroic or supernatural. But the game was always in reality on the cards. The mighty armies of the French were not practically available for a concentrated effort. The jealousies of the several marshals, and the caprices of their nominal Sovereign, precluded any systematic co-operation between them, and the necessities of subsistence in a rude and

hostile country effectually prevented the assemblage for any lengthened period of a larger force than the British commander had proved his ability to encounter. The campaigns of Talavera and Salamanca showed Wellington that his army was not likely, under proper precautions, to be overmatched in the field; and experience soon taught him the limit of reinforcements from France. In the next place, the embarrassments and responsibilities of the French were greatly augmented by their own system of tactics and by the determined enmity of the Spaniards. Relying, according to Napoleon's principle, for the support of the war on the war itself, they were compelled to alienate the people of the country by ruthless plunder, and to make a fortified post of every depôt and magazine. As the guerilla practice gathered strength their communications were intercepted in every direction, and they commanded not an inch of territory beyond their immediate quarters. If they quitted a province, they lost it; if they evacuated a post for a moment, it was seized by enemies who were powerless against them in open field, but who hung with invincible hostility on their flanks and rear. On the other hand, Wellington commanded a compact army in a central position, from which he could operate in any direction at pleasure. Having conclusively proved, against even the tenacity and genius of Massena, that his own post was impregnable, he could strike at will to the right or the left; he could menace Soult in Andalusia, or Clauzel in Gallicia, or alarm King Joseph for his throne by marching upon Madrid. He was independent of the necessities which so crippled his antagonists. The sea was his own, and every port between Lisbon and Santander could be turned into a base of operations and an unfailing source of supplies. He knew that at the worst he could hold Portugal against all the might of France, and that there lay obedient to his baton an army competent to seize and improve every opportunity which time might bring—opportunities which could hardly be lacking under a system so hollow and unsubstantial as that on which Napoleon's power

was reared. These are the conditions, explanatory in some degree of the result of the war; but they are no wise disparaging to those extraordinary talents which conducted it to its conclusion. But for Wellington these chances would have been wholly unimproved and lost. It is his transcendent merit that he descried these promising circumstances when they were hidden from most and denied by all. He first detected the capabilities of Portugal as a defensive position; he first indicated the weak points of his antagonists; he first inspired confidence in his soldiers. The war offered its favourable chances, it is true, but, to realise them, it was required that no act of imprudence should compromise the safety of that army on which all depended; that no means should be spared to maintain its efficiency and to create a subsidiary force in the levies of the country; that temptations should be resisted, obloquy disregarded, and provocations passed by. All this Wellington did, and did, too, not only without support, but in despite of discouragement. He never could persuade his countrymen of their real duties or prospects. They were extravagantly elated at his first success, and proportionately desponding afterwards. He could never teach them to look into the future or to believe in the value of a victory which fell short of a conquest. For a long time it may be said that he conducted the war on his own responsibility alone, for the Ministry, even when favourably disposed, were unable to send him adequate succours, and there was an Opposition ever ready to prophesy and denounce calamities which they were doing their best to occasion. On the spot, too, he was calumniated and thwarted in every possible way by the very people whose cause he was sustaining. The Spanish Generals encumbered his movements, while the Spanish Government, under the dictation of the populace of Cadiz, violated every engagement with him as soon as it was made. Yet, under all these circumstances, he persevered. Standing alone in the sagacity of his judgment, he detected, at an early period, the essential unsoundness of the French power, and reiterated his assurances of eventual

[illegible] Government temporised with

his Spanish colleagues, and even convinced the patriot mob. By incessant exertions and extraordinary skill he raised a body of militiamen and recruits into an army unparalleled for its excellence, and by a succession of victories he at length taught his discontented countrymen to know their own military capacities and to believe in the fortune of their arms. It was this gradual creation of means and power which communicated so distinctive a character to the war. Sir Arthur Wellesley originally sailed with a handful of troops on an "expedition" to Portugal. He returned the commander of such a British army as had never before been seen, and the conqueror in such a war as had never before been maintained. Single-handed, England had encountered and defeated those redoubtable legions of France before which Continental Europe had hitherto succumbed. She had become a principal in the great European struggle, and, by the talents and fortune of her great commander, had entitled herself to no second place in the councils of the world.

It is as well, perhaps, that our subject demands no special notice of that invincible army by which these feats were wrought. When the war was summarily concluded by the ruin of one of the belligerents, it had penetrated the French territory as far as Bordeaux. There it was broken up. Of its famous regiments, some were carried across the Atlantic to be launched heedlessly against the redoubts of New Orleans, some shipped off to perish in the rice swamps of Antigua, and some retained to participate in one more battle for victory. But from this point its renown lives in history alone; its merits never met the recognition which was their due, and our own generation has witnessed the tardy acknowledgment, by a piece of riband and a medal, of deeds which forty years before proved the salvation of Europe and the immortal glory of Britain.

During the memorable events which we have been describing the character and position of Wellington had risen to a signal pitch of reputation and esteem. A successful soldier and a

popular commander he had been accounted from the beginning, but he was now recognised as something infinitely more. By degrees the Spanish war had become a conspicuous element in the mighty European struggle; — it was the only war, indeed, in which an ascendant was permanently maintained over the star of Napoleon. All eyes were therefore turned upon the general enjoying such an exclusive privilege of genius or fortune. Nor were his merits limited to the field of battle alone. He was the visible adviser of Spanish and Portuguese statesmen, and whatever administrative successes awaited their efforts were due to no counsels but his. His clear vision and steady judgment disentangled all the intricacies of democratic intrigues or courtly corruption, and detected at once the path of wisdom and policy. It was impossible, too, that his views should be confined to the Peninsula. In those days all politics wore a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the eyes of the world — European freedom or European servitude, — the "French Empire" on one side, and a coalition of adversaries or victims on the other. Wellington's eye was cast over the plains of Germany, over the wilds of Russia, on the shores of the Baltic, and the islands of the Mediterranean. His sagacity estimated every combination at its true import, and measured the effects of every expedition, while his victories served to check despondency or animate resistance in countries far removed from the scene of his operations. The battle of Salamanca was celebrated by the retiring Russians with rejoicings which fell ominously on the ears of their pursuers, and the triumph of Vittoria determined the wavering policy of Austria against the tottering fortunes of Napoleon. These circumstances lent a weight to the words of Wellington such as had rarely been before experienced either by statesman or soldier. On all points relating to the one great problem of the day his opinion was anxiously asked and respectfully received — and not by his own Government alone, but by all Cabinets concerned in the prosecution of the pending struggle.

When, therefore, the dissolution of Napoleon's empire compelled a new organisation of France, the Duke of Wellington was promptly despatched to Paris as the person most competent to advise and instruct the new Administration — four days only elapsing between his departure from the head of the army and his appearance as British Ambassador at the Tuileries. Within a week, again, of this time he was precipitately recalled to Madrid, as the only individual who by his experience, knowledge, and influence could compose the differences between the Spanish people and their malicious Sovereign; and before six months more had passed he was on his way to Vienna as the representative of his country in the great congress of nations which was to determine the settlement of the world. These practical testimonies to his renown throw wholly into the shade those incidental honours and decorations by which national acknowledgments are conveyed, and it becomes almost superfluous to add that all the titles and distinctions at the command of Crowns and Cabinets were showered upon the liberator of the Peninsula and the conqueror of Napoleon. Talavera had made him a baron and a viscount; Ciudad Rodrigo an earl, Salamanca a marquis, and Vittoria a duke; and, as these honours had all accumulated in his absence, his successive patents were read together in a single day, as he took his seat for the first time, and with the highest rank, among the peers of England.

But his military services were not yet quite concluded — they were to terminate in a more brilliant though not more substantial triumph than had been won on the fields of Spain. While the allied Sovereigns were wrangling over the trophies of their success, their terrible antagonist re-appeared once more. Napoleon was again in Paris, and aided by the devotion of his adherents, the military capacities of the nation, and the numbers of veteran soldiers who had been released from imprisonment by the Peace, he speedily advanced at the head of an army as formidable as that of Austerlitz or Friedland. At the first rumours of war, the contingent of England had been intrusted to Wellington, who occupied in

Belgium the post of honour and peril. Of all the mighty reinforcements announced, none but a Prussian corps was at hand, when without warning given, the French Emperor fell headlong on his enemies at Ligny and Quatre Bras. The Duke had sketched out a scheme of hostilities with his usual decision, and was prepared to take the field with his usual confidence, but the loss of that army which "could go anywhere and do anything" was now grievously felt. The troops of Napoleon were the very finest of the Empire —the true representatives of the Grand Army; but Wellington's motley force comprised only 33,000 British, and of these but a portion was contributed by the redoubtable old regiments of the Peninsula. Nevertheless, with these in the front line, and with Brunswickers, Belgians, Dutch, and Germans in support, the British general awaited at WATERLOO the impetuous onset of Napoleon, and at length won that crowning victory which is even yet familiar to the minds of Englishmen. That this final conquest added much more than brilliancy to the honours of Wellington is what cannot be said. The campaign was not long enough for strategy, nor was the battle fought by manœuvres; but whatever could be done by a general was done by England's Duke, and this distinct, and, as it were, personal conflict between the two great commanders of the age, naturally invested the conqueror with a peculiar lustre of renown.

By a destiny unexampled in history, the hero of these countless conquests survived to give more than one generation of his countrymen the benefit of his civil services. Such an ordeal has never before been endured by any public character. Military experience does not furnish the fittest schools of statesmanship, especially when the country to be governed is that of a free, intelligent, and progressive people. But, if the political principles of the great man who has now departed were not always reconcilable with the opinions and demands of modern advancement, they were at least consistent in themselves, were never extravagantly pressed, never tyrannically promoted, and never obstinately maintained to the hin-

drance of the Government or the damage of the State. In estimating Wellington's politics it must never be forgotten that he was a politician of 1807, and that he descended to us the last representative of a school that had passed. If he was less liberally minded than the statesmen of his later days, we may fairly inquire how many of his own generation would have been as liberal as he?

Our memoir now enters upon a period of history entirely new. The great battle of Waterloo had finally terminated the times of war, and introduced a reign of peace so stable, that its conclusion, notwithstanding some disturbances, may yet, we trust, be distant still. The condition of Europe which now ensued was exceedingly remarkable. The mighty contest just closed had been a struggle between two principles, which, though they assumed the forms of legitimacy and revolution, included also respectively the more moderate types of conservatism and reform. To all appearances the desperate game had been at length decided in favour of the party of resistance against the party of progress, and an undisputed sway might now have been anticipated for the ancient traditions of government. Yet the echoes of the cannon had scarcely ceased when the clamours of the people began, and political agitation was commenced with such advantage, popularity, and success as it had never enjoyed during the ascendancy of revolutionary France. The explanation of this phenomenon is simple enough. The cessation of war and its vicissitudes had left a void in the popular mind. National spirit required new occupation, and the creation of some new interest to satisfy the desires which had been called into being by so exciting a struggle. But with this tendency to agitation in general was combined a decided bias in the direction of liberalism. Much of the work of the French Revolutionists was imperishable, and many of their maxims survived the scaffolds of the Republic and the wars of the Empire. Topics, moreover, and novelties of all kinds had been tossed up by the political storm; discussion had been earnest, and Sovereigns, in the exigencies of a struggle for life and death, had been induced

to concede something and promise more to the reasonable claims of their subjects. Moreover, the pressure of taxation was severely felt, and there was a natural desire to direct again to the proper objects of peace those energies of government which had been so long absorbed in the prosecution of war. The Duke of Wellington himself, in advocating certain measures of European policy at this period, observed with his unerring sagacity, that what was needed by the several Governments was such a peace as would give them "the power of reducing their overgrown military establishments and the leisure to attend to the internal concerns of their nations and to improve the situation of their people."

These conditions of society determined the character of European history during what has been termed "the thirty years' peace," and through which period we shall now have to follow the subject of our memoir. At the outset it appeared as if Sovereigns were not indisposed to share with the people that freedom to which the exertions of the latter had restored them, but whether scared by visions of reviving Jacobinism or spoiled by the sweets of power, they speedily renounced their views, and concerted a common policy of repression throughout the whole of Europe. With the events which ensued we are no further concerned than in so far as they illustrate the position and conduct of the great Duke in mitigating or controlling them. In Germany and Italy the fires of discontent smouldered, with occasional outbreaks, until the conflagration of 1848. In France the process was so much more rapid that within twelve years of the evacuation of that country by the allied forces the Duke lived to see flying on the Thames in harmony and concord with the flag of England that very tricolour which his whole military life had been devoted to debasing. What happened in England under this new system of politics we shall presently be called upon to relate.

The civil career of the Duke of Wellington thus divides itself into two portions, in one of which he co-operated with foreign Governments for the general settlement of Europe, and in the

other took his personal share in the particular administration of his own country. It is to the former of these that our attention must be first directed.

To prevent any recurrence of those desolating wars which had just been terminated, it was determined to control France, the originator of the evil, by an armed occupation. The command of the force charged with this critical duty was intrusted by common consent to the Duke of Wellington, but for whose powerful mediation France would have fared far more hardly at the hands of the victorious Powers. The exasperated Prussians were bent upon demolishing the monuments of Paris, and even less revengeful spirits inclined to think that considerable cessions might be exacted from a nation which had inflicted such troubles and miseries on Europe at large. The Duke, however, restrained the fury of Blucher, and succeeded by the wisdom and force of his arguments in modifying the views of the allied Cabinets. It was owing to his representations and influence both that no penalty of confiscation was enforced against France, and that the occupation of her territory was temporary instead of permanent. Against the vindictiveness of some, the ambition of others, and the fears of more, he urged the incontrovertible plea that Europe could never be tranquil while France was agitated, and that France must infallibly be agitated if left with such reasonable ground of complaint. In all discussions of detail his opinion was invariably thrown on the side of moderation and indulgence, and though he abstained from interceding on behalf of Marshal Ney, it is hard to see how this omission can be designated as a dereliction of any positive obligations. It is certainly probable that a request from an officer in the Duke's position would not have been refused by the Government of France, but such a request the Duke was not bound to prefer by any considerations of duty or justice. It will hardly surprise the reader to learn that during his residence in the conquered capital his life was twice attempted by assassins — once when a quantity of gunpowder was placed in

his cellars for explosion on the occasion of a fête, and, again, when a pistol was discharged at his carriage as he drove into the gates of his hotel. The author of this latter attempt was Cantillon, the miscreant to whom, in respect of this very transaction, Napoleon bequeathed a pecuniary legacy.

In the year 1818 was held the first of those royal *réunions* suggested by the political embarrassments to which we have alluded above. The King of Prussia and the Emperors of Austria and Russia met in the month of September at Aix-la-Chapelle, and this conference was attended on the part of the English Crown by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh. The chief, if not the sole, public business here transacted was the agreement for the evacuation of France by the allied army, and the restoration of that State to its independent dignity among European nations. The proposal was in anticipation of the provisions of the treaty which had fixed five years as the possible term of occupation. The private interests of the Duke were largely concerned in the maintenance of this arrangement to its full extent. His position and emoluments as Generalissimo of the occupying force were exceedingly grand, and the inclination of most of his political colleagues tended, as he well knew, to the strict enforcement of the compact. Such considerations, however, had no weight against his impartial conclusions, and he so successfully exerted his influence in favour of France that the evacuation was decided upon without difficulty or delay.

In the several conferences which rapidly succeeded the meeting at Aix-la-Chapelle no part was taken either by England or her representatives; but in the year 1822 a congress was held at Verona, to which, as Plenipotentiary from the British Government, the Duke repaired, and the occasion is remarkable, not only from the results of the convention, but because it first identified the proceedings of the Duke with the debatable politics of the English Cabinet, and brought our military hero within the scope of parliamentary animadversion. Among the subjects which the as-

sembled Sovereigns regarded with anxious solicitude was the state of Spain. The Spanish people had peremptorily demanded the realisation of those constitutional prospects with which they had long been beguiled, and it seemed probable that Ferdinand VII. would be compelled to yield. Such a compulsion was viewed at Verona in the light of a political sacrilege, and it was determined by France, with more or less assent on the part of the allied Crowns, to maintain the Royal prerogative in Spain by force of arms. It happened that just at this priod the character of the British Cabinet had received its first important modification from the death of Lord Londonderry and the appointment of Mr. Canning to the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. The Duke, in fact, had received his instructions as Plenipotentiary from the pen of the new Minister, and when the actual invasion of Spain by a French army in support of absolutist principles was announced to the world, it was loudly exclaimed that either these instructions must have been disregarded, or that the Government had been grossly inattentive to its duty in permitting such an outrage upon the independence and liberties of a people. The debates in Parliament were long and violent, and though these were not times of Ministerial minorities, the Opposition produced some impression by their protests. The Duke defended himself by proving what could never, of so strict a disciplinarian, have been seriously disbelieved—that he had faithfully conformed to his instructions, that those instructions included no authority to use menace, but that, as far as influence or remonstrance could go he had strongly dissuaded such interference with the affairs of the Spanish nation, and had set the difficulties of Peninsular intervention in the fullest light from his own experience. At this distance of time we can see that the affair, like many of our own day, was magnified for party purposes beyond its due proportions. It is not unreasonable to suspect that the Duke, who had no personal sympathies with Canning, and few, as yet, with his politics, may have co-operated somewhat ungraciously with the liberal successor of Castlereagh; but, apart

from his invariable fidelity to his duties, it is perfectly certain, from his known opinions, that he must have been opposed to the renewal of war in the Peninsula under circumstances like these. He may have had very little affection for Spanish patriots, and he may have thought that the neutrality professed by his Government would have been as truly violated by contesting the decisions of Russia or France as by dictating terms to Spain, but his opposition to the project was doubtless exerted as cordially as his position allowed. With this occurrence terminated those peculiar duties of the Duke to which we have been referring; for, though he proceeded on a special embassy to St. Petersburgh in 1826, the event was not of a character to call for much remark.

During this participation in the counsels of Europe's rulers the Duke invariably evinced that practical foresight which distinguished his character. He was not a liberal politician, nor what we might now term an enlightened statesman. He "had seen as much of war as most men," and most of the wars he had seen might be traceable, in his opinion, to the operation of democratic principles; but, if he was not in this respect very generously disposed, he was too wise and too sagacious to be tyrannical or severe. His experience of "constitutions," as devised by popular agitators, was not favourable. His principles inclined to legitimate monarchy and to "strong Governments," but none knew better than he that order could only be permanently maintained by consulting the wishes of the people as well as the caprices of the Sovereign, and his voice was given on the side of freedom, though not perhaps absolutely for freedom's sake.

It must not be imagined that England, during these proceedings, was forgetful of her hero. Honours, offices, and rewards were showered on him from every quarter. As the Crown had exhausted its store of titles, and Parliament its forms of thanksgiving, the recognitions of his crowning victory took a more substantial shape. In addition to former grants, the sum of

200,000*l.* was voted, in 1815, for the purchase of a mansion and estate to be settled on the dukedom. With these funds, a commission appointed for the purpose concluded a bargain with Lord Rivers for the noble domain of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, to be held in perpetuity of the Crown by the Dukes of Wellington, on condition of presenting yearly a tricolour flag to the British Sovereign on the 18th of June. This symbol, corresponding to a similar token presented by the Dukes of Marlborough, is always suspended in the Armoury at Windsor Castle, where the little silken trophies may be seen hanging together in perpetual memory of Blenheim and Waterloo. The estate of Strathfieldsaye has since been largely increased by the investments of the Duke's private economy; it is now, we believe, many miles in circumference, and, though the mansion is not proportioned to the dignity either of the domain or the title, the avenue by which it is approached is almost unequalled. During the first year of his residence in Paris the state of his health induced him to repair to Cheltenham, and gave occasion for an infinite number of grateful or festive acknowledgments. Among these was the opening of Waterloo Bridge, at which ceremony the hero of the title appeared, with the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, under a salute of 202 guns, and it was at the same period that the erection of the present Apsley House, a residence privately purchased by the Duke, was undertaken and completed by Mr. Wyatt. We are now so familiarised with monumental effigies of our hero in every possible guise, that it may surprise the reader to hear that the trophy in the Park was for twenty years the only statue of the Duke of which the metropolis could boast. It was subscribed for by the ladies of England between 1819 and 1821, and was erected on the Waterloo anniversary in 1822, in which year also the merchants of London presented their elaborate shield. The Crown, meantime, had lost no opportunity of signalising its mindfulness of services rendered. The Duke in 1818 was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, in 1819 Governor of Plymouth, and in

1820 Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, into which, at the disbandment of certain regiments, the famous old 95th had been transmuted. As to foreign Courts, they had already said and done their utmost; but in 1818 the Sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia simultaneously promoted the Duke to that rank in their respective forces which he had already reached in his own, so that of the soldier who has just expired we may assert the incredible fact, that though he gained every honour by service and none by birth, he died a Field-Marshal of near forty years' standing in four of the greatest armies in the world.

The time, however, had now arrived when the great Duke was to take a more direct and visible part in the Administration of his country, and it was under the following circumstances that he entered on this duty. The old Tory Cabinet of the war had subsisted for ten years under the presidency of Lord Liverpool, without material modification in its constitution or policy. Mr. Canning, it is true, had been for some time at the head of the Board of Control, but it was not until his accession to the Foreign-office, in 1822, that his influence was substantially felt in the measures of the Government. But now the elements of mighty change began perceptibly to work. The days of unmitigated Toryism were drawing to a close, and the precursors of reform appeared upon the scene. The principles of general liberalism in the person of Canning, and of free trade in that of Huskisson, were to be gradually introduced into the stubborn Cabinet of the Regency, and old men were at length to give place to new. Of the four ancient notabilities Lord Londonderry was already gone, Lord Sidmouth had just retired, Lord Eldon was declining, and the end of Lord Liverpool was at hand. It was a period of transition, and, like all such periods, was rife with angry suspicions, with incessant jars between the men of resistance and the men of progress, with mistakes, recriminations, compromises, and confessions.

Over and above the innumerable points of general policy to be thus considered, there were two great questions awaiting a deci

sion—those of Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. The former of these, though originally entertained by a Tory Minister, had become politically identified with the pledges of the Whigs, and was adopted rather than promoted by the "Radicals" of the time as the chief object of their agitation. The latter was less essentially a party question, for it concerned rather the practical government of Ireland than the recognition of a theoretical principle, and statesmen and Cabinets had been divided on its merits ever since the opening of the war. The measure, however, had been seized by the Whigs as their own; it had been defeated by the Tories, and its destinies were generally connected with the prospects of Whig ascendancy. This party had now, for a very long interval, been excluded from power. Their adversaries had monopolised the credit of the war and the support of the electoral constituencies, and it almost seemed as if they were irremovably established in their seats of office.

During all this time the condition of the country had been disturbed and feverish in the extreme. Those public discontents which on the Continent had taken the form of military insurrection, in England assumed the shape of political agitation. George IV., who in 1820 had exchanged the title of Regent for that of King, was in no favour with the people. He had so long anticipated the position of Royalty that his actual accession to the Throne brought with it none even of those indefinite expectations which usually make a new reign popular. Though personally connected with the Whig party in times past, he had promptly confirmed the ascendancy of the Tories on coming to the Crown; and while his more attractive qualities had gradually given place to the morosity of age, the known selfishness of his disposition appeared only to be aggravated by power. His personal character, indeed, figured largely in the complaints of the people, who described their Sovereign as absorbed in the luxurious enjoyments of a misanthropic seclusion, while his subjects were suffering the utmost extremities of pressure and want. There was great reason

for these murmurs. Though the state of the country imperatively needed reform, the great policy of the Ministry was that of repression alone. While new ideas were fermenting among the people with the diffusion of political knowledge and the growing conviction of misgovernment, the Cabinet policy was that of twenty years before, with its rigorous maxims of resistance and severity. The consequences were nothing but natural. The people were seduced by demagogues into wicked excesses and extravagant demands. They held nightly gatherings in the large towns and manufacturing shires, hatched chimerical plots of marching on the metropolis, talked plain treason at public assemblies, and proposed the forcible overthrow of the Government. A conspiracy for the assassination of the Ministry in a body was actually formed, and was not defeated by any want of resolution or earnestness on the part of the conspirators. On the other hand, the Government was confirmed by these very excesses both in its own repressive policy and in the support of the well-affected part of the population. They spared, therefore, neither the law nor the sword. They sent artillery into one county, and special commissions into another; they charged public meetings with cavalry, and strung up rioters and sheepstealers on the same gallows. Their names were saluted with cries of execration, and their persons made the object of incessant hostility, but they paid spies to worm out the secrets of the seditious, and pursued their unswerving course in reliance on principles which had carried England, as they imagined, through worse storms than these.

In this unpopularity of the Administration the great Duke participated. Though it was impossible to overlook his transcendant claims to respect, and though he had not as yet taken any very active part in domestic politics, yet he was known to be of the Tory school, and connected, indeed, by ties of the closest sympathy with the hated Castlereagh. Even his military eminence was no recommendation in the eyes of those who denounced soldiers as the instruments of tyranny, and who had scarcely been brought even by [illegible] of an anti-democratic war. The

indications, too, which he had given of his sentiments were not of a tendency to conciliate a suspicious public. As Master-General of the Ordnance he had taken a seat in the Cabinet, had concurred in the prosecution of the Queen, and had spoken in terms of soldier-like bluntness about certain proceedings of the Opposition. He was now, however, to do more. He was to become an influential member of the Administration, and to bear his part, for good or evil, in the important changes which were to convert the British Government from what it was under George IV. to what it is under Queen Victoria.

For two or three years affairs proceeded without the occurrence of any remarkable conjuncture. The foreign policy of England had been conclusively severed from that of the allied Courts of the Continent, and a few steps were taken in the direction of commercial emancipation; but the political crisis was still suspended. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson were looked upon with no kindly eyes; but, though the wedge had been effectually inserted, no further impulse was given to it for some time. Lord Eldon croaked and prophesied, Lord Liverpool looked doubtingly ahead, and the Duke, perhaps, saw further than others; but the old Administration remained in outward form substantially the same, and the catastrophe was yet to come. At length, in February, 1827, Lord Liverpool's faculties suddenly failed him, and his fall left the Government not only without a head, but without that influence which had hitherto kept it together. Its constituents were divided among themselves on all the great questions coming on. The old shell of the Administration was anti-Catholic and anti-Liberal, but its vital elements represented emancipation and progress. The Duke had not yet discerned the necessity of the latter doctrines, but he was too sagacious to consort with dotards or bigots, and allied himself rather with Mr. Peel, who had succeeded to Lord Sidmouth's office of Home Secretary in 1822. Thus, beside the old Tory staff and the new leaven, there were the great Duke and his friends, who, if open to conviction, were

not yet prepared for change, and by no means well disposed towards those who were promoting it.

At the time of Lord Liverpool's illness there were two important subjects before the Legislature. The Roman Catholic question created a violent debate and a close division, while Mr. Huskisson's doctrines had taken the substantive form of a Corn Bill, intended to relax the restrictive system in force. The former subject came on under Canning's direction, while the Government was still without a head; but the motion was lost in the Lower House, and was, consequently, not discussed in the Lords. After a few weeks, however, when it became evident that Lord Liverpool's recovery was beyond hope, the formation of a new Ministry became indispensable, and on the 10th of April the King sent for Mr. Canning. The claims of this statesman to the Premiership, both from official services and popular favour, were incontestable; but his opinions represented only a minority of the Cabinet, and it had now to be seen whether those who could co-operate with Mr. Canning under the conciliatory presidency of Lord Liverpool would be content to acknowledge his control as leader of the Administration. As far as Catholic emancipation went, no great difficulties need have intervened, for, though the new Premier's disposition in favour of Ireland was well known, the question was left an open one. But Mr. Canning, though not a Whig by profession, was a Liberal by principle, and his Ministry, under whatever title, must be a Liberal Ministry. For this the Duke was not prepared, and when the new appointment was duly communicated to the members of the late Government he, like the majority of his colleagues, sent in his resignation. Nor did he stop here, for he laid also at the King's feet the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance and the Commandership-in-Chief, to which, at the Duke of York's death, he had naturally succeeded. Moreover, when in the ensuing June the Corn Bill of Canning and Huskisson came before the House of Lords, he moved and carried an amendment destructive of the measure, although it had been

prepared by a Government of which at the time he was a member.

These remarkable circumstances occasioned an extraordinary agitation in the public mind. It was asserted that the coincidence of the resignations, which all reached Mr. Canning within a few hours of each other, disclosed a combination of their writers against the independence of the Sovereign and the success of the new Administration; and as the Duke, though not the foremost statesman of the party, was the most distinguished personage concerned; and as he had taken what appeared to be the gratuitous step of retiring even from the Commandership-in-Chief, it was alleged that he desired the Premiership for himself, and had adopted these measures to disconcert and embarrass the Government. On these points he delivered himself of an elaborate exculpation from his place in the House of Lords, averring, among other declarations, that, so far from seeking to conduct a Government, he was "sensible of being unqualified for such a situation," and that he "should have been mad to think of it"—words which were not forgotten in subsequent times. No reader will now suppose that the Duke of Wellington ever entertained the idea of dictating to his Sovereign, or of combining with others in the spirit imputed to him; nor is there, in fact, any need of such a forced hypothesis in explanation of the facts. What the Duke felt at the new appointment, all felt, and all were ready to mark their disapprobation. They did not desire a Liberal Government; they did not admire "political adventurers," and they were unprepared for a Cabinet in which the Premier was committed to the emancipation policy, however open the question might be considered. There is no doubt that, besides all this, the Duke was personally adverse to an intimate connexion with Mr. Canning, and this feeling induced him to discover hostility in the Premier's communications, and to decide against retaining an office which, though unpolitical in itself, would require a certain cordiality of co-operation with the head of the Government. As to his conduct on the Corn Bill, he disavowed

amid angry bickerings any intention of annoying the Ministry, or even defeating the measure, by the amendment which he suggested.

The whole episode, however, was of brief duration. Exhausted by toil, deserted by those who should have supported him, and relentlessly persecuted by all who distrusted his politics or envied his elevation, Mr. Canning expired in the fourth month of his office, and left the King and the Government in worse perplexities than before. An Administration was then formed under Lord Goderich, who, as Mr. Robinson, had succeeded to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer at the time that Mr. Canning became Foreign Secretary. The new Cabinet closely resembled the last in its constitution, but its leader was wholly incapable of impressing any unity of purpose upon a Ministry in times like these. Mr. Canning died in August, and before the end of the year Lord Goderich had resigned his office in despair. Thus there appeared to be no chance of a good working Ministry under the Canning policy, while the true days of the old Tories were already past, and those of the Whigs not quite come. In his embarrassments the King did what kings and queens have so often done since; — he sent for the Duke of Wellington. The Duke repaired to the royal closet, and, to the surprise of some, the amusement of many, and the satisfaction of more, was gazetted as Prime Minister of England within eight months after his own declaration that the office was wholly beside his powers.

Since Canning's death he had so far qualified his recent secession from affairs as to return to the command of the army; and he had just gratified his countrymen by a series of visits to the aristocracy, in a progress which fell little short of the splendours of royalty. He was now to charge himself with the formation of a Cabinet and the responsible direction of public business, under circumstances found impracticable by those who had preceded him in the attempt. Perhaps both the King and the Duke would have preferred an Administration constructed wholly on the principles entertained by the Premier; but of this there appeared no acceptable chance. So the Duke took Mr. Huskisson, whom he mis-

liked, and four more "Canningites" besides, but he still retained Peel at his side, and it was evident that the soul of the Administration resided here. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer was filled by Mr. Goulburn, a name long afterwards respectably connected with the party thus rising; but, though the Canningites formed the weaker element of the Cabinet, they were thought to contribute much towards shaping its policy; and so, in truth, they did: for, though the men were soon changed, their spirit survived in the measures brought forward.

Before the eyes of the great Duke and his colleagues there still loomed the three great questions of the time — questions on which neither all Liberals nor all Conservatives thought alike, but which the force of opinion was clearly pressing onwards for a decision. There was the question of religious disabilities, sometimes under the form of Corporation and Test Acts, but ultimately shaping itself into Irish Emancipation. There was the question of Free Trade, sometimes in the guise of Spitalfields or Navigation Acts, sometimes involved in corn averages or warehousing regulations, but always tending to untaxed bread; and finally, under motions for disfranchising one constituency and enfranchising another, appeared the mighty question of Parliamentary Reform. On all these the Duke held opinions which were probably averse to material change. That he was opposed to the views of the Liberal party we cannot assert; for not all of the Liberal party desired the modification of the Corn Laws: nor that he was opposed to the wishes of the country; for the country, on the whole, did not desire Catholic emancipation. But it is probable that, on his own judgment, he would have maintained the existing institutions in substantial integrity. What he then thought of the Corn Laws, he had recently shown; what he thought, after much longer consideration, of Parliamentary Reform, is not yet forgotten; and what he thought of religious disabilities, we shall presently see.

The very first business of the session brought these principles on the table. Lord John Russell moved for a repeal of the Cor-

poration and Test Acts—the first step towards that religious freedom which Catholic emancipation would manifestly consummate. Government opposed the measure; but the Reformers were too strong for them, and the motion was carried, in a full house, by a majority of 44. Moreover, although the Duke did not approve of this policy, there were some of his colleagues who did, so that he had to encounter, with a divided cabinet, the declared resolution of the Commons. The times, indeed, were such that unanimity was scarcely attainable; for the old party could hold no longer, and no new formation had been made. These difficulties had demolished Lord Goderich; but they were not too great for the Duke, though his policy may at first sight appear not heroic. He yielded, took up the bill with a good grace, and, against the desperate resistance of his old friend Lord Eldon, and of all who thought the church and the constitution veritably at stake, carried it, under his own auspices, through the House of Lords.

A month afterwards came a Corn Bill of Mr. Huskisson's again, and the Duke again compromised his private resolutions by accepting it as a Government measure. Later still, as if the session was to test the new Ministry on every vital point, the question of Parliamentary Reform was brought under discussion upon a motion to disfranchise the two boroughs of Penryn and East Retford, and invest Manchester and Birmingham with the electoral privileges thus vacated. In the course of the contest a division was taken on the particular substitution of Birmingham for East Retford. Government said "No" to the proposal, but Mr. Huskisson, though still Colonial Secretary, had managed to commit himself to an affirmative vote. Confused at his position, he sent the Duke what was either a resignation or an offer of resignation, and what the Duke chose to think was the former. There was, in plain truth, but little cordiality between them. Though the Duke's personal feelings had vanished with Mr. Canning's death, he had still no liking to his party, and certainly no preference for Mr. Huskisson above others. Unpleasant jars had occurred already. Mr. Huskisson had publicly assured his Liverpool constituents that he had

not entered the new Administration without a "guarantee" for the general adjustment of its policy by that of Mr. Canning. This sounded as if a "pledge" had been exacted and given—an idea which the Duke indignantly repudiated, and Parliamentary explanations had to be offered before the matter could be set at rest. So this time the difference was made final. In vain did the common friends and colleagues of the two statesmen endeavour to "explain" the unlucky communication. The Duke, in terms which passed into proverbial use, replied that there "was no mistake, could be no mistake, and should be no mistake." He was not sorry, in fact, that so convenient an opportunity had been created in his hand. Mr. Huskisson therefore retired, and with him retired not only Lord Dudley, Mr. Lamb, and Mr. Grant, but even Lord Palmerston. Of the Canningites, Lyndhurst alone remained, and the substitution of Lord Aberdeen, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir George Murray for the seceding malcontents at length gave consistency to the Wellington Ministry; and formed, with the names of Peel and Goulburn, a party which has not perished yet. And what did the Duke now do with his solidified Cabinet and his unshackled policy? He gave up the principle of religious disabilities once and for all, and carried by main strength the great measure of Catholic Emancipation!

This mighty question had now passed during a quarter of a century through all the vicissitudes of Parliamentary debate. The motions of the Grenville party and their followers between 1805 and 1812 had usually been defeated by majorities varying from 100 to 150 in the Commons, or still more decisive in the Lords. In the last-mentioned year Mr. Canning's proposals in favour of the Roman Catholics were lost by 129, but this majority had fallen below fifty in 1813. In 1821 the change was still more signally manifested. Mr. Plunkett actually carried a measure of concession through the Commons by a majority of nineteen, and Mr. Canning was equally successful in 1822, as was Sir F. Burdett in 1825; but the bills were, of course, lost in the Lords, though by smaller majorities than before. By this time, however, the Protestantism

of the kingdom had taken the alarm; in 1827 a motion for a committee was lost, and in 1828 the opinions of the House seemed evenly balanced. It is not to be supposed that the measures here referred to suggested the absolute emancipation of the Roman Catholics. More or less liberal in their terms, they were usually tentative in character, and designed chiefly to secure the recognition of a principle on which enactments of substantial relief might be afterwards based. The circumstances of the discussion, too, had from time to time been seriously modified. Originally the question was considered in a light of such abstract policy that, as the Duke remarked, a bill concerning Roman Catholicism in England had been introduced into Parliament towards the close of the last century without even the knowledge of the authorities of Ireland. For a long time it was debated as involving points of principle alone, but of late years an agitation had been matured which metamorphosed the subject entirely. Instead of being a question of toleration, it was a question of government. To such a state had Ireland been brought by O'Connell and the priests, that Catholic Emancipation was now demanded, not on the intrinsic merits of the claim, but as the sole means of satisfying a people not otherwise governable, and bringing one-third of the empire into harmony and unity with the rest. It was under this aspect that it exacted the attention of the Duke. Confident in their strength, and exasperated by the substitution of what they deemed an oppressive Ministry for the liberal and promising Cabinets of Canning and Goderich, the Irish confederates raged more furiously than before. They isolated themselves, as it were, from all the relations of political and social life for the one sole object of enforcing this demand upon the Government by a national movement. Ordinary crime was absorbed in this monster agitation, but there was no law but that of the priests, and no rule but that of O'Connell. At length he was even returned to Parliament for Clare, and it was proclaimed by an association, whose menace seemed warranted by its power, that every county in Ireland should record a like defiance of law and order.

It was upon these grounds, — the incurable anarchy of Ireland, the interminable division of Cabinets, the distraction of imperial councils, and the utter impossibility of maintaining such a state of affairs, that the Duke resolved on conceding to the Roman Catholics the emancipation they desired; nor can we now err in ascribing a material share in the decision to the co-operation of Robert Peel. There was no very cheering prospect before the two colleagues. That the influence of the Ministry and the example of the Duke would carry the measure, as a Government question, through the Legislature could hardly be doubted, but other and serious considerations were in the way. The Wellington Cabinet had been carried to power on the presumption, whether sound or otherwise, that they would maintain Protestant ascendancy; this opinion was strongly felt by the electoral constituencies of the kingdom, and the conviction was generally understood to be shared in its fullest extent by the most exalted personage in the realm. Moreover, the question, though essentially one of progress, differed from all political questions of the like character in the reception it experienced among the people at large. Measures of pure political reform, however they may offend particular classes, are rarely unacceptable to the body of the nation; but when religious, instead of civil freedom, is at stake, the proposal seldom escapes some violent antagonism. In point of fact, it may be doubted to this day whether the majority of the people were ever really favourable to Catholic Emancipation; so that Ministers, with all the pledges of their previous life against them, amid the reproaches of their former friends and the sarcasms of their new allies, were proposing to carry an almost unpopular measure under what appeared the intimidation of Irish terrorism. What the Duke, however, had once decided on doing he did most characteristically. In the first place, he resolved that there should be no compromise, insufficiency, or hesitation about the act itself. As concession was to be made, it should be made fully and freely, so as to satisfy all, and leave no rankling vestiges behind. In the next place, like a wise general,

he gave his adversaries no opportunity of profiting by the disclosure of his plans, but kept his counsels to himself till the time came for action. Rumours escaped, as they always do, respecting the intentions of the Cabinet, but with little better foundation than the instinctive apprehensions of the Tories. Even the highest officers of the Crown were not all in the secret. The Attorney-General, Sir C. Wetherall, complained bitterly in the debate that his legal co-operation had been required only seven days before the opening of Parliament; and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Anglesey, publicly avowed his own want of information only six weeks earlier. Unfortunately, he did something more; he committed himself prematurely to the cause of the agitators; and, as the Duke suffered no such breaches of discipline, the indiscretion was followed by an instantaneous recall.

At length, however, on the 5th of February, 1829, the policy of the Government was plainly announced in the speech from the Throne; and when the field had been once taken the Duke made short work and sure. His Grace in the Upper House, and Mr. Peel in the lower, met the exigencies of their respective positions by manful acknowledgments and unanswerable reasoning. It was on this occasion that the Duke, having demonstrated the positive necessity of either advancing or receding, dismissed the latter alternative with his celebrated declaration: — "My lords, I am one of those who have probably passed more of my life in war than most men, and principally I may say in civil war too, and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." There was no rebutting such arguments, although the opposition was most determined; but the Duke carried his point, and in little more than a month the Relief Bill passed both Houses by large majorities, received the Royal assent, and became the law of the land.

Yet the success was not without its cost. Protestant societies wept over the "lost consistency" of the great Duke — the King was angered — Tories stood aloof from the Government — the

Ministry was modified, and there was talk even of strengthening the Wellington Cabinet by the admission of Earl Grey. One episode of the history is too remarkable to be omitted. The Duke had been chosen patron of the new collegiate institution in the Strand, which, under the name of King's College, was destined to combat the rival seminary in Gower-street. On the disclosure of the Ministerial policy Lord Winchilsea, writing to a gentleman connected with the new establishment, spoke of the Duke and his patronship in these terms:— "Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party, that the noble Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the constitution of 1688, might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State." These expressions, coming from such a quarter, appeared to the Duke to call for personal notice, and, after a vain essay of explanations, the Prime Minister of England, attended by Sir Henry Hardinge, and the Earl of Winchilsea, attended by Lord Falmouth, met in Battersea-fields on the 21st of March, in full session, to discharge loaded pistols at each other on a question concerning the Protestant religion. The life of the great captain, however, was not exposed to danger. Lord Winchilsea, after receiving the Duke's shot, fired in the air, and then tendered the apology in default of which the encounter had occurred.

What the Premier had now done in thus carrying this important measure could have been done by no other statesman in the kingdom. It was a feat which could never have been accomplished by a professed liberal in opposition to the Tories, nor by any Tory except one of high individual ascendancy and strong personal resolution. Viewed merely as a Parliamentary performance, it was a remarkable exploit, for great parties are not led from their old paths except under extraordinary conditions of influence and

guidance. It is certain, however, that the result was immediately prejudicial to the public character of the Duke. He had not, indeed, yet sunk in that popular favour which always attends great conquerors, for his decisions had hitherto been all for Liberalism, and Liberalism is rarely offensive to the great mass of Englishmen. But with the upper and middle classes he had plainly lost ground; with the latter by his sacrifice of "Protestantism" and consistency—with the former by his irruption upon the old political traditions of government and party. In fact, the "strong Ministry" of the great Duke was already weak, partly from the disorganisation of his supporters, partly from dislike of his military sternness, but mainly from the very nature of events and consequences. It had done its work; its one great object was accomplished, and, like the Ministry of 1846, after the repeal of the Corn Laws, it could do little better than retire with credit. But matters were not yet ripe for such a change, and the Duke, who perhaps hardly comprehended his own position, and who, if he had comprehended it, would never had weighed it against the position of the country, continued still to hold the reins of State.

Of the three great questions which the times were maturing for solution, the Duke, in his Ministerial capacity, had now practically disposed of two. In the matter of Free Trade, he had given as much as was yet asked for; and in that of religious freedom, he had even outstripped the desires of the public. But the third question—that of Parliamentary Reform—still remained for consideration; and it was upon this rock that his hitherto infallible sagacity was at length to make shipwreck. The subject had not been obscured even by the absorbing topic of the recent session. A Tory nobleman had even converted the Ministerial policy on the Emancipation Bill into an argument for the policy of the extreme Radicals, asserting, by a whimsical deduction, that purchaseable seats could no longer be permitted to exist with safety, now that Papists might become the purchasers. To this singular proposal the old Reformers added their usual motions, but with so little success that even the moderate proposition, in which the

Canningites concurred, of transferring to Birmingham the particular franchise of East Retford, was lost by a majority of 27. On the question of Parliamentry Reform, as comprehensively understood and agitated — that is to say, the systematic reconstruction of the people's House in the Legislature, Mr. Huskisson and his followers were of one mind with the Tories, nor had the Duke anything to apprehend in Parliament beyond the hopeless attempts of the purely liberal members. Perhaps, if he had seen symptoms of greater urgency out of doors, he might have corrected his opinion; but, in point of fact, public agitation, though so violent a few months later, did not wear a very serious aspect at the opening of 1830. Political unions — those leagues which afterwards became so famous — had been instituted in some large towns, but with the object, as it appeared, of their own special enfranchisement rather than of any general innovations. The great change in the national mind was wrought or precipitated by the effect of an example, and this example was close at hand.

In the summer of the year 1830 Europe once more experienced the shock of a French revolution — a shock which was transmitted instantaneously from the Seine to the Vistula, and which this time lost little of its force in crossing the British Channel. Its operation was greatly facilitated by a demise of the Crown. George IV. had expired just at this period, and with him had gone all that the Tories relied on and the Liberals feared, in the personal influence of the Sovereign. On his throne there was now seated an affable and conciliatory Monarch, known to be generously inclined, and believed to be well disposed towards the advocates of constitutional reforms. He had acted like his predecessor in confirming the existing Ministry in office, and he had even been at pains to dispel a prevalent assumption of his personal dislike to the Premier. But the plot was now thickening rapidly, and events for once left the great Duke behind. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there spread rapidly a feverish sympathy with the French, an ardent desire for improved

institutions, and a resolute determination to attain an end, however imperfectly conceived. The Duke did not comprehend this movement, and, as he was not for it, he was against it. He could not tolerate disorder, and so he turned to measures of repression. He had committed himself by injudicious proceedings against the press, and he now damaged his credit still further by his attitude of unyielding and peremptory resistance to public feeling. At the present moment of national regret it will hardly appear credible that England's hero should ever have fallen into such popular disesteem as was then exhibited, but the conjuncture was exceptional, and circumstances combined strangely against his credit with the nation. He had offended his old colleagues by his Liberalism and his new allies by his Conservatism; he had scandalized "stanch Protestants"—never an uninfluential portion of the community—by surrendering his position; and he was now to offend the unreasoning multitude by making a stand. Besides this, he was connected in popular rumours with the obnoxious Polignac, whom he was said to have abetted in his tyrannical attempts, and whose proceedings unluckily resembled his own in respect of his treatment of the press. Even the professional renown of the great captain rather injured than helped him at this gloomy crisis, for he was regarded as the personification of that force which might be employed against liberty, to the possible destruction of popular hopes. Stories went abroad of military preparations, special musters, and significant appointments, and even the cleansing of the Tower ditch, under the directions of the Duke as Constable of that fortress, though suggested simply by the removal of Old London-bridge, was represented as a menace against the citizens of London. Though twenty years of better feeling have since elapsed, it is not without shame that we record the ebullitions of discontent which ensued. It was pretended that the Duke's life would not be safe in the city at the Lord Mayor's feast, and it is certain that the conqueror of Waterloo was hooted through Piccadilly, and that the windows of his residence were [illegible] countermen by casings of iron.

The Whigs now saw that their time was come, nor did the Duke refuse the battle. He knew that the fight was for Parliamentary Reform, and he brought the point to an issue without the delay of an hour. It surprises observers of our own generation to conceive how such a man at such a crisis could ever have been so mistaken. To all appearances the conjuncture of affairs fell peculiarly within the range of his statesmanship. It was a question of yielding, or resisting; of assigning a due and proper value to the reality of the grievance, the demands of the times, and the force of opinion. The Duke had understood such questions in the cases of Free Trade and Catholic Emancipation, and it is astonishing that he should have stumbled at a case which was clearer than either. To us it seems that the justice of the popular demand, the urgency of the crisis, and the probable safety of the experiment, ought to have been as clear to the Duke's eyes at that time as they are to our own at present. None could read signs around him better than he, and yet for this once he utterly failed. The new Parliament met in November, and at the very opening of the session the Duke delivered his memorable declaration, "that the country already possessed a Legislature which answered all the good purposes of legislation, that the system of representation possessed the full and entire confidence of the country, and that he was not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of reform, but would resist such as long as he held any station in the Government of the country." These few words decided in five minutes the destinies of the Government and the country too. Radical reform became an immediate certainty, and away went the Tories for ever, and the Wellington party for ten long years.

Thus terminates the great Duke's Ministerial career. When his party, after so protracted an eclipse, reappeared in 1841 under the new title of "Conservatives," he resumed, indeed, his place in the Cabinet, but without special office or active political duty. From this time his capacity in the Administration of the State

acquired those peculiar features with which we are now so familiar. Without being professionally a member of Government, his aid was understood to be always available for Ministerial Councils, and the command of the army, which he had resigned on accepting the Premiership, but which had reverted to him in 1843, supplied a pretext, if any were wanting, for investing him with this exceptional function. Perhaps no position could have been better suited to his political abilities. That he was not a great statesman in the proper acceptation of the term we need scarcely remark; and he evinced, in fact, no less than his usual sagacity when from his seat in Parliament he made the candid but exaggerated avowal of his incompetence for high civil office. The declaration was apparently contradicted by subsequent events, but it was, in reality, founded upon sound self-knowledge aud a distinct perception of affairs. It is quite true that at a conjuncture when measures seemed to be less important than men, and when, from the decline of the Tories, the abeyance of the Whigs, and the death of Canning, there was an absolute void in the political world, the King sent for the Duke, and made him Prime Minister of England. But it certainly cannot be said that his performances in this position belied his own anticipations, or proved him more fit than he had believed himself to conduct the government of a State like Britain. He displayed certain abilities, beyond doubt, and did, as we have said, what no other man could have done at the time. It was plain, however, that he was no longer in his proper element. The Wellington of Downing-street was not the Wellington of Portugal. He could take sound views of most subjects before him, and carry out a Government resolution with unflinching promptitude. He could amuse the country by his application of regimental discipline to the lounging clerks of his offices, and set a more important example by introducing military economy into the management of public business. But for the higher and more comprehensive duties of a statesman he had not been trained, perhaps not born, and none saw the truth more clearly than himself. What he had intended to assert was, that

he felt himself unqualified for the professional exercise of those high civil powers in the contention for which many of those around him had spent the studies and experience of a life. This simple statement he expressed, according to his custom, in hyberbolical terms, to which occurrences almost immediately ensuing supplied a somewhat whimsical contradiction; but the truth had been spoken nevertheless. Now, however, he was released from the responsibilities to which he felt incompetent, and called upon for nothing but those sage opinions which on particular subjects were of such unquestioned value. In this capacity he was by no means illiberally disposed. He had seen too many parties broken up, and had taken too great a share in the work himself, to be bigotedly attached to party distinctions, and the course of events towards the close of his career tended still more completely to obliterate those political landmarks which had existed at the beginning. The Duke, therefore, though a Conservative by descent and tradition, was no violent antagonist of the Whigs. He knew that "the Queen's government must be carried on," and this government could be carried on much more smoothly with his cooperation than under the disapproval, however tacit, of so distinguished a subject. So he did the best in his power for all, discharging his duties with nearly the same cordiality whether a Whig or a Tory Premier were at the helm, and regarding the general efficacy of the State machinery as a more important consideration than the traditions of the party in power. If he was not one of "Her Majesty's advisers" by office, he was incontestably so in fact, for no character of history was ever summoned more frequently to give counsel to Royalty in straits. Whether the embarrassment was a sudden resignation of the Ministry, or an imperfect conception of an Administration, or a Bedchamber plot, or a dead lock, it was invariably the Duke who was called in — sometimes as a man who could do and say to others of all ranks and parties what could be said and done by no other person living, sometimes as an arbiter in whose decision all disputants

would concur, sometimes as a pure political Fetish to get the State out of trouble, nobody could tell how.

Arguments have been devised to prove that in carrying the Catholic Relief Bill the Duke of Wellington was but developing the principles professed in the Irish Parliament by Arthur Wesley. We cannot attach any value to such deductions. There is little room for mistake about the Duke's political conduct. He had no conception whatever of enfranchisement for freedom's sake. He did not like the repeal of the Test Acts, but he accepted it as a necessity when the times were too strong for him. At his own Relief measure he never looked as Wilberforce looked on the Abolition Act, or Lord Grey on the Reform Bill. In his eyes it was no triumph of principle—it was a "bad business," as he plainly said, but "the State was aground." All that can be said is, that he recognised necessity when it arrived, and made the best of it, like a soldier. If he would have maintained these oppressive statutes, he did not, at any rate, conceive that the absolute existence of the Church and the Constitution was contained in them, and, if he did the work of repeal with reluctance, he at least did it not negligently. The characteristics of his policy must be sought, not in the principle of the great measure he was proposing—for at heart he condemned it—but in the tactics by which he carried it through the Legislature. He knew that if it was to be done there was but one way to do it, and he took it out of the people's hands into his own. He breathed not a syllable of his purpose till the action had commenced, and he then brought the whole force of Government upon the point without scruple or delay. His adversaries clamoured loudly against both his concealment and his precipitation—a sure proof of the sagacity in which the plan was conceived. He knew that if he had given time for an "appeal to the country" the country would very probably have gone wrong, and, after he had once seen what was right, he took the whole responsibility of the decision upon himself.

From this period the Duke's time passed smoothly enough along. His transient unpopularity speedily vanished with the decline of

agitation and his own presumed return to a more reasonable policy. The people soon forgot that he had been an obstructive, and the Tories that he had been a Repealer. He was soon cheered in the streets again as "the Great Duke," and when the University of Oxford, in 1834, elected him its Chancellor, we may fairly consider that his compulsory Liberalism had been condoned. In the same year it seemed for a moment as if his Ministerial life were to recommence, and under singular conditions too. The Whigs had been dismissed, and the King, as usual, "sent for the Duke." The Duke advised that Sir Robert Peel should be charged with the formation of a Ministry, but Sir Robert was abroad, and until his return, therefore, the Duke actually, at his Sovereign's desire, took upon himself *ad interim* eight of the chief Government offices together, including those of the three Secretaries of State. In one of the latter — that of Foreign Affairs — he was induced to remain; but in a few weeks the whole fabric vanished, and there was an end of the hazard till 1841. And now, as time and circumstances were gradually levelling the distinctions of party, the Duke's business became easier still. True to his own creed, he accepted the definite repeal of the Corn Laws, and under the same conditions, indeed, would probably have proposed it. He had no longer much difficulty in adjusting himself to Conservative Whigs or Liberalized Tories. His rule was necessity — and most Governments of late years have been guided by the Duke's own standard.

In turning, however, to the military character of the hero who has just expired, we shall be under no necessity of modifying the eulogies which all Englishmen will desire to hear. In pronouncing the great Duke to have been one of the most consummate generals ever known, we can run no risk of being led into exaggeration by our gratitude or our regret. The opinion must be confirmed by the voice of history, for there is no test of military excellence which the Duke's achievements will not sustain. He was victorious against all kinds of enemies, and in all kinds of

warfare. He circumvented Asiatics more deceitful than the Affghans, and subjugated races more powerful than the Sikhs. His campaign of Waterloo was briefer and more brilliant than that of Jena, and his seven years' war in the Peninsula was maintained without the reverses and with more than the successes of Frederick the Great. The troops which he conquered were those which had previously conquered all the troops of Europe in succession; the generals who failed before him were those whom no other commanders had been able to resist. If it be said that there were soldiers against whom Wellington was never pitted, yet these had been already beaten by those whom he surpassed, so that the first place was clearly the right of England's Duke alone. He showed himself master of defensive tactics in Portugal, of offensive tactics in Spain, of mountain warfare in the Pyrenees, of strategy at Salamanca, of true military science everywhere. His forecast was unfailing, and if his operations ever suffered for lack of provision, the fault is invariably traceable to those who had neglected his warnings. To say that he was overcautious or phlegmatic, is to speak in total ignorance of his exploits. His position in the Peninsula did not admit of the license assumed by generals who had free privilege to rob, and unbounded command of reinforcements; but never was a battle won with a more reckless dash than that of Assaye, never a feat of arms more audacious than the passage of the Douro, never a campaign more rapid or brilliant than that which carried the British army from the Agueda to the Garonne.

Nor was his genius less eminently conspicuous in the manufacture of his materials. The Duke made his own army, and with few aids beyond the school of the militia and the reminiscences of Egypt. Yet, before the Spanish war had reached its second campaign, Napoleon drew out for the use of his generals a new scheme of tactics to be employed against "*good troops*, like the English." To such a point, too, had the excellence of the Portuguese army been brought under his vigilant supervision, that at the opening of the campaign of 1815, when hard pressed for troops on whom he could rely, he had applied, though in vain, for the aid of his old

Peninsular contingent on the plains of the Netherlands. That he was beloved by the army to the extent which his victories might have warranted, is more than can be said. In those qualities which conciliate personal affection he was naturally deficient. He always and inflexibly considered duty before feeling, and put nothing in the balance against the rules of the service, the needs of the Government, and the general good of the State. On the question of the Peninsular medals it was not unreasonably thought that he sacrificed substantial claims on his advocacy to notions of official punctilio. But if he rarely tempered his duties with kindness, he always performed them with consideration, and never permitted them to be affected by interest or favour. If not generally loved, he was universally respected, admired, and confided in. He certainly never possessed Cæsar's powers of fascination, and yet the Peninsular army, as we are emphatically told by its historian, felt to him as the 10th legion felt towards Cæsar. He was always mindful of their professional wants, always jealous of their honour, and, above all, he invariably conducted them to victory.

There are two great commanders—one of a past age and one of our own, with whom it may be natural, if not profitable, to compare the third, who has just departed. Between the careers of Wellington and Marlborough there are these points in common—that both appeared on the scene at the beginning of a century when the overgrown power of France was threatening Europe with subjection; that both found the military credit of England at its lowest point, and that both succeeded by their victories and conquests in raising it to the highest. Both were crippled by the fetters of a coalition and the necessities of a Government; both worked with inadequate means, and both brought their wars to a triumphant conclusion. But with these superficial similarities the resemblance ends. In no personal capacity can Wellington be likened to Marlborough. The latter, a dissolute and unprincipled courtier, with no visible quality of a soldier beyond title and

costume, suddenly found himself, when already Knight of the Garter, Duke, and Captain-General of England, intrusted through private interests with the command of an army. In this situation he developed, apparently without consciousness to himself, the intuitive talents of an unrivalled general, exactly as if the dæmon of military genius had suddenly possessed himself of the body of a fop. On the other hand, Wellesley, a younger brother, with no fortune but his sword, and little more aid from interest than was then absolutely required for common promotion, fighting his way upward step by step, and receiving no rank which was not due to his services, whatever might have actually been the motives for its bestowal, won his command at last rather by force of merit than help of favour. To this training his military qualities corresponded. Without enthusiasm, affectation, or hypocrisy, he set steadily to work upon his purpose, overlooking no conditions which might influence the result, making the best of his means, and hoping the best of his fortune. His capacity seems to have differed from that of his contemporaries rather in degree than in kind. He was not a heaven-born general, but he possessed all the distinctive qualities of English officers in greater excellence than any of them. It appears to have been his conviction that war depended for its success rather upon the unceasing exertions of sound military practice than the eccentric strokes of genius. He was not wanting in either enterprise or audacity, for audacity and enterprise occasionally furnish the most prudent principles of action, but in general he relied rather on those calculations of experience which rarely deceive; and though he has been styled the favourite of Fortune by writers driven to seek some consoling explanation of his victories, he in reality trusted less to fortune than any general ever known. He measured his own strength, and that of his antagonists, with the most unerring nicety, and computed distant results with a sagacity which has rarely been equalled. His conclusions were of universal application, for they were founded on observation, and formed with impartiality. While outnumbered and overmatched in Portugal, and destined,

in men's estimation, to speedy discomfiture, he was speculating correctly on the Imperial system of Napoleon, and supplying the English Ministry with plans of operation in Canada, Sicily, or Sweden. He comprehended, in short, the true situation of Europe, military as well as political, when the like knowledge had not been attained by any other living man.

If, again, we couple the names of Wellesley and Bonaparte, we shall find the materials rather for a contrast than a parallel. Their opportunities, their means, and their objects were widely different. To argue from the victory of Waterloo that Wellington was a greater General than Napoleon would be merely to adopt a fallacy of popular judgment; but we see no reason for concluding that Bonaparte would have fared better than his marshals in that protracted struggle which tried the military power of the two nations. As Wellington's successes increased the impatient Emperor did, indeed, announce his intention, from time to time, of descending upon the Tagus to "finish the war with a clap of thunder," and he censured the errors of his marshals with equal particularity and vehemence. But it is hard to see what more he could have done himself beyond extinguishing their ill-timed rivalries by the predominant force of his will. The French armies could hardly have received any material augmentation, for the Peninsula was already saturated with the Imperial legions; nor could they have been concentrated in much larger masses for much longer periods, since the country, as was proved, could not maintain them. No one, we presume, will assert, that the Emperor could have conducted the Portuguese invasion more resolutely than Massena, or plunged into the Pyrenees more audaciously than Soult. He would never, it is true, have overlooked an opportunity, but the British general would never have given him one. Napoleon owed much to the weakness of his antagonists, but Wellington was neither a Mack nor a Benningsen, nor an Alexander, nor a Frederick William, nor even an Archduke Charles. At Waterloo, and there, perhaps, only, Napoleon on a fair field encountered really good troops, handled by a really great commander, and then he failed.

We may admit, without derogation to the claims of our national hero, that he might perhaps have been unequal to those gigantic combinations by which Napoleon extended the Imperial sway from Sweden to Sicily, and from the Bay of Biscay to the Niemen. Possibly no man but Napoleon could have conceived and executed in the nineteenth century such a scheme of universal empire. But Bonaparte worked by prodigies, and Wellington by ordinary means. One exercised absolute and irresponsible dominion over a mighty nation of soldiers, and disposed at his discretion of contingents from two-thirds of Europe. The other could barely obtain an army of 30,000 men, and in the command of these he was fettered by jealous restrictions, annoyed by factious complaints, and crippled by the want of necessary supplies. Napoleon's marshals might rob, massacre, and terrify at pleasure — they owed no account to their master on any score but that of success. Wellington was compelled by position, no less than policy, to conciliate instead of coercing, nor is it too much to say that half the energies which should have been disposable against the enemy were consumed in expostulations with his countrymen and allies. The military powers of the two commanders were never brought fairly to a contest. All we can say is that Wellington's prognostications of the soundness of his own system, as compared with Napoleon's, were verified to the letter, and that what could be done with 50,000 troops against a million was done by the British general. He took post in a craggy corner of the continent, and there maintained himself against all the strength and all the science that could be despatched to subdue him. Waiting his opportunity, he at length issued from his retreat, and continued his victorious course over the borders of France. He was once, at a period which would have brought him face to face with the great Emperor, offered a command in Germany, and the result might have solved the question which it is now profitless to debate. His reply was so characteristic of his plain sense and modesty that we subjoin it as it was given — "I am the Prince Regent's servant, and will do whatever he and his Govern-

ment please. But I would beg of them to recollect that the great advantages which I enjoy here consist in the confidence that everybody feels that I am doing what is right, which advantage I should not enjoy, for a time at least, in Germany. Many might be found to conduct matters as well as I can, both here and in Germany; but nobody would enjoy the same advantage here, and I should be no better than another in Germany." An attentive student of the German campaigns might be inclined, perhaps, on this point to doubt the great Duke's conclusion. His part would have been surely played, even in such composite battles as that of Leipsic; and since Napoleon never commanded a better army, and Wellington could scarcely have had a ruder one than those which fought at Waterloo, it is natural to draw from this engagement some inferences applicable to a campaign.

Both Wellington and Napoleon, like most great generals, were eminently endowed with administrative talents, and both conceived themselves peculiarly gifted in matters of finance. The Duke is even said to have expressed his opinion that his true genius was rather for the Exchequer than the War-office. At one of the most critical conjunctures of the Peninsular War he drew up a most able paper on the true principles of Portuguese banking; and at Seringapatam, after very serious evils had been experienced from a long-standing debasement of the coinage, a memorandum was accidentally discovered in the treasury from the pen of Colonel Wellesley, every prediction and observation of which had been exactly verified by events. On this point, no less than on the question of military strategy, the gigantic scale on which the French Emperor acted precludes any effective comparison with operations in a smaller sphere. It would be ridiculous to question Napoleon's extraordinary genius for organisation in the face of such imperishable records as remain. But in estimating these creations his unparalleled facilities of action should be taken into account. With no opinions to consult, no interests to reconcile, no claims to adjust — with a *tabula rasa* of all rights, prejudices, institutions, and establishments, it was not very diffi-

cult for a creative genius to occupy itself with the task of constructing anew. Wellington enjoyed no such opportunities. His abilities were tasked in a Government where all progress is the result of compromise, where no interest is destroyed without compensation, where the most resolute Minister is forced to qualify his own convictions in deference to those of his opponents, and where every act has to sustain the tedious ordeal of Parliamentary discussion. We do not say that Wellington possessed Napoleon's power of administration. We are aware that no such pretensions could be advanced on his behalf. But it should be also added that their respective spheres of action admit of no comparison, and that the Duke's conclusions, if less brilliant than the conceptions of his antagonist, have proved better calculated for the test of experience.

The chief characteristic of Wellington's mind was that sterling good sense which is said to distinguish the capacities of his countrymen in general. This peculiar merit is visible in every line of his despatches and in every act of his career. He never neglected opportunities of observation. While stopping at Madras, on his first voyage to Calcutta, he so acquainted himself with the administration of that Presidency that the Mysore war found his local knowledge already prepared. Before hostilities commenced with Scindiah, he had studied the features of the debateable ground, and drawn up minutes on the management of a Mahratta campaign. He was found prepared, when the emergency arrived, with memoranda for operations in Egypt, in Portugal, and in Spain. He gave advice to Louis and Ferdinand, which, if followed, might have saved many of the revolutions he lived to see. He was never credulous nor enthusiastic, bigoted nor vindictive. He restrained the exasperation of Blucher in 1815, and threw his weight, as we have seen, on the side of moderation in the councils of Vienna. He never set human nature at more or less than it was worth. He made allowance for passions, interests, and contingencies, computed things at their true value, and deduced conclusions which were rarely wrong. His despatches abound with opinions on the

Governments, politics, and men with whom he was brought into contact, and it would be difficult to point out one among them all which facts have not more or less confirmed.

The long period of peace which it has been the fortune of our generation to experience gave the great Duke no opportunity of again displaying his talents in the field, but he still, as Commander-in-chief of the British army, contributed the benefits of his unmatched ability to the military administration of the country. He had once, as we have seen, either from caprice or punctilio, resigned this office at the time of Mr. Canning's premiership, and he again relinquished the charge in 1828, as incompatible with his own position as Mr. Canning's successor. In 1843, however, on the death of Lord Hill, he resumed the command of the forces, which he retained till his death. His general views in this capacity partook of his policy at large. His administrative talent was incontestable, and was evinced by the order and economy of every department under his charge and the effective working of the whole. On all points of discipline his regulations were distinguished by a perfect knowledge of the characters with which he had to deal, and by that sound common sense which never forsook him. As respected the organisation and equipment of the army no opinions could be more liberal than his own; but it cannot be said that he was equally enlightened in his views of the service in general. In fact, he looked upon military reforms as he looked upon civil reforms, without absolute bigotry, but with no willing mind. The successive improvements in the condition of the British soldier originated with others than the Commander-in-Chief, and were not unusually carried out in his despite. For all that could make the soldier "efficient," according to the old practical ideas of efficiency, a ready advocate was always to be found in the Duke; but the reforms of the recruiting and the relief systems, the amelioration of barrack life, and the abolition of military flogging, were not due to the Commander-in-Chief, though experience has now shown with what perfect propriety they were introduced. His professional faculties never failed him to the last. His views

we need only refer him to the despatches of Marlborough for a subject of comparison.

The private life of the Duke was simple, methodical, and familiar in most of its features to all inhabitants and visitors of the metropolis. His attendance at the early service at the Chapel Royal and at the Whitehall sermons, his walk in the Park in former years, and of late times his ride through the Horse Guards, with his servant behind him, are incidents which every newspaper has long chronicled for the information of the country. His personal habits were those of military punctuality, his daily duties were discharged systematically as they recurred, and his establishment was as thriftily regulated as the smallest household in the land. This economy enabled him to effect considerable savings, and it is believed that the property of the title must have been very largely increased. He married in 1806 the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of the second Baron Longford—a lady for whose hand, as Arthur Wesley, with nothing but the sword of an infantry captain to second his pretensions, he had previously, we are informed, been an unsuccessful suitor. The Duchess died in 1831, and the Duke's name was recently coupled with that of numerous ladies who were successively selected by report as the objects of his second choice. He expired, however, a widower, leaving two sons to inherit his name. Full of years beyond the term of mortality, and of honours almost beyond human parallel, he has descended into his grave amid the regrets of a generation who could only learn his deeds from their forefathers, but who know that the national glory which they witness and the national security which they enjoy were due, under God's providence, to the hero whom they have just now lost.

THE END.

LONDON : SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW, New-street-Square.

THE DAYS OF BATTLE

OR

QUATRE BRAS AND WATERLOO.

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN

RESIDENT AT BRUSSELS IN JUNE, 1815

AUTHOR OF "ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCLIII.

PREFACE.

THIS little Narrative is the simple and faithful account of one who was a spectator of the scenes she describes, and a witness of the events she relates, during those days of desperate conflict and unparalleled victory which must be for ever memorable in British history, and interesting to every British heart. It was written whilst the impression of those eventful scenes was yet fresh upon the mind: and the thoughts and feelings which such awful and affecting circumstances were irresistibly calculated to inspire, were expressed without restraint, in the full security of the sympathy and approbation of the partial friends for whose perusal alone this Narrative was intended.

During the absence of the Author in Italy in 1816, the members of her family in England sent the manuscript to the late Mr. Murray, and it was already in the press before she received any intimation of its intended publication.

The Author must be permitted most earnestly to disclaim all idea of entering into competition with the writers whose talents and genius have been so well employed in describing the battle and the field of Waterloo. They were not, how-

ever, like the Author, on the spot at the time ; they were pilgrims who afterwards visited the memorable scenes of these glorious events, and wrote from report: they related the past—she described the present.

Conscious of her inadequacy to a theme on which all that can be said falls so far short of what must be felt ; impossible as it is to do justice to the achievements of that gallant army who have been the champions, the conquerors, and the deliverers of the world, and to whom, under Heaven, Europe owes her security, and England her glory—the writer yet ventures to hope, that the generous indulgence of a British public will be extended to this humble attempt to record the proofs displayed on those glorious "days of battle," of their heroic valour in combat, their noble magnanimity in victory, and their unshaken fortitude in suffering —faintly and feebly as they are described by

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

THE DAYS OF BATTLE;

OR,

SCENES OF WATERLOO.

On Saturday, the 10th of June, 1815, my brother, my sister, and myself, sailed from the pier of Ramsgate at three in the afternoon, in company with Sir Neil Campbell, the celebrated Knight of Elba, Major Wylie, of the Royal Fusiliers, extra aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, a Mr. N., an English merchant; together with an incongruous assemblage of horses, dogs, and barouches; Irish servants, French valets, and steerage passengers, too multifarious to mention, all crowded together into a wretched little packet. On Sunday evening, the 11th of June, we found ourselves, after a passage of thirty-six hours, many miles distant from Ostend, lying at anchor in a dead calm, and without a hope of reaching it till the following morning. To escape remaining another night amidst the discomforts of this packet, without food, for we had eaten up all our provisions; and without sleep, for we had experimentally proved that none was to be got, our three selves, and our three companions in misfortune, the Knight, the

Major, and the Merchant, embarked in a crazy little boat, about nine o'clock in a beautiful summer's evening, as the sun was sinking in golden splendour, and trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves. The tide was running strong against the rowers, and night closed in long before we approached the shore; but though the light of the heavens had faded, the ocean was illuminated with that beautiful phosphoric fire so well known in warmer latitudes. The most brilliant magic light played upon the surface of the waters, and marked the path of our little vessel through the deep, with the softest, purest radiance; the oars seemed to be moving through liquid fire, and every drop, as it dashed from them, sparkled like the blaze of a diamond: the little rippling waves, as they curled their heads, were covered with the same transparent ethereal fire, which would mock the powers of the poet's fancy, "glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," to embody or describe. It is more like the pale beam the glow-worm sheds from his evening lamp than any thing on earth, but ten thousand times more bright and more beautiful. By such a light Oberon and his Queen, attended by their band of tiny sprites, might have held their midnight revels, amidst the bowers and halls of fairy land; and by such a light, enchanted spirits in happier worlds might be supposed to slumber. This soft, transparent, *unearthly* light gleaming around us, and kindling at every touch in living brightness over the waters; the calm and glassy stillness of the wide extended ocean; the softened glow that lingered in the western sky; and the mild breath of evening, made our passage to the shore, slow as it was, most delightful. It was a night calculated to soothe every unquiet passion into rest, and in which the imagination loved

to indulge in dreams of delight and beauty. The heart must have been cold that did not feel the harmony of nature, and the spirit turbulent that did not partake of its repose: everything seemed to have been touched by the hand of enchantment. But the magic spell was dissolved, and the visions of fancy faded away in a moment; for we suddenly struck upon the sands, when we seemed still far from the shore; waves of apparent fire dashed into the boat; and the sturdy sailors, abandoning their oars, seized upon us without the smallest ceremony, and carried us literally through fire and water to the beach.

Thus were we thrown, late at night, and in the dark, upon a foreign coast, uncertain which way to direct our steps through the deep, deserted, trackless sands that surrounded us; forewarned of the rapid approach of the tides upon this coast, and wholly at a loss in what direction lay the town, or how to get admittance through the sentry posts, at such an hour, if we did reach it. Yet under these appalling circumstances, I cannot say that we felt the smallest alarm, or even a momentary uncomfortable situation: we had no fear of being drowned, nor the remotest idea that any more serious mischief could befal us than spending the night upon the sands, of which, however, there seemed to be much probability. Luckily for us, this Mr. N. proved a most able pilot; he had frequently been at Ostend before, and led the way with great sagacity, in spite of the darkness in which we were involved. We were all loaded with travelling bags, or parcels of some sort, for it was with difficulty the little nutshell of a boat contained our six selves, and all the servants were left in the vessel. We were each, therefore, obliged to carry all that we wanted of our travelling equipments;

and thus burdened, and sinking every step ankle deep in the heavy sands, we reached at last, with considerable toil, the fortifications, and were immediately hailed by the soldier on guard. We declared ourselves to be "friends," but in vain; friends or foes were all the same to the sentry; we might have lain all night in the ditch, for anything he cared; for his orders were positive, to admit no person into the garrison, without the express order of the commandant, after dark. But the cocked hat, aide-de-camp's uniform, and authoritative tone of Major Wylie carried us all through. He declared "that he and his party were going to join the army with speed;" and, although some of us must have struck the sentry as not being likely to prove a very valuable reinforcement to the troops, he did not venture to make any further opposition, and we all entered Ostend. Although we came "in such a questionable shape," we obtained admittance into "La Cour Impériale," where we got an excellent supper, which was particularly acceptable to some of us, who had eaten nothing all day, excepting a bit of bread. We then went to bed, where we enjoyed the sweets of undisturbed repose, with a zest which none but those who have spent a suffocating, sick, and sleepless night in a wretched little berth on board a packet, can understand.

Next day, after viewing the fortifications, which, although they had been recently repaired by the English, could no longer stand the long sieges which have made Ostend famous in history, we proceeded to Bruges, walked about in the rain till late at night, to visit the beautiful Hôtel de Ville, and other public buildings of that fine old city; and rose early the next morning to see the churches of San Sauveur

and Notre Dame, and the magnificent tombs of Charles the Bold and his daughter. Already the churches were crowded with pious Catholics, whose attention was sadly distracted from their devotion by our appearance: sometimes they whispered an Ave Maria with the utmost fervency of prayer; and sometimes an half-uttered exclamation of wonder burst from their lips; sometimes they resolutely resumed counting their beads, and sometimes their eyes involuntarily rested on our foreign figures with the broad stare of curiosity.

We left Bruges in the same bark which had once conveyed Napoleon Buonaparte to that city, and which is now used as a côche d'eau. It contained 150 people of every sort and description, from the courtiers of Louis XVIII. down to Flemish peasants; all of whom, however, were obliging, talkative, attentive, flattering, and amusing. After dining on board, and spending a most entertaining day, we arrived in the evening at Ghent.

The whole of Wednesday we spent in this ancient city, and though its extent is so great as to have been the subject of a well-known imperial quibble,* I believe we left but little of it unexplored. We visited its magnificent cathedral, whose walls, pillars, roofs, columns, and pulpits are formed of the richest polished marble of every varying hue, and carved with exquisite skill; and whose sculptured ornaments, the work of ages when the statuary's art was in high perfection, seemed almost to start to life before our eyes. We explored the deep sepulchral gloom of its subterranean church; visited the costly shrines of all the saints; contem-

* The Emperor Charles V., in disparagement of the capital City of his rival, used to delight in saying, "Je peux mettre tout Paris dans *mon Gand.*" Ghent, on the Continent, is always spelt and pronounced Gand, the same as *gant*, glove.

plated the ancient and decaying monasteries, which were formerly its pride; made a most indefatigable research after cabinets of paintings; and wandered with the utmost perseverance through its abominable streets. We saw the balcony in which the monster Vandamme, in the bloody times of the Revolution, used to stand, day after day, to see victims led out, at his bidding, to the guillotine. In its altered scenes, we now beheld loyal Bourbon beaux in gold epaulettes, and smart Flemish belles, in French fashions, laughing and flirting. We, like them, paraded in its gay promenade, and rambled through the perfumed walks and exotic bowers of its beautiful Botanic Garden. The City of Ghent seemed to be restored to some traces of its ancient grandeur by the temporary residence of the Bourbon princes, and the little expatriated court of Louis XVIII. I had never been able to feel any extravagant degree of attachment to this unfortunate royal family: their restoration had not given me any enthusiastic joy, nor their fall much sorrow; and even the honour of paying my devoirs to Louis le Désiré, and exchanging some profound and reverential bows and courtesies with his most Catholic Majesty, failed to inspire me with much interest or admiration for this persecuted, princely race. These bows, by the way, cost the good old king considerable time and labour, for he is extremely unwieldy and corpulent, and gouty; and he looks very lethargic and snuffy; and it is really a thousand pities that an exiled and dethroned monarch should be so remarkably uninteresting a personage.

Early in the morning of Thursday, the 15th of June, we left the City of Ghent, passed its ancient walls, and crossed the "lazy Scheldt," which is here but a small stream, and belies the epithet Goldsmith applies to its more advanced

course; for it runs with considerable rapidity. We proceeded along the straight, undeviating line of the broad, flat chaussée, or paved road, that leads to Brussels. It is bordered on each side with rows of tall trees, which form one long interminable avenue, as far as the eye can reach. We remembered that it was down this very road that Napoleon Buonaparte had made his triumphant progress through the Netherlands, and we most devoutly hoped, that neither by this, nor any other road, he would ever have it in his power to enter them again.

The country is thickly covered with neat cottages, scattered hamlets, and small farm-houses: the fields were waving with tall, luxuriant crops of corn, and far from wearing the appearance of the theatre of war, it seemed to be the abode of peace and plenty; and hope, contentment, and hilarity shone in the countenances of the people. The peasants almost all wore sabots; but the cottage children, bare-footed and bare-headed, frequently pursued the carriage for miles, keeping pace with the horses, tumbling as they went along, singing Flemish patriotic songs, the burden of which was invariably, "Success to the English, and destruction to the French;" and crying with unwearied perseverance, "Vivé* les Anglaises!" "Dat for Napoleon!" expressing at the same time, by an emphatic gesture, cutting off his head. They threw bouquets of flowers into the carriage, twisted their little sunburnt faces into the most extraordinary grimaces, and kept whirling round on their hands and feet, in imitation of the rotatory motion of a wheel. Dr. Clarke, in his Travels, mentions that the children of the Arabs in Egypt performed

* I write it not grammatically, but as they pronounced it, with a strong emphasis on the last letter.

the same exploit, and for the same purpose, that of extorting from the passengers a few sous; nay, even one they seemed to think a sufficient reward for a laborious chase of more than a league, and the exhibition of all these fatiguing antics.

At the little town of Alost, half way to Brussels, we stopped to dine. It was the head-quarters of the Duc de Berri, and the streets, the promenades, and the caffés looked gay. There is a pleasant walk, shaded by trees, round the ramparts; for, this little town, like every other in the Netherlands, was formerly fortified; although its dismantled walls no longer afford any means of defence. A violent shower of rain obliged us to take refuge, in rather an unceremonious manner, in a small house, the mistress of which, who was preparing to take her afternoon's coffee (though it was only one o'clock), received us with the utmost courtesy and kindness. Short as our stay was beneath her roof, it was long enough for her to express with great energy her detestation of Napoleon and of the French; which she said was universal throughout Belgium. We had a good deal of conversation with her upon this subject, and upon the past and present state of Belgium.—" Ah, madame ! before they came among us," she said, " this was a very different country. Then we were rich, and good, and happy." She lamented over the trade, the manufactories, the commerce they had destroyed; the contributions they had exacted; the fine young men they had seized as conscripts; the convents they had ruined; the priests and " les bonnes religieuses" they had turned to the door. Wherever we had gone before, and wherever we afterwards went, we heard the same sentiments from every tongue, and we saw the most unequivocal signs of the inveterate hatred of the Belgic

people towards their former rulers. It bursts out spontaneously, as if they could not suppress it; their whole countenances change; their eyes sparkle with indignation; their very gestures are eloquent, and they seem at a loss for words strong enough to express the bitterness of their detestation. This surprised us not a little, as in England we had been taught to believe that the French were popular in this country; but we were at length convinced of our mistake. It is the *English*, not the French, who are popular in Belgium; and it was far more gratifying than any individual distinction could have been, to find that we were everywhere received with marked attention and respect for the sake of our country, and that the name of England is everywhere beloved and honoured.

At the village of Ashe, half way between Alost and Brussels, while I was buying in a little shop a basket of "gateaux sucrés," for which the place is famous, two Belgic ladies, who happened to be there, entered into conversation with me, with all the ease of foreign manners, and uttered the same energetic invective against their late French Government, and animated praise of the English, which we heard from every tongue during our stay in Belgium. These people evidently speak from their hearts: and yet in manners, in customs, in ancient ties, in modern predilections, and even in language, they are French. Their deep-rooted hatred, therefore, of the people to whom they were so firmly attached, must have sprung from very flagrant wrongs, and very galling oppression.

Alost is situated on the little river Dender, and from the road we caught a glimpse of the spire of Dendermond, so famous for its siege by the Allies in the last century. We

were now in a country which had repeatedly been, in every age, the seat of war, and in which England had already gained immortal glory. In retracing the proud history of her past triumphs, and her recent and not less brilliant conquests, we felt the firm assurance that in those scenes where the British under the Duke of Marlborough had, in the eighteenth century, won the glorious victories of Oudenarde, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, the British under the Duke of Wellington, in the nineteenth century, would gain fresh laurels and immortal renown, and raise still higher the glory of their country's arms.

After leaving Alost, the country became more rich and undulating. Instead of a dull, dead flat, which we had before traversed, sloping grounds, and distant hills, and sheltered valleys diversified the prospect. The woods rose in prouder beauty, and the fields were dressed in brighter verdure and richer luxuriance; and as we passed through those smiling scenes, and saw the husbandman pursuing his peaceful labours, the cottage wife busy with her household cares, and the merry groups of haymakers spread over the fragrant meadows, we rejoiced in the hope that the hand of the spoiler would never lay waste these fruitful fields, nor burn these peaceful hamlets, and that these contented peasants would never again be torn from their homes to fight in the cause of unprincipled ambition, and become in turn the instruments of that oppression of which they had been the victims. It was with a feeling of pride for our country we indulged the thought that it was to England they owed their security; that it was her protecting arm which interposed the impenetrable shield of her armies between them and the tyranny and usurpation of France. We could not

but rejoice that since the awful struggle must be made, its horrors—if inevitable—would, at least, be distant;—that since the awful thunderbolt of war must fall, it would descend, in all human probability, upon that country which had raised the storm; and that France herself would at length be visited by some part of the dreadful calamities which she had so long and so mercilessly inflicted upon other nations.*

Short sighted mortals! while we fondly indulged these hopes, and exulted in the blessings of security and peace, how little did we suspect that the most aggravated horrors of war were ready to burst over our heads; how little did we foresee the rapid changes and alarming events which even this very day was destined to produce; and while we watched the sun sinking in glory in the western sky, how little did we dream of the scenes that were to pass before the dawn of morning! In all the bliss of ignorance, however, we journeyed along, admiring from afar the lofty towers and spires of Brussels, and its crowded roofs clustering round the steep sides of a hill, in the midst of a rich and cheerful country, and thinking with joyful and impatient anticipation of the well-known faces of the beloved friends whom we were to meet within its walls.

Near Brussels we passed a body of Brunswick troops (called Black Brunswickers). They were dressed in black, and mounted upon black horses, and their helmets were surmounted with tall nodding plumes of black horsehair, which gave them a most sombre and funereal appearance. As they slowly moved along the road before us in a long

* It was not expected at that time that Belgium would be the theatre of war, but that the Allies would advance into France.

regular procession, they looked exactly like an immense moving hearse. I laughed, and observed to my sister, "that one might take this for a bad omen, and that it reminded me of the mourning wedding-ring in the Simple Story." Some of these black, ominous looking men kept before us, and entered Brussels along with us. At first we passed through some mean, dirty streets, but the appearance of the town soon improved. The houses are large, ancient, and highly ornamented. There is an air of grandeur and of architectural design in the towns of Flanders, which is peculiarly striking, on first coming from the plain, diminutive, shopkeeper-looking, red brick rows of houses in England. The streets of Brussels are narrow, but they have that air of bustle, opulence, and animation, which characterises a metropolis. To us everything was new and amusing: the people, the dresses, the houses, the shops, the very signs diverted us. Every notice was stuck up in the French language, and quite in the French style: the poorest and most paltry shop called itself a Magazine. Here were Magasins de Modes, Magasins de Souliers, Magasins de——everything, in short: it was amusing to see the names of people and trades, that we had only been accustomed to meet with in French books and plays, stuck up in gilt letters above every shop-door.

Everything wore a military aspect; and the number of troops of different nations, descriptions, and dresses, which filled the town, made it look very gay. Soldiers' faces, or at least their white belts and red coats, were to be seen at every window; and in our slow progress through the streets we were delighted to see the British soldiers, and particularly the Highlanders, laughing and joking, with

much apparent glee, with the inhabitants. On our right we caught a glimpse of the magnificent spire of the Hôtel de Ville, far exceeding, in architectural beauty, anything I remember to have seen. We slowly continued to ascend the windings of the long and steep hill, which leads from the low to the high town of Brussels, and the upper part of which is called La Montagne du Parc. Passing on our left the venerable towers of the Cathedral, we reached at last the summit of this huge "Montagne;" and the Parc of Brussels, of which we had heard, read, and talked so much, unexpectedly opened upon us. What a transition from the dark, narrow, gloomy streets of the low town to the lightness, gaiety, and beauty of the Parc, crowded with officers in every variety of military uniform, with elegant women, and with lively parties and gay groups of British and Belgic people, loitering, walking, talking, and sitting under the trees! There could not be a more animated, a more holiday scene; everything looked gay and festive, and everything spoke of hope, confidence, and busy expectation.

The Parc of Brussels does not bear the smallest resemblance to what in England we denominate a park. It is more like a garden enclosed with iron rails, the interior of which is laid out with gravel-walks, grass-plots, and parterres, shaded with trees, and ornamented with fountains* and statues. It is quite a promenade, and is exclusively devoted to pedestrians. The walks are formal, but kept with great exactness, and the tout ensemble looks gay, inviting,

* Afterwards, on our return to Brussels, I observed an inscription on one of these fountains, purporting, that the Czar, Peter the Great, having drunk too freely of wine, fell into its waters. The day and year are mentioned. It was, I think, about a century ago.

and pleasant. It is surrounded by a wide street, enclosed by a square of magnificent houses, in which are the palace of the Prince of Orange, and many beautiful public buildings. Compared to this grand square, the finest squares of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, are small and paltry. Adjoining the Parc is the Place Royale, and so strikingly grand and imposing is its architecture, that we all uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise and admiration as we drove into it. The doors and windows of the Hôtel Bellevue, and of the Hôtel de Flandre, adjoining to it, were crowded with British officers. We took possession of two pleasant rooms in the latter, which had been secured for us by the kind attention of Sir Neil Campbell. They were in the troisième étage, and we had a hundred steps to ascend; but we were fortunate in procuring such good accommodation, as Brussels was extremely crowded. We had not entered the hotel many minutes, and had not once sat down, when we recognised our pleasant compagnon de voyage, Major Wylie, standing in the Place Royale below, encompassed with officers. He saw us, took off his hat, and, breaking from the people that surrounded him, darted in at the door of the hotel, and was with us in a minute. Breathless with haste, he could scarcely articulate that hostilities had commenced! Our amazement may be conceived: at first we could scarcely believe him to be in earnest. "Upon my honour," exclaimed Major Wylie, still panting, and scarcely able to speak, from the haste with which he had flown up the hundred steps, "it is quite true; and the troops are ordered to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice; and we shall probably leave Brussels to-morrow morning." In answer to our eager inquiries, he then told us that this unexpected in-

telligence had only just arrived; that he had that moment left the Duke of Wellington's table, where he had been dining with a party of officers; and that, just as the dessert had been set upon the table, a courier had arrived, bringing dispatches from Marshal Blucher, announcing that he had been attacked by the French: but although the fighting was hot, it seemed to be Blucher's opinion that it would most probably be nothing more than a mere skirmish. While the Duke was reading the dispatches, the Prince of Orange, General Mufflin, and some other foreign officers had come in. After a short debate, the Duke, expecting that the blow would be followed up, and believing that it was the enemy's plan to crush the English army, and take Brussels, immediately ordered the troops to be in readiness to take the field at a moment's notice. "And when did all this happen?—when was this attack made?" we anxiously inquired. "It took place this afternoon." "This afternoon!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, and, I suppose, with looks of consternation, which drew a good-natured smile from Major Wylie, for we had not been used to hear of battles so near, or fought the same afternoon. "Yes, it happened this very afternoon," said Major Wylie; "and when the express came away, they were fighting as hard as ever: but after all, it may prove a mere trifling affair of outposts—nothing at all." "But are the French in great force? Where are they? Where are the Prussians? How far off do you suppose all this fighting is?" were some of the many questions we asked. The fighting was in the neighbourhood of Charleroi, about half a day's march from Brussels: nothing certainly was known of the force of the French. In fact, nothing at all was known, except that the French had this very day attacked

the Prussians, when they were totally unprepared, at a short distance from us. "However, after all, this may end in nothing," said Major Wylie, after a pause; "we *may* have to march to-morrow morning, or we may not march these three weeks: but the Duke expects another dispatch from Blucher, and that will settle the business:" and so saying, Major Wylie went away to dress for a ball. Yes, a ball! for the Duke of Wellington, and his aides-de-camp, and half of the British officers, though they expected to go to a battle to-morrow, were going to a ball to-night, at the Duchess of Richmond's; and to the ball they did accordingly go. They seemed to say, or to feel, with the Scottish Chief in Douglas:

> "This night once more
> Within these walls we rest: our tents we pitch
> To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast!—
> Free is his heart who for his country fights:
> He on the eve of battle may resign
> Himself to social pleasure: sweetest then,
> When danger to a soldier's soul endears
> The human joy that never may return."

Late as it was, my brother and sister went to call upon Mrs. H., whom they were impatient to see. They had not been gone many minutes, when Sir Neil Campbell sent up to ask if I would admit him. I made no objection: so in he came, looking magnificent, in a full dress uniform, covered with crosses, clasps, orders, and medals. Behold me, then, tête-à-tête with this splendid beau, in my own room, between ten and eleven o'clock at night! In England it would have been extraordinary enough, to be sure; but in Brussels it was nothing. It was impossible to receive him, or anybody else, in any other place than a bed-room, for the Hôtel de Flandre was entirely composed of bed-rooms, all

of which were occupied. Without discomposing myself about the matter, therefore, I gave Sir Neil Campbell some tea, and we had a long chat together. He, too, had been dining with the Duke of Wellington, and had been present when these important dispatches arrived, and from him I heard a repetition of all that Major Wylie had told us, with the alarming addition, that the French were said to be upwards of 100,000 strong, and that Napoleon himself was at the head of the army. It was generally thought that this attack upon the Prussians was a stratagem to conceal more effectually his real designs, of surprising Brussels, and destroying, if possible, at one blow, the English army. It was well known that the Russians had crossed the Rhine; and Sir Neil Campbell said *he* had no doubt that Buonaparte would push forward at all hazards, and give battle before they could arrive. As Sir Neil Campbell had certainly reason to know *something* of Buonaparte, and as these rapid, unexpected movements were in perfect uniformity with his general policy, this conjecture seemed but too probable; but we concluded that the numbers of the French must be prodigiously exaggerated. It seemed quite incredible that so large an army could have formed, advanced, and even attacked Marshal Blucher, without his having any knowledge of their movements; and even if their force was very superior to ours, I felt confident that they would meet with a very different reception from that which they expected; and that Napoleon, with every advantage on his side, would not find the defeat of an English army quite so easy a thing in practice, as he had always seemed to consider it in theory. Having settled this point much to our mutual satisfaction, Sir Neil Campbell went away. My brother and sister returned, and we went to bed.

But we were not destined long to enjoy the sweets of repose. Scarcely had I laid my weary head on the pillow, when the bugle's loud and commanding call sounded from the Place Royale. "Is that the call to arms?" I exclaimed, starting up in the bed. My sister laughed at the idea; but it was repeated, and we listened with eager and anxious suspense. For a few moments a pause of doubt ensued. Hark! again! it sounded through the silence of the night, and from every quarter of the town it was now repeated, at short and regular intervals. "It is the call to arms!" I exclaimed. Instantly the drums beat; the Highland pibroch sounded——It was the call to arms! Oh! never shall I forget the feelings of that moment! Immediately the utmost tumult and confusion succeeded to the silence in which the city had previously been buried. At half-past two we were roused by a loud knocking at our room door, and my brother's voice calling to us to get up instantly, not to lose a moment—that the troops were under arms—were marching out against the French—and that Major Llewellyn was waiting to see us before he left Brussels. Inexpressibly relieved to find that this nocturnal alarm was occasioned by the departure of Major Llewellyn, not by the arrival of the French, which, in the first startling confusion of my thoughts, and trepidation of my mind, had actually entered my head; and much better pleased to meet an old and kind friend, than to run away from a furious enemy, we got up with the greatest alacrity, and hastily throwing some clothes about us, flew to see Llewellyn, who was waiting on the stairs. Short and agitated indeed was our meeting under such circumstances. By the light of a candle in my brother's room, we sat down for a few minutes on some boxes, scarcely able to believe our

senses, that all this was real, and almost inclined to doubt whether it was not a dream: but the din of war which resounded in our ears too painfully convinced us that it was no illusion of phantasy:—we could scarcely even " snatch a fearful joy," for not for a single moment could we banish from our minds the impression, that in a few moments we must part, perhaps for ever, and that this hurried interview might prove our last. We could only gaze intently upon each other, as if to retain a lasting remembrance of the well-known countenance, should we indeed be destined to meet no more: we could only utter incoherent words or disjointed speeches. While he still lingered, we heard his charger, which his servant held in the court-yard below, neighing and pawing the ground, as if impatient of his master's delay, and eager to bear him to the field. Our greetings and adieus were equally hurried. We bade him farewell, and saw him go to battle.

It was nearly two years since we had met; and little did we think, when we parted in the peaceful valleys of Roxburghshire, that our next, and perhaps our last, meeting would be in Brussels, in the dead of the night, and on the very eve of battle. He was the same to us as a brother. He left us then, as now, to fight the battles of his country; and we trusted that victory and glory would still follow the British arms, and that he would once more return in honour and safety.

Just as he left us, the dawn appeared, and, by the faint twilight of morning, we saw the Place Royale filled with armed men, and with all the tumult and confusion of martial preparation. All was " hurry skurry for the field." Officers were looking in vain for their servants—servants

running in pursuit of their masters—baggage waggons were loading—bât horses preparing—trains of artillery harnessing.—And amidst the clanking of horses' hoofs, the rolling of heavy carriages, the clang of arms, the sounding of bugles, and the neighing of chargers, we distinctly heard, from time to time, the loud, deep-toned word of command, while the incessant din of hammers nailing "gave dreadful note of preparation."

A second express had arrived from Blucher, bringing intelligence that the French were in much more formidable force than he had imagined; that the attack was become serious; they had taken Charleroi, and driven back the Prussians. It was, therefore, necessary for the British to march immediately to support them. The Duke had received the dispatches containing this important news in the ball-room. We were afterwards told, that upon perusing them he seemed for a few minutes to be absolutely absorbed in a profound reverie, and completely abstracted from every surrounding object; and that he was even heard to utter indistinctly a few words to himself. After a pause, he folded up the dispatches, called one of his staff officers to him, gave the necessary orders with the utmost coolness and promptitude; and having directed the army to be put in motion immediately, he himself stayed at the ball till past two in the morning. The cavalry officers, whose regiments, for the most part, were quartered in villages about the frontier, ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles off, flew from the ball-room in dismay, in search of their horses, and galloped off in the dark, without baggage or attendants, in the utmost perplexity which way to go, or where to join their regiments, which might have marched before they could arrive.

Numbers of the officers had been out when the first order to be in readiness to march was issued, and remained in perfect ignorance of the commencement of hostilities, until the alarm sounded, and called them from scenes of festivity and mirth to scenes of war and bloodshed. As the dawn broke, the soldiers were seen assembling from all parts of the town, in marching order, with their knapsacks on their backs, loaded with three days' provision. Unconcerned in the midst of the din of war, many a soldier laid himself down on a truss of straw, and soundly slept, with his hands still grasping his firelock; others were sitting contentedly on the pavement, waiting the arrival of their comrades. Numbers were taking leave of their wives and children, perhaps for the last time, and many a veteran's rough cheek was wet with the tears of sorrow. One poor fellow, immediately under our windows, turned back again and again, to bid his wife farewell, and take his baby once more in his arms; and I saw him hastily brush away a tear with the sleeve of his coat, as he gave her back the child for the last time, wrung her hand, and ran off to join his company, which was drawn up on the other side of the Place Royale.

Many of the soldiers' wives marched out with their husbands to the field, and I saw one young English lady mounted on horseback, slowly riding out of town along with an officer, who, no doubt, was her husband. But even at this interesting moment, when thousands were parting with those nearest and dearest to their hearts, my gravity was suddenly overset, and my sorrow turned into mirth, by the unexpected appearance of a long train of market carts, loaded with cabbages, green peas, cauliflowers, early potatoes, old women, and strawberries, peaceably jog-

ging along, one after another, to market. These good people, who had never heard of battles, and who were perfectly at a loss to comprehend what could be the meaning of all this uproar, stared with astonishment at the spectacle before them, and actually gaped with wonder, as they slowly made their way in their long carts through the crowds of soldiers which filled the Place Royale. There was something so inexpressibly ludicrous in the contrast which the grotesque figures and rustic dresses of these old women presented to this martial hurry and confusion, that really "*not* to laugh surpassed all powers of face," and that I did laugh I must acknowledge, though it was perhaps very ill-timed levity. Soon afterwards the 42nd and 92nd Highland regiments marched through the Place Royale and the Parc, with their bagpipes playing before them, while the bright beams of the rising sun shone full on their polished muskets, and on the dark waving plumes of their tartan bonnets. We admired their fine athletic forms, their firm erect military demeanour and undaunted mien. We felt proud that they were our countrymen: in their gallant bearing we recognised the true hardy sons of Caledon, men who would conquer or die ; and we could not restrain a tear at the reflection, how few of that warlike band who now marched out so proudly to battle might ever live to return. Alas! we little thought that even before the fall of night these brave men, whom we now gazed at with so much interest and admiration, would be laid low!

During the whole night, or rather morning, we stood at the open window, unable to leave these sights and sounds of war, or to desist for a moment from contemplating a scene so new, so affecting, and so deeply interesting to us. Regi-

ment after regiment formed and marched out of Brussels; we heard the last word of command—March! the heavy measured uniform tread of the soldiers' feet upon the pavement, and the last expiring note of the bugles, as they sounded from afar.

We saw our gallant army leave Brussels with emotions which may be better imagined than described. They went again to meet that enemy whom they had so often encountered, and as invariably vanquished; to follow that general, who, in a long course of years of command devoted to the service and glory of his country, had never experienced a single defeat; who had so lately led them from victory to victory, crossed, in his triumphant march, the plains of Spain, fought his way over the frozen heights of the Pyrenees, carried conquest and dismay in the very heart of France, and whose rapid and unparalleled career of conquest had only been checked by the angel of peace. As we saw the last of our brave troops march out of Brussels, the recollection of their past glory, the proud hopes of their present triumph, the greatness of the contest, upon the issue of which the fate of Europe and the security of the world depended; the dread of their encounter with the numerous and formidable hosts of *that man*, whom no treaties could bind, no adversity could amend, no considerations of justice or humanity could soften, no laws, divine or human, could restrain, swelled our hearts with feelings which language is too feeble to express: and our brave countrymen were followed by our tears, our warmest wishes, and our most fervent prayers for their safety and success.

Before seven in the morning, the streets, which had been so lately thronged with armed men and with busy crowds, were empty and silent. The great square of the Place

Royale no longer resounded with the tumult and preparations for war. The army were gone, and Brussels seemed a perfect desert. The mourners they had left behind were shut up in their solitary chambers, and the faces of the few who were slowly wandering about the streets were marked with the deepest anxiety and melancholy. The heavy military waggons, ranged in order, and ready to move as occasion might require, were standing under the silent guard of a few sentinels. The Flemish drivers were sleeping in the long tilted carts destined to convey the wounded; and the horses, ready to harness at a moment's notice, were quietly feeding on fresh-cut grass by their side: the whole livelong day and night did these Flemish men and horses pass in the Place Royale. A few officers were still to be seen, slowly riding out of town to join the army. The Duke of Wellington set off about eight o'clock, in great spirits, declaring he expected to be back by dinner-time; and dinner was accordingly prepared for him. Sir Thomas Picton, who, like ourselves, had only arrived in Brussels the day before, rode through the streets in true soldier-like style, with his reconnoitring glass slung across his shoulders, reining in his charger as he passed, to exchange salutations with his friends, and left Brussels—never to return.

We had a most agreeable surprise at our breakfast-table in the sight of Major Llewellyn. He had ridden a few miles out of Brussels with the regiment, and then galloped back with Sir Philip Belson, who also wished to return. We spent a few hours together, and, embittered as they were with the prospect of so near and dreadful a separation, there was much consolation in thus meeting. No expectation was entertained of any engagement taking place to-day. Sir

Philip Belson and Major Llewellyn, therefore, felt quite at their ease; "being certain," they said, "of overtaking the regiment *at a place called Waterloo*, where the men were to stop to cook." Little did any of us then suspect how memorable to future ages "that place called Waterloo" was destined to become! We denied ourselves to several idlers, but Sir Neil Campbell, and Mr. and Mrs. H., succeeded in gaining admittance.

At last the moment of parting arrived; Sir Philip Belson called for Major Llewellyn, and, after sitting a few moments, they got up to go away, and we bade farewell to one who from childhood had been our friend and companion, and whom we loved as another brother. We could not but feel how probable it was that we might never see him more; and, under this impression, some minutes after he had left us, which he had spent in bidding farewell to my brother below, we ran to the window, saw Sir Philip Belson and he mount their horses and ride away, and caught the last glimpse of them as they passed under the gateway of the Place Royale. Two hours afterwards they were in the thickest of the battle!

Although we had not the smallest suspicion that any engagement could take place to-day, our anxiety for news, both of the French and Prussians, was extreme; but we could hear nothing but vague, unauthenticated reports, upon which no reliance could be placed.

We dined, or rather sat down to dinner, at the table d'hôte, and afterwards wandered restlessly about the streets, our minds too much absorbed in the approaching contest, to see, hear, understand, think, or talk about anything but what related to public events.

Our consternation may be imagined when we were told that a dreadful cannonade had been heard from the Parc, in the very direction which our army had taken, and that it was supposed they must have been attacked by the French within a few miles of Brussels. At first I was utterly incredulous; I could not, would not believe it; but, hurrying to the Parc, we were too soon, too incontestably convinced of the dreadful truth, by ourselves hearing the awful and almost incessant thunder of the guns apparently very near to us. For many hours this tremendous cannonade continued, while, unable to gain any intelligence of what was passing, ignorant of everything, except of the fact, proclaimed by the loud and repeated voice of war, that there was a battle, we listened in a state of terrible uncertainty and suspense, and thought with horror, in the roar of every cannon, that our brave countrymen were every moment falling in agony and death.

Unable to rest, we wandered about, and lingered till a late hour in the Parc. The Parc! what a different scene did its green alleys present this evening from that which they exhibited at the same hour last night! Then it was crowded with the young and the gay, and the gallant of the British army, with the very men who were now engaged in deadly strife, and perhaps bleeding on the ground. Then it was filled with female faces sparkling with mirth and gaiety; now terror, and anxiety, and grief were marked upon every countenance we met.

In addition to the general alarm and anxiety, which surpassed anything it is in my power to describe, we had a particular subject of solicitude. We had but too much reason to fear that it would be impossible for Sir Philip Belson and

Major Llewellyn to join their regiment in time for the action. The idea, the very doubt was dreadful. If *we* listened to the cannonade with such heart-sinking apprehensions for them, what must have been *their* feelings, if, at a distance from the army, absent without leave, they heard its sounds! After years of service in various climates and countries, after six long and glorious campaigns in the Peninsula, would they forfeit, by one act of imprudence, all the distinction they had obtained by a life devoted to their country, and be found absent from their post in the hour of danger! Dear to us as was the life of our friend, his honour was still dearer; and while every one else was anxiously dreading lest the battle should be near, and trembling at the reports that prevailed of its vicinity, I was secretly praying that it might not be distant, and would have felt inexpressibly relieved to have been assured that it was within a few miles of Brussels.

But it was in vain we attempted to discover where it really was. Some people said it was only six, some that it was ten, and some that it was twenty miles off. Numbers of people in carriages and on horseback had gone out several miles on the road which the army had taken, and all of them had come back in perfect ignorance of the real circumstances of the case, and with some ridiculous report, which, for a time, was circulated as the truth. No authentic intelligence could be gained; and every minute we were assailed with the most absurd and contradictory stories. One moment we heard that the allied army had obtained a complete victory; that the French had been completely repulsed, and had left *twenty thousand dead* upon the field of battle. Gladly would I have believed the first part of this story, but

the *twenty thousand dead* I could not swallow. Then again we were told that the French, 180,000 strong, had attacked the British, that the Belgians had abandoned their arms and fled, that our troops were literally cut to pieces, and that the French were advancing to Brussels. Then an English gentleman stopped his carriage to tell us, that *he* had been out farther than anybody, and that he had actually *seen* the engagement, which was between the French and the Prussians, and that old Blucher had given the rascals a complete beating. We had not gone ten paces farther, before another man, in a great hurry, advised us to set off instantly if we wished to make our escape; that he was on the point of going, for that certain intelligence had been received "that the French had won the battle, and that our army was retreating in the utmost confusion." I never remember to have felt so angry in my life; and I indignantly exclaimed, that such a report deserved only to be treated with contempt, and that it must be false, for that the English would never retreat *in confusion*. The man seemed a little ashamed of himself, and Mr. H. advised him "by all means to take care of himself, and set off directly." We hastened on. Presently we met another of Mr. H.'s wise friends, who assured us, with a face of the greatest solemnity, "that the day was going against us; that the battle was as good as lost; that our troops had been driven back from one position after another; and that the artillery and baggage had commenced the retreat; that all the horses would be seized for the service of the army; and that in two hours it would be impossible to get away." All this time we could hear nothing of what was really passing; for these idle tales and unfounded rumours were unworthy of a moment's attention, and did not give us a moment's

alarm; but the poor Belgians, not knowing what to make of all this, and nearly frightened out of their senses, firmly expected the French in Brussels before the morning; for their terror of them was so great and so deeply rooted, that they believed nothing on earth could stop their advance.

This dreadful uncertainty and ignorance of the truth made us truly wretched. Nobody knew anything of the actual state of affairs. Nobody could tell where our army was engaged, nor under what circumstances, nor against what force, nor whether separately or conjointly with the Prussians, nor which side was gaining the advantage. We knew nothing, except that there was a battle, and that at no great distance from us; for that the unceasing cannonade too certainly proved. Anxiously and vainly we looked for news from the army—none arrived. The consternation of the people was not to be described. "The cannonade is approaching nearer!" they exclaimed. "Hark! how loud was that peal! There, again! Our army must be retreating. Good heavens! what will become of us!" On every side, in the tones of terror and despondency, we heard these exclamations repeated. Heard through the density and stillness of the evening air, the cannonade did, in fact, seem to approach nearer, and become more tremendous. During the whole evening we wandered about the Parc, or stood in silence on the ramparts, listening to the dreadful thunder of the battle. At length it became less frequent. How often did we hope it had ceased, and vainly flatter ourselves that each peal was the last! when, again, after an awful pause, a louder, a longer roar burst on our ears, and it raged more tremendously than ever. To our great relief, about half-

past nine, it became fainter and fainter, and at last entirely died away.

After we had returned to the hotel, Sir Neil Campbell, who, in our absence, had been twice at our rooms and in the Parc in search of us, good-naturedly came again, to tell us that he had met Sir G. Scovell, who had left the field with orders from Brussels about half-past five, and that so far "all was well." The French army had encountered our troops on their march, upon the high road, about fifteen miles from Brussels. The 92nd and 42nd Highland regiments were the first in order of march. These brave men immediately made a stand, formed into squares, received the furious onset of the French with undaunted intrepidity, and alone sustained the fight, until the Royal Scots, the 28th, and some other regiments, came up to support them. Every regiment, as it arrived, instantly formed and fought; and though the English had been taken by surprise, unprepared, unconcentrated; without cavalry, and with scarcely any artillery; and, though the enemy outnumbered them far beyond all computation, they had not yielded an inch of ground, and they were still fighting in the fullest confidence of success. "There can be no doubt of their repulsing the French," said Colonel Scovell, "but nothing of any importance can be done till the cavalry come up, which it is expected they will do this evening. To-morrow the engagement will most probably be renewed, and I hope it will prove decisive." The Duke, he said, who was in excellent spirits, was to sleep to-night at Genappe.

Certainly no other troops but the English, without any cavalry, and with very little artillery, would have thought

themselves sure of repulsing an enemy with both, and with an almost countless superiority of numbers: and most certainly none but the English could have achieved it. It is a perversion of words to call the troops engaged in the battle of Quatre Bras the English army. During the greater part of the day a few regiments only, a mere handful of men, were opposed to the immense masses the French continually poured down against them; but they formed impenetrable squares, which were in vain attacked by the French cavalry, "steel-clad cuirassiers," and infantry; and against which tremendous showers of shot and shell descended in vain.

The 92nd, 42nd, 79th, the 28th, the 95th, and the Royal Scots, were the first, and most hotly, engaged. For several hours these brave troops alone maintained the tremendous onset, and the shock of the whole French army, and to their determined valour Belgium owes her independence, and England her glory. I do not, however, mean to give them exclusive praise. I do not doubt that had the post of honour fallen upon other British regiments, they would have acquitted themselves equally well: but let honour be paid where it is so justly due. Let England be sensible of the vast debt of gratitude she owes them; and let the names of those who perished there be enrolled in the long list of her noblest heroes! The 92nd, 42nd, and 79th Highland regiments had suffered most severely. They had received the furious and combined attack of the French cavalry and infantry, from first to last, with undaunted firmness, till, after supporting this unequal contest the whole day, after making immense havoc among their columns, and repeatedly charging and driving them back in confusion, they had themselves fallen, overpowered by numbers, and among heaps of

the slaughtered enemy, on the very spot where they first stood to arms; and we were told that they were, almost to a man, cut to pieces. With grief and horror, not to be described, we thought of these gallant soldiers whom, in the morning, we had seen march out so proudly to battle, and who were now lying insensible in death on the plains of Quatre Bras. They had fought, and they had fallen, as became the same noble spirits who had wrested from the same vaunting foe the standard of the Invincibles on the sands of Egypt. They were gallantly supported by the 28th, who, on the same soil, as well as in the long campaigns of Spain, had gained immortal honour, and who particularly distinguished themselves in this day's battle by their complete repulse of the French cuirassiers, who, though clad in mail, and "armed at all points precisely cap-à-pie," were driven back with immense loss from every attack, and uniformly gave way before the dreaded British charge with the bayonet. One regiment of raw Belgic troops had turned and fled where they had the finest opportunity of charging. I confess I was not sorry to hear that these recreant Belgians had, almost to a man, been cut to pieces by the very French troops they had not courage to face. The fate of cowards is unpitied. The consequences of their misconduct had, however, been retrieved by part of Sir Thomas Picton's division,* which regained the post they had lost, though with considerable slaughter.

After hearing this account our spirits completely revived, I

* Consisting of the 28th, 32nd, 79th, 95th, a battalion of the 1st, or Royal Scots, the 42nd, 92nd, and the 2nd battalion of the 44th, and a battalion of Hanoverians. It was the first division which arrived, and, during the principal part of the day, it was the only part of the British army engaged.

scarcely know why; for, except in the new proof we had just had of invincible British valour and firmness, there was nothing to inspire satisfaction or confidence. We had just learned, beyond all doubt, the truth of the alarming report, that the Prussians were separately engaged with another division of the enemy, which completely outnumbered them. Thus the allied armies seemed to be effectually cut off, and prevented from assisting each other, or acting in concert. The French then, whose combined numbers report magnified to 180,000, were on two sides of us, at the distance of only three hours' march from Brussels. Their army was collected, combined, concentrated, and well-appointed. The Prussians and the English were surprised, separated, dispersed, and unprepared; the latter were destitute of cavalry, ill-supported by artillery, and with an appalling inferiority even of infantry; and these too partly composed of Belgians, who seemed to make a practice of running away. Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, they *had* bravely stood the first brunt of the battle, and we felt the firm assurance that they would eventually triumph.

Colonel Scovell had left the army at half-past five; the battle, or at least the cannonading, had lasted till about ten; and our anxiety to know its results, our impatience for further news from the army, may be imagined; but no later intelligence arrived; we could hear nothing but vague reports of defeat, disaster, and dismay, to which, as they were founded upon no authority, we paid no attention. Sir Neil Campbell was going to join the army, like many others who had no business there:—he was to set off at one in the morning, so that we should see him no more, and what was infinitely worse, receive no more, through him, immediate and au-

thentic intelligence of all that was known. In this respect he was a great loss to us; for he was indefatigable in bringing us news, and took unwearied pains to be of use to us in every possible way.

Late as it was we went to see Mrs. H., whom we knew to be in great alarm. We found her sitting surrounded by plate, which she was vainly trying to acquire sufficient composure to pack up, with a face pale with consternation, and quite overcome with agitation and distress. We did all we could to assist, and said all we could to console and reassure her. Mr. H. had gone out towards the army, and, late as it was, had not yet returned. We stayed with her some time, and had the satisfaction of leaving her in much better spirits than we found her.

My brother had engaged, and made an agreement to pay for, horses, upon the condition of their being in readiness to convey us to Antwerp at a moment's warning, by day or night, if required. We had not, however, the smallest intention of leaving Brussels for some days to come, unless some sudden and unexpected change in public events should render it absolutely necessary. Thinking it, however, prudent to be prepared, we had sent our valet de place to la blanchisseuse to desire her to send home everything belonging to us early in the morning. La blanchisseuse sent back a message, literally to this effect,—"Madame," said the valet, addressing himself to me in French, "the blanchisseuse says, that if the English should beat the French, she will iron and plait your clothes, and finish them for you; but if, au contraire, these vile French should get the better, then she will assuredly send them all back quite wet—tout mouillé—early to-morrow morning." At this speech, which the valet

delivered with immoveable gravity, we all, with one accord, burst out a laughing, irresistibly amused to find that amongst the important consequences of Buonaparte's gaining the victory, would be our clothes remaining unplaited and unironed; and that the British were, in a manner, fighting, in order that the getting up of our fine linen might be properly performed. The valet, as soon as he could obtain a hearing, went on to say, that he sincerely hoped we should get our clothes dried and finished, and that the English would beat "ces diables de Francais;" but this seemed quite a secondary consideration with the valet, compared with ironing our clothes, and we were again seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Even the valet's long face of dismay relaxed into something like a smile, and, as he left the room, he said to himself, "Mais ces demoiselles sont bien enjouées."

It was half-past twelve; and hopeless now of hearing any further news from the army, we were preparing to retire to rest—but rest was a blessing we were not destined to enjoy in Brussels. We were suddenly startled by the sound of the rapid rolling of heavy military carriages passing at full speed through the Place Royale:—a great tumult instantly took place among the people below; the baggage waggons, which we knew were not to set off, except in a case of emergency, were harnessed in an instant, and the noise and tumult became every instant more alarming. For some minutes we listened in silence: faster and faster, and louder and louder, the long train of artillery continued to roll through the town: —the cries of the affrighted people increased. I hastily flew out to inquire the cause of this violent commotion. The first person I encountered was a poor, scared fille de chambre, nearly frightened out of her wits. "Ah, madame!" she

exclaimed, "les François sont tout près; dans une petite demi-heure ils seront ici.—Ah, grand Dieu! Ah, Jésus! Jésus! que ferons-nous! que ferons-nous!" In vain I eagerly asked how she knew, or why she believed, or from whence this news came, that the French were near? She could only reiterate, again and again, "Les François son tout près—les François sont tout près!" my questions were unanswered and unheard; but suddenly recollecting herself, she earnestly besought us to set off instantly, exclaiming, "Mais, mesdames, vous êtes Anglaises—il faut partir tout de suite—*tout de suite,*" she repeated, with great emphasis and gesticulation, and then resumed her exclamations and lamentations.

As I flew down stairs the house seemed deserted. The doors of the rooms (which in foreign hotels are not only shut, but locked) were all wide open; the candles were burning upon the tables, and the solitude and silence which reigned in the house formed a fearful contrast to the increasing tumult without. At the bottom of the staircase a group of affrighted Belgians were assembled, all crowding and talking together with Belgic volubility. They cried out that news had arrived of the battle having terminated in the defeat of the British; that all the artillery and baggage of the army were retreating; and that a party of Belgians had just entered the town, bringing intelligence that a large body of French had been seen advancing through the woods to take Brussels, and that they were only two leagues off. In answer to my doubts and my questions, they all exclaimed, "Ah! c'est trop vrai; c'est trop vrai. Ne restez pas ici, mademoiselle, ne restez pas ici; partez, éloignez vous vîte: c'est affreux!"

" Mais demain matin——" I began.

" Ah! demain matin," eagerly interrupted a little good-humoured Belgic woman belonging to the hotel—" demain matin il n'y aura pas plus le tems—une autre heure peut-être, et il ne sera pas plus possible de partir." "Ecoutez, mademoiselle, écoutez!" they cried, turning paler and paler as the thundering noise of the artillery increased. At this moment several people, among whom were some English gentlemen and servants, rushed past us to the stables, calling for their carriages to be got ready instantly. " Apprêtez les chevaux, tout de suite—Vite! vite! il n'a pas un moment!" was loudly repeated in all the hurry of fear. These people confirmed the alarm. I sent for our côcher, and most reluctantly we began to think that we must set off; when we found, to our inexpressible joy, that the long trains of artillery, which still continued to roll past with the noise of thunder, were not flying from the army, but advancing to join it. It is impossible to conceive the blessed relief this intelligence gave us. From that moment we felt assured that the army was safe, and our fears for ourselves were at an end. My brother, who had been roused from his sleep, and who, like many other people, had been running about half-dressed, and was still standing in his nightcap, in much perplexity what to do, now went to bed again with great joy, declaring he was resolved to disturb himself no more about these foolish alarms.

We were now perfectly incredulous as to the whole story of the French having been seen advancing through the woods to take Brussels; but the Belgians still remained convinced of it; and though they differed about how it would be done, they all agreed that Brussels would be taken.

Some of them said that the British, and some that the Prussians, had been defeated, and some that both of them had been defeated, and that the French, having broken through their lines, were advancing to take Brussels; others believed that Buonaparte, while he kept the allies employed, had sent round a detachment, under cover of night, by a circuitous route, to surprise the town; but it seemed to be the general opinion, that before morning the French would be here. The town was wholly undefended, either by troops or fortifications; it was well known to be Napoleon's great object to get possession of it, and that he would leave no means untried to effect it. The battle had been fought against the most fearful disparity of numbers, and under the most disadvantageous circumstances to the British. Its event still remained unknown; above all, no intelligence from our army had arrived. Under such circumstances, it was not surprising that the general despondency should be so great; while continual rumours of defeat, disaster, and dismay, and incessant alarms, only served to confirm their worst fears. As the French, however, had not yet come, this panic in some degree subsided, and comparative quietness seemed to be restored. Great alarm, however, continued to prevail through the whole night, and the baggage waggons stood ready harnessed to set off at a moment's notice. Several persons took their departure, but we quietly went to bed. My sister, however, only lay down in her clothes, observing, half in jest, and half in earnest, that we might, perhaps, be awakened by the entrance of the French; and overcome with fatigue, we both fell fast asleep. Her prediction seemed to be actually verified, for at six o'clock we were roused by a violent knocking at the room-door, accompanied by the

cries of "Les François sont ici! les François sont ici!" Starting out of bed, the first sight we beheld from the window was a troop of Belgic cavalry galloping from the army at the most furious rate, through the Place Royale, as if the French were at their heels; and instantly the whole train of baggage waggons and empty carts, which had stood before our eyes so long, set off, full speed, by the Montagne de la Cour, and through every street by which it was possible to effect their escape. In an instant the whole great square of the Place Royale, which had been crowded with men, horses, carts, and carriages, was completely cleared, as if by magic, and entirely deserted. The terrified people fled in every direction, as if for their lives. While my sister, who had never undressed, flew to rouse my brother, and I threw on my clothes I scarcely knew how; I heard again the dreadful cries of "Les François sont ici! Ils s'emparent de la porte de la ville!" My toilet, I am quite certain, did not occupy one minute; and as I flew down stairs, in the hope that it might yet be possible to effect our escape, I met numbers of bewildered-looking people running about half-dressed in every direction, in all the distraction of fear. The men with their nightcaps on, and half their clothes under their arms; the women with their dishevelled hair hanging about their shoulders, and all of them pale as death, and trembling in every limb. Some were flying down stairs loaded with all sorts of packages; others running up to the garrets sinking under the accumulated weight of the most heterogeneous articles. The poor fille de chambre, nearly frightened out of her senses, was standing half-way down the stairs, wringing her hands, and unable to articulate anything but "Les François! les François!" A little

lower, another woman was crying bitterly, and exclaimed, as I passed her, "Nous sommes tous perdus!" But no language can do justice to the scene of confusion which the court below exhibited: masters and servants, ladies and stable-boys, valets and soldiers, lords and beggars; Dutchmen, Belgians, and Britons; bewildered garçons and scared filles de chambre; enraged gentlemen and clamorous coachmen; all crowded together, jostling, crying, scolding, squabbling, lamenting, exclaiming, imploring, swearing, and vociferating, in French, English, and Flemish, all at the same time. Nor was it only a war of words; the disputants had speedily recourse to blows, and those who could not get horses by fair means endeavoured to obtain them by foul. The unresisting animals were dragged away half-harnessed. The carriages were seized by force, and jammed against each other. Amidst the crash of wheels, the volleys of oaths, and the confusion of tongues, the mistress of the hotel, with a countenance dressed in woe, was carrying off her most valuable plate in order to secure it, ejaculating, as she went, the name of Jesus incessantly, and, I believe, unconsciously; while the master, with a red night-cap on his head, and the eternal pipe sticking mechanically out of one corner of his mouth, was standing with his hands in his pockets, a silent statue of despair.

Amidst this uproar I soon found out our côcher, but, to my utter consternation, he vehemently swore, "that he would neither go himself, nor let his horses go; no, not to save the King of Holland himself; for that the French were just at hand, and that they would take his horses, and murder him:" and neither entreaties, nor bribes, nor arguments, nor persuasions, had the smallest effect upon him;

he remained inexorable, and so did numbers of the fraternity. While my brother, who had now come down stairs, was vainly and angrily expostulating with him, I inquired on all sides, and of all people, if there was no possibility of procuring other horses. The good-natured garçon of the house exclaimed, "that if there were horses to be had in Brussels, I should have them;" and away he ran in quest of them, while I continued my fruitless inquiries. In a little while he returned disappointed and unsuccessful, exclaiming, with a face of horror that I shall never forget, "Il n'y a pas un seul cheval, et les François sont tout près de la ville." At this moment in rushed Mr. H., in an agony of terror, panting, breathless, and exhausted, crying to us, "that his carriage was ready, that they could carry one of us, and that we must come away instantly." It was to no purpose both he and I implored my sister to accompany them, but she was inflexible. Nothing could induce her to go without us, and, finding she was immoveable, Mr. H. ran off with the good-natured intention of taking Lady W., since we refused to go singly. With incredible expedition, one English carriage after another drove off at full speed, and we were left to our fate. Of the rapid approach of the enemy we could not entertain the smallest doubt. To say I was frightened is nothing: I honestly confess I never knew what terror was before. Never shall I forget the horror of those moments. Our own immediate danger, and all the dreadful list of uncertain, undefined evils to which we might be exposed, in the power of those merciless savages; the anxiety, the distress, and despair of our friends at home, joined to the dreadful idea that the English army had been overwhelmed by numbers, defeated, perhaps cut to

pieces, agonised my mind with feelings which it is impossible to describe. Escape seemed, however, impossible: like Richard, I would have gladly given my kingdom (if I had had one) for a horse, or at least for a pair; but no horses were to be had, neither for love, money, nor kingdoms.

In the midst of this state of terror and suspense, I suddenly beheld Major Wylie. If an angel had descended from heaven I could not have welcomed him with more transport. Hope revived: and, springing forward to meet him, I exclaimed, "Oh! Major Wylie, is it true?" His countenance inspired little comfort; he looked pale, and struck with horror and consternation. "God forbid!" he exclaimed: "I hope not. I do not believe it; but I am going to inquire, and I will come back to you immediately." He wrung my hand, and hurried away. In the meantime I flew up-stairs to collect all our things, and bundle them together, to be ready for instant departure, if we should be able to procure horses. Never was packing more expeditiously performed: I am certain it did not occupy anything like three minutes. With the help of the valet de place, I crammed them all together, wet and dry, into the travelling-bags, trunks, and portmanteaus, without the smallest ceremony.

Every minute seemed to be an age, till at last Major Wylie returned with the blessed assurance that it was a false alarm; "that for the present, at least, we were in no danger." It is quite impossible to give the smallest idea of the transport we felt when we found that the enemy were not at hand, that our army was not defeated, and that we ourselves were not in the power of the French. I never can forget the ecstasy

of that moment—the bliss of that deliverance, and the inexpressible comfort of those feelings of safety which we now enjoyed. No fabled spirit, emerging from the dark and dismal regions of Pluto to the brightness and beauty of the Elysian Fields, could feel more transporting joy than we did when "the spectre forms of terror" fled, and we felt secure from every danger. From two English gentlemen, and lastly from Lord C., we received a confirmation of these happy tidings. The alarm had been raised by those dastardly Belgians whom we had seen scampering through the town, and who had most probably been terrified by the same foraging party of the enemy which, as we were afterwards told, had come up even to the gates of the city, insolently summoning it to surrender. They were supposed to have come from the side of the Prussians; and, knowing the defenceless state of Brussels, amused themselves with this bravado. Their appearance had confirmed the alarm beyond all doubt, and given rise to the dreadful cry that the French were seizing on the gates of the town. The panic had indeed been dreadful, but it was now happily over.

Major Wylie again attempted to go to the Place Royale, but he was instantly surrounded by a clamorous multitude, who, knowing him by his dress to be an aide-de-camp of the Duke, angrily exclaimed, "What is the reason that nothing is done for our security? Are we to be left here abandoned to the enemy? Are we to be given up to the French in this way? Why is not the City Guard ordered out to defend the town?" (The City Guard to defend the town from the French!) We could not help laughing at the idea of the excellent defence the City Guard of Brussels would make against the French army. But the frightened and enraged

Belgians could not be pacified, and they beset poor Major Wylie so unmercifully that he was fain to retreat again within the Hôtel de Flandre.

He told us that the battle of yesterday had been severe, and most obstinately contested. The French, whose superiority of force was so great as to surpass all computation, had borne down with dreadful impetuosity upon our little army. "During all his campaigns, and all the bloody battles of the Peninsula," Major Wylie said, "he had never seen so terrible an onset, nor so desperate an engagement. The British, formed into impenetrable squares, received the French cavalry with their bayonets; drove them back again and again; stood firm beneath the fire of their tremendous artillery; and, after many hours hard fighting, completely repulsed the enemy, and remained masters of the field of battle." Our cavalry had come up in the evening, but too late to take any part in the action. A French general and colonel had come over to the British during the battle, crying "Vive le Roi!" Their names I heard, but they have since escaped my memory:* indeed, the names of men who were base enough treacherously to desert the cause even of a rebel and a tyrant in the hour of danger, which they had openly espoused, ought only to be stamped with everlasting infamy. These men must have been doubly traitors, first to Louis XVIII., and then to Napoleon Buonaparte.

The French were commanded by Marshal Ney,† who,

* Since writing the above, I have found that the names of these officers were Lieutenant-General Beurmont and Colonel Clouet.

† Ney, in his own account of this battle, says, "in spite of my exertions, in spite of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost exertions could only maintain me in my position till the close of the

with three divisions of infantry, a strong corps of cavalry (under the command of General Kellerman), and a powerful artillery, could make no impression on one division of British infantry, without any cavalry, and with very little artillery. It was but too true that the greatest part of the brave Highlanders, both men and officers, were amongst the killed and wounded. They fought like heroes, and like heroes they fell—an honour to their country: and on many a Highland hill, and through many a Lowland valley, long will the deeds of these brave men be fondly remembered, and their fate deeply deplored! The 28th had particularly distinguished themselves, and gallantly repulsed the French in every attack. Our friend Major Llewellyn was safe; and I scarcely know whether the assurance of his safety, or that he and Sir Philip Belson had been in time for the battle, gave me the most heartfelt pleasure. Our loss had been severe, but that of the enemy much greater; but though our loss was less in actual numbers, it was much more important to us than that which the enemy had sustained was to them. From their great superiority of force, the killed and wounded fell proportionably heavier on our small army, while theirs was scarcely felt among their tremendous hosts.

When Major Wylie came away, about half-past four in the morning, the Duke had made every disposition for battle, in the full expectation that a general engagement would take place this day.* "The Prussians had fought like lions," Major Wylie said; not, however, like British lions, for it was but

day." He then complains grievously of having had *only* three divisions to fight against the British, and boasts of what he *would have done*, if he had had five.—*Vide Marshal Ney's Letter.*

* Subsequently, the news of the defeat and retreat of the Prussians obliged the Duke of Wellington also to retreat, to keep open the communications with Blucher.

too true that they had been defeated and repulsed, though we could scarcely at the time give entire credit to this disagreeable news. Waggon loads of Prussians now began to arrive. Belgic soldiers, covered with dust and blood, and faint with fatigue and pain, came on foot into the town. The moment in which I first saw some of these unfortunate people was, I think, one of the most painful I ever experienced, and soon, very soon, they arrived in numbers. At every jolt of the slow waggons upon the rough pavement we seemed to feel the excruciating pain which they must suffer. Sick to the very heart with horror, I re-entered the hotel, and, in answer to something Major Wylie said to me, I could only exclaim that the wounded were coming in. "Good God! how pale you look! For God's sake do not be so alarmed," said the good-natured Major Wylie, compassionately laying his hand upon my arm; "I do assure you there is nothing to fear. The wounded must come here at any rate—it has nothing to do with a defeat." Long familiarised himself to such scenes, they now made no impression upon him, and it never occurred to him to imagine that we could be shocked by seeing anything so common as waggons filled with wounded soldiers. He thought it was the victory or the approach of the French that I feared.

Again, however, he strongly recommended us to set off immediately. If the army should have to retreat, and fall back upon Brussels, which, considering the immense force of the enemy, he said, was not improbable, the confusion in Brussels would be dreadful, and escape impossible. The French might even take the town, and then our situation would be horrible indeed. Of the prudence and wisdom of this advice there could be no doubt. We had experienced the utter impracticability of getting away in the moment of

danger; we knew not how soon that moment might return. Had we ourselves possessed the means of escape, like Mr. and Mrs. H. and others, who had horses of their own, nothing could have induced us to have left Brussels to the last; but to remain exposed to incessant alarm and to imminent danger, in an open town, which before night might be in the possession of a merciless enemy, whose formidable armies were threatening it in two separate divisions, at the distance of a very few leagues, seemed certainly little less than madness. With extreme reluctance we at last determined to set out for Antwerp. The Wilsons, though they had carriage-horses, were on the point of setting off, the carriages of Lady F. S. and Lady C. were also at their doors, the trunks and imperiales were tying on with the utmost dispatch, though they had at all times the means of escape within their power.

Our faithless côcher now declared he was willing to go with us, as the French, he said, were not *yet* come—and to Antwerp accordingly we consented to repair. We had had no breakfast all this time, nor would it ever have occurred to us to procure any, had not the sight of Major Wylie's breakfast-tray reminded us of our own famishing state. We swallowed some coffee and bread, sitting on one of the window-seats of the staircase of the Hôtel de Flandre, and then with great regret set off, casting "many a longing, lingering look behind," with feelings of anxiety so deep and overwhelming for the fate and success of our army, that it engrossed all our faculties. Upon the event of the impending battle, which we fully believed this very day was to decide, depended not only the present as well as the future peace and security of Belgium and of Europe; but, what I

confess was to us even yet more dear, the safety and the glory of our gallant army. Absorbed in these reflections, as we slowly made our way out of the town, we witnessed many a melancholy sight; crowds of afflicted people were assembled round their poor wounded countrymen who had been brought in from the field. One soldier was dying at the door of his own house: the sobs and lamentations of some of the crowd who were collected round him, and the grief marked on their countenances, proclaimed them to be near relations of the unfortunate sufferer. Quite in the suburbs, some poor people were hanging over the insensible corpses of two soldiers who had died of their wounds. The streets were crowded so as to be scarcely passable: carriages were driving past each other as fast as the horses could go. All Brussels seemed to be running away; and the only competition appeared to be who should run the fastest. The road was thronged with people on horseback and on foot flying from the battle, while scattered parties of troops, British, Belgic, Hanoverian, Nassau, and Prussian, were hurrying to the scene of action. A great number of Prussian Lancers, with their black mustachios, high caps, long pikes, and little horses, were pushing forwards to the field. Long trains of commissariat-waggons were rolling along with a deafening clatter; overturned carts, and the remains of broken wheels, were lying in the ditches. By the wayside, and beneath the shade of some tall trees, there was a large rude sort of encampment, consisting of men and women, horses and waggons, amongst which universal uproar seemed to prevail. I could have fancied them a Tartar settlement in the act of suddenly decamping at the approach of some horde of savage enemies. Farther on, parks of artillery

were drawn up in the peaceful verdant meadows. Droves of oxen were going up to be slaughtered for the army, and the poor beasts, amazed at the horrid objects and noises which they encountered, took fright, and ran about in every direction except the right one, entirely blocking up the road, where confusion reigned unbounded: while the barking of the dogs, the blows and halloos of the drivers, the curses of the soldiers, and the vexation of the passengers, only served to increase the turbulence of the unruly cattle. The canal, by the side of which the road is carried, was covered with boats, and trackschuyts, and côches d'eau, and vessels of every description, and presented a scene of tumult and confusion scarcely inferior to that upon land.

About three miles from Brussels, situated upon an eminence above the road, we passed the magnificent palace of Lacken. I shuddered as I looked up to its lofty dome, and recollected that Napoleon had made the boast that this very night he would sleep beneath its roof. Uncertain, as we then were, how the day that had risen might terminate, believing as we did that the eventful battle was even now begun which was to decide the fate of Europe, my heart swelled with the proud confidence, that unprepared, unconcentrated, outnumbered as they were; leagued with foreigners who could not be depended upon, and with allies who had been defeated, yet that under every disadvantage British valour would still be triumphant, as it had ever been in every contest, and at every period. Great numbers of wounded stragglers from the field were slowly and painfully wandering along the road, pale and faint from loss of blood, and with their heads, arms, and legs bound up with bloody bandages. We spoke to several of them, but they were all

either Belgic or Prussian, and did not understand a word of French. Two of the most severely wounded we took upon our carriage and carried into Malines, where they told the côcher their friends lived. From him we learnt, that they had been wounded in the battle yesterday morning. I saw—I am sorry to say—one young English gentleman, who was travelling quite alone in his own carriage, sternly order down two of these unfortunate wounded men from his carriage.

The wounded, however, whom we saw, were able to move. In time they would reach a place of safety and shelter; but, if even their sufferings were so great that the very sight of them was painful, what must be the state of those who were left bleeding on the field of the lost battle, deserted by the retreating Prussians, passed by, unpitied and unaided, by the advancing French, and abandoned to perish in sufferings from the bare idea of which humanity recoils!* The day was unusually sultry; but if we felt the rays of the sun beneath which we journeyed to be so oppressive, what must be the situation of the poor unsheltered wounded, exposed to its fervid blaze in the open field, without even a drop of water to cool their thirst? What must be the sufferings of

* Not even imagination could form an idea of the dreadful sufferings that the unfortunate soldiers of the French and Prussian armies, who were wounded in the battles of the 15th and 16th of June, were condemned to endure. It was not until nearly a week afterwards that surgical aid, or assistance of any kind, was given to them. During all this time they remained exposed to the burning heat of the noon-day sun, the heavy rains, and the chilling dews of midnight, without any sustenance except what their importunity extorted from the country people, and without any protection even from the flies that tormented them. Numbers had expired; the most trifling wounds had festered, and amputation in almost every instance had become necessary. This, and every other necessary operation, was hastily and negligently performed by the Prussian surgeons. The description I heard of this scene of horror, from some respectable Belgic gentlemen who were spectators of it on the Wednesday following, is too dreadful to repeat.

our own unfortunate men, above all, of those who were not only wounded but prisoners, and at the mercy of the merciless French? Never—never till this moment, had I any conception of the horrors of war! and they have left an impression on my mind which no time can efface. Dreadful, indeed, is the sight of pain and misery we have no power to relieve, but far more dreadful are the horrors imagination pictures of the scene of carnage; the agonies of the wounded and the dying on the field of battle, where even the dead who had fallen by the sword, in the prime of youth and health, are to be envied!—the thought was agony, and yet I could not banish it from my mind.

At a little inn, half way to Malines, we got out of the carriage while the horses were eating their rye-bread, and the poor people of the village crowded around us with faces of the greatest consternation and distress, to inquire what had happened. They had heard such varying and contradictory reports that they knew not what to believe, but terror was the predominant feeling; and their horror of the approach of the French, which they were convinced would happen sooner or later, surpassed everything I could have imagined. In spite of all we could say to inspire confidence, and to convince them that the English had been, and would still be, victorious, and that the French would never again be masters of Belgium, their apprehensions completely overpowered their hopes; and their alarm and consternation were truly pitiable. I asked them why they feared the French so much? With one accord they immediately burst out into exclamations, that they would plunder and destroy everything, and rob and murder them;—that they were monsters, who had no pity, and would show no mercy:—"Oh! what

will become of us! what will become of us!" was the universal cry of these poor affrighted peasants. They were anxious about the Duke of Brunswick, and when they heard that he had really fallen (which we had learnt from Major Wylie), their lamentations were great, and the certainty of his fate seemed to increase their despondency. He must have been a good prince whose fate could at such a moment be deplored. He had a country seat in the neighbourhood of Lacken, and he was consequently well known and much beloved in this part of the country. An officer in a dark military great coat, whom I took for a German, hearing me talk to some poor affrighted women with babies in their arms, whom I was endeavouring to reassure, asked me in French if I had come from Brussels, and what was the issue of yesterday's battle? I told him all the particulars I knew, and after some minutes' conversation, he said at last, with the air of a person paying a compliment, that he understood *some* of my countrymen had behaved most gallantly: "comme braves hommes," was his expression. "Some of my countrymen!" I indignantly exclaimed, feeling myself turn as red as fire at this foreigner's degrading and partial praise of the British army—"they all behaved most gallantly, they fought like heroes; how else should the French have been repulsed: and when did the English behave otherwise?" "The English! but you are not English surely, madame?" said the officer. "Oui, monsieur," said I, proudly, "je suis Anglaise." "Et moi aussi," said he, half laughing; and during the short time our conversation lasted, we condescended to make use of our mother-tongue. He proved to be an English officer going from Antwerp to join the army, and I took him for a German, chiefly I think because he

accosted me in French, and because he did not look much like an Englishman. Why he took me for a Belgian, heaven only knows: it was not likely that a Belgic lady should be speaking in French to the Belgic people, rather than in the common language of the country.

A party of Nassau troops, on their way to the army, were sitting drinking in some long Flemish waggons at the door of the inn. A Prussian hussar, whom we had passed on the road, arrived while we were there. The moment he dismounted from his horse he was assailed by the Nassau soldiers for news of the battle. While he was telling them his story, anxiety for intelligence made me draw as near as I durst. The loud voices of the soldiers, however, drowned the greater part of his recital, and their language was so barbarous that I could only make out that they were making a joke of Louis XVIII., and laughing at the idea of the fright he would be in, and saying, that he was so fat and unwieldy he would never be able to run away before Napoleon's long legs overtook him. The hussar, seeing me, I suppose, gazing at him very wistfully, respectfully took off his cap, which encouraged me to ask him if I had not misunderstood him, that I thought I had heard him say the French had beaten the Prussians. "No, madame," said he, with an air of great concern, "it is really so; the French have beaten the Prussians." "The French beat the Prussians!" I exclaimed: "Did you say, sir, that the French had beaten the Prussians? are you sure of it?" "Too sure, madame, for I was in the battle." I now perceived for the first time that he was slightly wounded: his long, blue cloak, which nearly descended to his feet, had concealed it. He told us that, after a desperate engagement, the Prussians had been

repulsed and compelled to retreat, and that the French were advancing in great force. We had repeatedly heard this at Brussels; but, unwilling to believe bad news, we had hoped it would prove false, and even yet we would gladly have taken refuge in incredulity.

The garçon of this inn, a fine youth, with a most engaging countenance, was in great anxiety and alarm at the approach of the French, and he implored us to tell him the whole truth; for if they should come, it would cost him his life, and he would fly to the end of the world to avoid them. We assured him that the French had been repulsed yesterday by the British, when our force was not half collected, and that, now that the cavalry and all the troops had joined the army, there could be no doubt that the English would be victorious. "Ah! je l'espère!" said the garçon; "mais ils sont terribles, ces François." We assured him that terrible as they were, they would never conquer the British and Belgic army, nor regain possession of Belgium. The garçon fervently prayed they never might:—"Mais, je ne sais quoi faire, moi," said this poor youth in his Belgic French, with a face of extreme perplexity, as we drove off.

Of the town of Malines I do not retain the smallest remembrance; but the consternation of the people with whom it was crowded, and their faces of terror and distress, I shall never forget. They were struck with universal dismay, and so thoroughly convinced that Napoleon would be victorious, that we might as well have talked to the winds as have told them that he would be defeated. They only shook their heads, and despondingly said: "Ah! he has so many soldiers, and he is so desperate—and he cares not how many thousands he sacrifices; he cares for nothing but his

ambition:—Oh! he will be here, that is too certain." The garçon of this inn had been a conscript, and served two years in the French army. At the expiration of that period he had procured a substitute for one thousand florins, which money, I suspect, he had amassed by plunder. He was, however, a most intelligent man, and his hatred of the French, and of Napoleon in particular, was so strong, that he could not refrain from pouring out a most eloquent torrent of invective against him: "And throughout the whole of Belgium he is equally dreaded and detested in every place—except at Antwerp," added he, correcting himself; "there he has some adherents, for many people grew rich by the public works, and by making the docks, and building the ships, and supplying the arsenal; and many grew rich upon the distresses of the people—and therefore they wish for him back again." My brother observed that he had certainly done a great deal for Antwerp, and made great improvements, and he particularly mentioned the docks and the quays.

"Yes! he did a great many fine things, to be sure, at Antwerp, and he took care to make us pay for them. Au reste," continued he, "the people of Antwerp, that is, the merchants and the manufacturers, and all the decent, industrious people, hate him with their whole hearts." "And why do the Belgians hate him so much?" I asked. "Why! because he stopped our trade; he ruined our manufactures and commerce; he took our men to fight his battles, and our money to fill his pockets; and he took from us the means to get money: here, in this very town, the lace manufacturers were starved; the work-women had no employment; our streets were filled with beggars; our priests were insulted: he destroyed, he consumed everything." "Il a mangé tout,"

was the phrase he frequently repeated, with an expression of hatred in his voice and gesture so strong that I can give no idea of it. "But he cannot live without war, nor can the French; it is their trade; they live by it; they make their fortunes by it; they place all their hopes in it; they are wolves that prey upon other nations; they live by blood and plunder: they are true banditti (vrais brigands), and they are so cruel, so wicked—ils sont si méchans." It is impossible to give the force of this expression in a literal translation. When we asked him if the Belgians did not dislike the Dutch, and if the government of the House of Orange was not unpopular, he said, "Je vous dirai, monsieur: Les Hollandais et les Belges never liked each other, and one great reason is the difference of our religion. They think us Papists and bigots, and we think them Puritans and Calvinists; besides, we were always rivals, and always jealous of each other, and we think (c'est à dire les Belges) that their king becoming our king, is, as if we had fallen under their dominion. If we may not be an independent nation, we would, perhaps, rather belong to the English, or to the Austrians; but we would rather belong to anything—to the devil himself—than to Napoleon Buonaparte."

The poor lace-makers whom we saw were in nervous trepidation at the expected approach of the dreaded French, whom they reviled with all the bitterness and volubility of female eloquence. The same sentiments were written upon every countenance, and uttered by every tongue. In every village and every hamlet through which we passed, the utmost consternation seemed to reign. We met officers on horseback, and detachments of troops marching to join the army. It was with difficulty I refrained from beseeching

them to hasten forwards: it seemed to me that every man was of importance. At another time I might have been interested with seeing the country; but now—I could not look at it—I could not think of it; and as my eye rested with a vacant gaze upon the waving fields of luxuriant corn through which we passed, I could only feel the heart-sickening dread, that the harvests of Belgium, though they had been sown in peace, would be reaped in blood. We had every reason to think that the mortal struggle had been renewed; Lord Wellington himself, the whole army expected it. How then was it possible, believing as we did, that, within a few leagues of us, the battle was at that time raging that was to decide the fate of Europe, and give or take from our gallant countrymen the palm of victory and of glory—that we could for a single instant feel the smallest interest about anything else?

At a distance, we saw the lofty spire of the cathedral of Antwerp, without *then* admiring its beauty, or even being conscious that it was beautiful. We looked, we felt, indeed, like moving automatons. Our persons were there, but our minds were absent. Every step we took only seemed to increase our solicitude for all we left behind. Our thoughts still to the battle

> "turned with ceaseless pain,
> And dragged at each remove a lengthening chain."

A tremendous storm of thunder and lightning and rain burst over our heads. It was peculiarly awful. But what are the thunder and lightnings of heaven to the thunder and lightnings of war, which, perhaps, at this very moment, were sweeping away thousands! The thunderbolts of

God are merciful and harmless; those of men deadly and destructive. We thought of this storm, as of everything else, only with reference to our army—to those who were fighting, and those who were bleeding on the field of battle, and who were exposed unsheltered to its rage.

We gazed with admiration at the threatening walls and ancient battlements of Antwerp, which are encircled with a wooden palisade. This seemed a complete work of supererogation, and struck me as being something like putting a strong box of iron into a band-box of pasteboard for further security.* Three walls of immense strength and thickness, surrounded by three broad deep ditches or moats, lay one behind another. To an ignorant, unpractised eye like mine, its fortifications seemed to be impregnable; and as we passed under its gloomy gates, and slowly crossed its sounding draw-bridges, I heartily wished that the whole British army were safe within its walls.—This was certainly more "a woman's than a warrior's wish." Antwerp was already crowded with fugitives from Brussels; and with considerable difficulty we got the accommodation of two very small rooms in the hotel of Le Grand Laboureur, in the Place de Maire.

No later authentic intelligence than that which we had heard previously to leaving Brussels had been received here; reports of all kinds assailed us, as quick and varying as the tints of the evening clouds, but we could learn nothing; the commandant knew nothing; we could not even ascertain whether another engagement had taken place

* This was, I find, only a proof of my ignorance; I afterwards learnt that wooden palisades add greatly to the strength of fortifications.

to-day, and in miserable suspense we passed the remainder of the evening.

One of the apartments in our hotel was occupied by the corpse of the Duke of Brunswick, which had arrived about two o'clock. It had been already embalmed, and was now placed in its first coffin. My brother went to see it: but the room was so crowded with guards and soldiers, British and foreign military, and with people of every description, that neither my sister nor I chose to go. My brother described the countenance as remarkably placid and noble; serene even in death. It was past midnight: my brother and sister had gone to rest, and I was sitting alone, listening to the incessant torrents of rain which drove furiously against the windows, and thinking of our army, who were lying on the cold, wet ground, overcome with toil, and exposed to all "the pelting of the pitiless storm." Everything was silent, —when I heard, all at once, the dismal sounds of nailing down the coffin of the Duke of Brunswick. It was a solemn and affecting sound; it was the last knell of the departed princely warrior: when at length it ceased, and all again was silent, I went down with the young woman of the house, to look at the last narrow mansion of this brave and unfortunate prince. Tapers were burning at the head and foot of the coffin. The room was now cleared of all, excepting two Brunswick officers who were watching over it, and whose pale, mournful countenances, sable uniforms, and black nodding plumes, well accorded with this gloomy chamber of death. It was but yesterday that this prince, in the flower of life and fortune, went out to the field full of military ardour, and gloriously fell in battle, leading on his soldiers to the charge. He was the first of the noble warriors

who fell on the memorable field of Quatre Bras. But he has lived long enough who has lived to acquire glory: he dies a noble death who dies for his country. The Duke of Brunswick lived and died like a hero, and he has left his monument in the hearts of his people, by whom his fate will be long and deeply lamented; and by future times his memory will be honoured.

It seemed to be my invariable lot at the dead hour of the night to be disturbed with some new and terrible alarm. I had not returned many minutes to my room, after this visit to the remains of departed greatness, and I was just preparing to go to bed, when I suddenly heard the well-known hateful sounds of the rolling of heavy military carriages, passing rapidly through the streets, which were instantly succeeded by the trampling of horses' feet, the clamour of voices, and all the hurry of alarm. The streets seemed thronged with people. Concluding that some news must have arrived, I hastily went out to the little apartment which the young woman of the house occupied, and where she told me at any hour she was to be found—but she was gone, and the noise below was so great, and the men's voices so loud, that I durst not venture down stairs. I wandered along the passages, and hung over the balustrades of the staircase, listening to this increasing noise in a state of the most painful suspense. At last the girl returned with a countenance of consternation, and pale as death. I eagerly inquired, if there was any news. She said that there was; the very worst;—that all was lost; that our army had been compelled to retreat, and were falling back upon Brussels: the French pursuing them. All the English had left Brussels. People in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, were flying into

Antwerp in the greatest dismay. Baggage waggons, ammunition, and artillery, were pouring into the town on all sides: and "enfin, madame," said she, "tout est perdu!"

For a few minutes, consternation overpowered all my faculties. The English retreating, pursued by the French, overwhelmed by a tremendous superiority of numbers—our gallant countrymen vainly sacrificed—the flower of our army laid low—Buonaparte and the French triumphant!—the thought was not to be borne: till this moment I never knew the bitterness, the intensity of my detestation of them. It never occurred to me to doubt that there had been a battle, and it seemed too probable that its result had been unfavourable to the British. I hoped, however, that they were only retreating in consequence of their extreme inferiority of force to the enemy, to wait until they were joined either by the fresh reinforcements of our own troops which were expected, or by the Russians. Some experienced officers had thought this might probably happen, even when the troops first marched out of Brussels. I recollected Lord Wellington entrenching himself in the lines of Torres Vedras. I recalled with proud confidence the multiplied triumphs of my countrymen in arms, and I firmly believed that, whatever might be the temporary reverses, or appearance of reverse, they would eventually prove victorious.

But in vain I endeavoured to reassure this poor terrified girl, or inspire her with the conviction I felt myself, that though the English might retreat before an overpowering force, against which it would be madness to keep the field, they only retreated to advance with more strength; and that when joined by fresh reinforcements they would give battle, and beat the French; and that with such a general

and such an army, they never had been, and they never could be, defeated.

I succeeded much better in inspiring myself with hope and confidence than this poor young woman; but all that I myself endured during this long night of misery is not to be imagined or described. The uncertain fate of our army, their critical situation, and the dread that some serious reverse had befallen them, filled my mind with the most dreadful apprehensions. Worn out as I had been with two successive nights of sleepless alarm, this news had effectually murdered sleep; and even when fatigue for a few minutes overpowered my senses, I started up again with a sense of horror to listen to the beating of the heavy torrents of rain, and the dismal sounds of alarm which filled the streets; the rattle of carriages continually driving to the door, crowded with fugitives who vainly solicited to be taken in, and drove away utterly at a loss where to find a place of shelter; and the deafening noise of the rolling of heavy military waggons which, during the whole night, never ceased a single moment. So deep was the impression these sounds made upon my senses, so associated had they now become with feelings of dismay and alarm, that long after every terror was ended in the glorious certainty of victory, I never could hear the rattling of these carriages, and the thundering of their wheels, without a sensation of horror that went to my very heart.

The morning—the eventful morning of Sunday, the 18th of June—rose, darkened by clouds and mists, and driving rain. Amongst the rest of the fugitives, our friends, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. H., arrived about seven o'clock, and, after considerable difficulty and delay, succeeded in obtaining a wretched little

hole in a private house, with a miserable pallet bed, and destitute of all other furniture ; but they were too glad to find shelter, and too thankful to get into a place of safety, to complain of these inconveniences; and overcome with fatigue, they went immediately to bed. It was not without considerable difficulty and danger that their carriage had got out of the choked-up streets of Brussels, and made its way to Malines, where they had been, for a time, refused shelter. At length, the golden arguments Mr. H. used, obtained for them admittance into a room filled with people of all sexes, ages, countries, and ranks—French Princes and foreign Counts, and English Barons, and Right Honourable ladies and gentlemen, together with a considerable mixture of less dignified beings, were all lying together, outstretched upon the tables, the chairs, and the floor; some groaning, and some complaining, and many snoring, and almost all of them completely drenched with rain. The water streamed from Mr. H.'s clothes, who had driven his own carriage. In this situation, they, too, lay down and slept, while their horses rested; and then, at break of day, pursued their flight. A hundred Napoleons had been vainly offered for a pair of horses but a few hours after we left Brussels, and the scene of panic and confusion which it presented on Saturday evening surpassed all conception. The certainty of the defeat of the Prussians; of their retreat; and of the retreat of the British army, prepared the people to expect the worst. Aggravated reports of disaster and dismay continually succeeded to each other: the despair and lamentations of the Belgians, the anxiety of the English to learn the fate of their friends who had been in the battle the preceding day; the dreadful spectacle of the waggon loads of wounded coming in, and the terrified fu-

gitives flying out in momentary expectation of the arrival of the French:—the streets, the roads, the canals covered with boats, carriages, waggons, horses, and crowds of unfortunate people, flying from this scene of horror and danger, formed altogether a combination of tumult, terror, and misery which cannot be described. Numbers, even of ladies, unable to procure any means of conveyance, set off on foot, and walked in the dark, beneath the pelting storm, to Malines; and the distress of the crowds who now filled Antwerp, it is utterly impossible to conceive. We were, however, soon inexpressibly relieved, by hearing that there had been no engagement of any consequence the preceding day; that the British army had fallen back seven miles in order to take up a position more favourable for the cavalry, and for communication with the Prussians; that they were now about nine miles from Brussels; and that a general and, most probably, decisive action would inevitably take place to-day.

Although it continued to rain, we set out, for to sit still in the house was impossible, and after passing through several streets, we went into the cathedral, where high mass was performing, and

> "Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
> The pealing anthem swell'd the note of praise."

For a while its solemn harmony seemed to calm the fever of my mind; it elevated my thoughts to that God, in whose unerring wisdom and divine mercy I could alone at this awful moment put my trust, and to Him "who is the only giver of victory," and at whose command empires rise and fall, flourish and decay; to Him who alone has power to save and to destroy, I breathed a silent prayer to bless the British arms, to shield my brave and heroic countrymen in

the hour of danger, and give to them the success and glory of the battle. Intelligence arrived that the action had commenced. We were told that the French had attacked the British this morning at daybreak: the contending armies were actually engaged, and the last, the dreadful battle was at this very moment deciding.

It is impossible for any but those who have actually experienced it to conceive the dreadful, the overwhelming anxiety of being so near such eventful scenes, without being actually engaged in them; to know that within a few leagues the dreadful storm of war is raging in all its horrors, and the mortal conflict going forward which is to decide the glory of your country, and the security of the world:—to think that while you are sitting in passive inactivity, or engaged in the most trifling occupations, your brave countrymen are fighting and falling in the uncertain battle, and your friends, and those whose fate you may deplore through life, perhaps at that very moment breathing their last; to be surrounded by misery that you cannot console, and sufferings that you cannot relieve; to wait, to look, to long in vain for intelligence; to be distracted with a thousand confused and contradictory accounts without being able to ascertain the truth; to be at one moment elevated with hope, and the next depressed with fear; to endure the long-protracted suspense—the deep-wrought feelings of expectation—the incessant alarms, the ever-varying reports—the dreadful rumours of evil—Oh! it was a state of misery almost too great, too agonising for human endurance! Never—never shall I forget the torturing suspense, the intense anxiety of mind, and agitation of spirit, in which this day was passed. In the midst of all that could interest the mind and charm the

fancy, and surrounded by all that, at any other time, would have afforded me the highest gratification, I could neither see, hear, observe, admire, nor understand anything; I could think of nothing but the battle. In vain I tried to distract my thoughts, or to force my attention even for a moment to other things: the situation of our army, their danger, their success, their sufferings, and their glory, were for ever present to me. Unable to rest, we wandered mechanically about the town, regardless of the frequent heavy showers of rain, and of the deep and dirty streets, anxiously awaiting the arrival of news from the army—though well aware that for many hours nothing could be known of the event of the battle. With a view to dissipate our fruitless anxiety, and as a shelter from the rain, we visited several cabinets of paintings: but I beheld the noblest works of art, and the finest monuments of departed genius, with indifference. Not even the sublime touches, the affecting images, and the unrivalled productions of Guido, and Raphael, and Rubens; not all the force, the pathos, and the expression of their powerful genius, could at this moment charm or even interest me; for I had no power to feel their beauties.

Every faculty of our minds was absorbed in one feeling, one thought, one interest;—we seemed like bodies without souls. Our persons and our outward senses were indeed present in Antwerp, but our whole hearts and souls were with the army.

In the course of our wanderings we met many people whom we knew, and had much conversation with many whom we did not know. At this momentous crisis, one feeling actuated every heart—one thought engaged every tongue—one common interest bound together every human

being. All ranks were confounded; all distinctions levelled; all common forms neglected. Gentlemen and servants; lords and common soldiers; British and foreigners, were all upon an equality—elbowing each other without ceremony, and addressing each other without apology. Ladies accosted men they had never before seen with eager questions without hesitation; strangers conversed together like friends, and English reserve seemed no longer to exist. From morning till night the great Place de Maire was completely filled with people, standing under umbrellas, and eagerly watching for news of the battle; so closely packed was this anxious crowd, that, when viewed from the hotel windows, nothing could be seen but one compact mass of umbrellas. As the day advanced, the consternation became greater. The number of terrified fugitives from Brussels, upon whose faces were marked the deepest anxiety and distress, and who thronged into the town on horseback and on foot, increased the general dismay, while long rows of carriages lined the streets, filled with people who could find no place of shelter.

Troops from the Hanseatic towns marched in to strengthen the garrison of the city in case of a siege. Long trains of artillery, ammunition, military stores, and supplies of all sorts incessantly poured in, and there seemed to be no end of the heavy waggons that rolled through the streets. Reports more and more gloomy reached our ears; every hour only served to add to the general despondency. On every side we heard that the battle was fought under circumstances so disadvantageous to the British, and against a preponderance of force so overpowering, that it was impossible it could be won. Long did we resist the depressing impression these alarming accounts were calculated to make upon our minds;

long did we believe, in spite of every unfavourable appearance, that the British would be victorious. Towards evening a wounded officer arrived, bringing intelligence that the onset had been most terrible, and so immense were the numbers of the enemy, that he "did not believe it was in the power of man to save the battle." To record the innumerable false reports we heard spread by the terrified fugitives, who continually poured into the town from Brussels, would be endless. At length, after an interval of the most torturing suspense, a wounded British officer of hussars, scarcely able to sit his horse, and faint from loss of blood, rode up to the door of the hotel, and told us the disastrous tidings, that the battle was lost, and that Brussels, by this time, was in the possession of the enemy. He said, that in all the battles he had ever been engaged in, he had never witnessed anything at all equal to the horrors of this. The French had fought with the most desperate valour, but, when he left the field, they had been repulsed by the British at every point with immense slaughter: the news of the defeat had, however, overtaken him on the road; all the baggage belonging to the army was taken or destroyed, and the confusion among the French at Vittoria, he said, was nothing to this. He had himself been passed by panic-struck fugitives from the field, flying for their lives, and he had been obliged to hurry forward, notwithstanding his wounds, in order to effect his escape. Two gentlemen from Brussels corroborated this dreadful account: in an agitation that almost deprived them of the power of utterance, they declared that when they came away, Brussels presented the most dreadful scene of tumult, horror, and confusion; that intelligence had been received of the complete defeat of the

British, and that the French were every moment expected. The carnage had been most tremendous. The Duke of Wellington, they said, was severely wounded; Sir Dennis Pack killed; and all our bravest officers killed, wounded, or prisoners. In vain we inquired, where, if the battle was lost, where was now, and what had become of the British army? —"God alone knows," was the answer. The next moment we heard from a gentleman who had just arrived, that before he left Brussels, the French had actually entered it; that he had himself seen a party of them; and another gentleman (apparently an officer) declared he had been pursued by them more than half way to Malines!

Dreadful was the panic and dismay that now seized the unfortunate Belgians, and in the most piercing tones of horror and despair they cried out, that the French would be at the gates before morning. Some English people, thinking Antwerp no longer safe, set off for Breda, late as it was. Later still, accounts were brought (as we were told) by three British officers, confirming the dreadful tidings of defeat; it was even said that the French were already at Malines. We believed, we trusted that these reports of evil were greatly exaggerated; we did not credit their dreadful extent, but that some terrible reverse had befallen the British army it was no longer possible to doubt. During the whole of this dreadful night, the consternation, the alarm, the tumult, the combination of horrid noises that filled the streets, I shall never forget. The rapid rolling of the carriages, the rattle of artillery, and the slow, heavy motion of the large waggons filled with wounded soldiers, which incessantly entered the town, were the most dismal of all.

Of the bitter agony, the deep-seated affliction that now

overwhelmed us, it would be in vain to speak. There are feelings in the human heart that can find no utterance in words, and which "lie too deep for tears:" and the conviction that the British army had been defeated—the dreadful uncertainty of its fate—and the heart-piercing sight of my brave, my unfortunate wounded countrymen returning from the lost battle in which their valour had been exerted, and their blood been shed in vain, awakened sensations which no visible emotion, no power of language could express; but which have left an impression on my mind that no lapse of time can efface. No private calamity, however great, that had befallen myself individually, could have afflicted me with such bitter anguish as I now suffered. The image of the British troops retreating before a conquering, an insulting, a merciless enemy—defeated, perhaps cut to pieces: the idea of their misfortunes and their sufferings—of the wounded abandoned to perish on the fatal field; the misery of thousands; the distress in which it would plunge my country; the years of war and bloodshed, and all the dreadful consequences it would bring upon the world, incessantly haunted my mind during this long night of misery. Overpowered by three days and nights of extreme fatigue, anxiety, and agitation, I fell at times into a sort of unquiet slumber; but my busy fancy still presented the horrid images of terror and distress, and repeatedly I started up from uneasy sleep to the dreadful consciousness of waking misery. Oh! it was a night of unspeakable horror—

"Nor when morning came
Did the realities of light and day
Bring aught of comfort: wheresoe'er we went
The tidings of defeat had gone before;
And leaving their defenceless homes, to seek
What shelter walls and battlements might yield,

Old men with feeble feet, and tottering babes,
And widows with their infants in their arms
Hurried along: nor royal festival,
Nor sacred pageant—with like multitude
E'er fill'd the public way:—all whom the sword
Had spared—fled here!"—*Southey's Roderick.*

With a heavy heart, I rose and dressed myself, and went out before eight o'clock, attended only by our old valet de place, who with a sorrowful countenance awaited me at the foot of the stairs. From him, and from the master of the hotel, who were both on the watch for news, I learned that no official intelligence had been received, no courier had arrived: but no doubt was entertained of the truth of the dreadful reports of the night, and the events of every hour seemed to give full confirmation of the worst. I traversed the gloomy streets, anxiously gazing at every melancholy careworn countenance I met, as if there I could read the truth. I was struck to the heart with horror by the sight of the heavy loaded waggons of wounded soldiers which incessantly passed by me; while litters borne silently along on men's shoulders gave dreadful indications of sufferings more severe, or nearer their final termination; nor were they less painful to the thoughts from being unseen. Imagination perhaps conjured up sufferings more dreadful than the reality —sufferings at which my blood ran cold.

Wholly forgetful of some business I had to transact, which I had undertaken for a friend before leaving England, I hurried through the streets with the vague hope of hearing some decisive intelligence; certain that anything, even the knowledge of the worst, would be preferable to this state of wretchedness and torturing suspense. At last, without intending it, I found myself near the Malines gate. Con-

ducted by the old valet, I turned into a narrow street on my right, where, to my inexpressible astonishment, I saw five wounded Highland soldiers who, in spite of the bandages which enveloped their heads, arms, and legs, were shouting and huzzaing with the vociferous demonstrations of joy. In answer to my eager questions, they told me that a courier had that moment entered the town from the Duke of Wellington, bringing an account that the English had gained a complete victory, that the remains of the French army were in full retreat, and the English in pursuit of them.

To the last hour of my life, never shall I forget the sensations of that moment. Scarcely daring to credit the extent of this wonderful, this transporting news, I did, however, believe that the English had gained the victory; believed it with feelings to which no language can do justice, and which found relief in tears of joy that I could not repress. For some minutes I was unable to speak. The overpowering emotions which filled my heart were far too powerful for expression; but the boon of life to the wretch whose head is laid upon the block could scarcely be received with more transport and gratitude. The sudden transition from the depth of despair to joy unutterable, was almost too great to be borne.

In the mean time the Highlanders, regardless of their wounds, their fatigues, their dangers, and their sufferings, kept throwing up their Highland bonnets into the air, and continually vociferating, — "Boney's beat! Boney's beat! hurrah! hurrah! Boney's beat!" Their tumultuous joy attracted round them a number of old Flemish women, who were extremely curious to know the cause of this uproar, and kept gabbling to the soldiers in their own tongue. One of them, more eager than the rest, seized one of the men by

his coat, pulling at it, and making the most ludicrous gestures imaginable to induce him to attend to her; while the Highlander, quite forgetting in his transport that the old woman did not understand Scotch, kept vociferating that "Boney was beat, and rinning away till his ain country as fast as he could gang." At any other time, the old Flemish woman, holding the soldier fast, shrugging up her shoulders, and making these absurd grimaces, and the Highlander roaring to her in broad Scotch would have presented a most laughable scene—"Hout, ye auld gowk," cried the good-humoured soldier, "dinna ye ken that Boney's beat—what, are ye deef?—dare say the wife—I say Boney's beat, woman!" When the news was explained to the old women they were in an ecstasy almost as great as that of the Highlanders themselves, and the joy of the old valet was quite unbounded. These poor men were on their way to the hospital, but they did not know which way to go; they were ignorant of the language, and could not inquire. I thought of sending the valet de place with them, who was extremely willing to conduct "ces bons Ecossois," as he called them, but then I could not easily have found my own way home; so the valet de place, the soldiers, and I, all went to the hospital together. Our progress was slow, for one of them was very lame, another had lost three of the fingers of his right hand, and had a ball lodged in his shoulder. Some of them were from the Highlands, and some from the Lowlands, and when they found that I came from Scotland, and lived upon the Tweed, they were quite delighted. One of them was from the Tweed as well as myself, he said, "he cam' oot o' Peeblesshire."

After parting with them close to the hospital, I returned

homewards, and by the time I reached the Place de Maire it was thronged with multitudes of people, who seemed at a loss how to give vent to their transport. One loud universal buzz of voices filled the streets; one feeling pervaded every heart; one expression beamed on every face: in short, the people were quite wild with joy, and some of them really seemed by no means in possession of their senses. At the door of our hotel the first sight I beheld among the crowds that encircled it, was an English lady, who had apparently attained the full meridian of life, with a night-cap stuck on the top of her head, discovering her hair in papillotes beneath, attired in a long white flannel dressing-gown, loosely tied about her waist, with the sleeves tucked up above the elbows. She was flying about in a distracted manner, with a paper in her hand, loudly proclaiming the glorious tidings, continually repeating the same thing, and rejoicing, lamenting, wondering, pitying, and exclaiming, all in the same breath. From an English gentleman whom I had met, I had already learned all the particulars that were known; but this lady seized upon me, repeated them all again and again, interrupting herself with mourning over the misfortunes of poor Lady de Lancey, pitying Lady F. Somerset, rejoicing in the victory, wondering at the Duke's escape, lamenting for Sir Thomas Picton, and declaring, which was incontestably true, that she herself was quite distracted.

In vain did her maid pursue her about with a great shawl, which occasionally she succeeded in putting upon her shoulders, but which invariably fell off again the next moment.

In vain did another lady, whose dress and mind were rather more composed, endeavour to entice her away—she could not be brought to pay them the smallest attention, and

I left her still talking as fast as ever, and standing in this curious déshabille among gentlemen and footmen, and officers and soldiers, and valets de place, and in full view of the multitudes who thronged the great Place de Maire. An express had arrived, soon after eight o'clock, bringing the Duke of Wellington's bulletin, dated Waterloo, containing a brief account of the glorious battle. But from private letters and accounts we learnt that the triumph of the British arms had indeed been complete. After a most dreadful and sanguinary battle, which lasted from ten in the morning till nine at night, the French at length gave way, and fled in confusion from the field, leaving behind them their artillery, their baggage, their wounded, and their prisoners. The certainty of this great, this glorious victory, won by the heroic valour of our countrymen in circumstances so disadvantageous; the fall of the enemy of Britain and of mankind; the deliverance of Europe; the peace of the world, and, above all, the glory of England, rushed into my mind; and every individual interest, every personal consideration, every other thought and feeling, were swallowed up and forgotten.

The contest had been dreadful—the carnage unexampled in the bloodiest annals of history. The French army had been nearly annihilated, and our loss was tremendous. The greatest part of our gallant army, the best, the bravest of our officers, were among the killed and wounded. Sir Colin Halket, Generals Cooke and Alten, Sir Dennis Pack, the Prince of Orange, Lord Uxbridge,* and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, were severely wounded. Sir Thomas Picton, Sir William Ponsonby, Sir Alexander Gordon were killed. Sir

* Afterwards Marquis of Anglesey.

William de Lancey had also been killed by a cannon-ball while in absolute contact with the Duke, whose escapes seemed to have been almost miraculous. Unmindful, perhaps even unconscious, of the showers of shot and shell, he had stood undaunted from morning till night in the thickest of the battle, coolly reconnoitring with his glass the motions of the enemy, issuing his orders with the utmost precision, and everywhere present by his promptitude, coolness, and presence of mind. Almost all his staff officers were either killed or wounded.* Lady M. showed us the official bulletin; it contained a most brief and modest account of the victory, announcing scarcely any particulars, and mentioning the names only of a very few of the principal officers who were among the sufferers.

In a few hours the town was crowded with the wounded. The regular hospitals were soon filled, and barracks, churches, and convents, were converted into temporary hospitals with all possible expedition. Tents were pitched in a large piece of open ground near the citadel, and numbers of these unfortunate sufferers were carried there: but nothing could contain the multitude of wounded who continually entered the town. Numbers were lying on the hard pavement of the streets, and on the steps of the houses; and numbers were wandering about in search of a place of shelter. Nothing affected me more than the quiet fortitude and uncomplaining patience with which these poor men bore their sufferings. Not a word, not a murmur, not a groan escaped

* At one time, as we afterwards learned, the Duke had scarcely a single aide-de-camp left to dispatch with orders. All around him fell dead, or wounded. His preservation was miraculous. As he, himself, reverentially declared after the battle, "The finger of God was upon me."

their lips. They lay extended on their backs in the long waggons, their clothes stained with blood, blinded by the intolerable rays of the sun, in silent suffering; while every jolt of the waggons seemed to go to one's very heart. Numbers on foot, almost sinking with fatigue and loss of blood, were slowly and painfully making their way along the streets. Officers supported on their horses, and almost insensible, with faces pale as death, and marked with agony, and those dreadful litters, whose very appearance bespoke torture and death, were passing through every street.

Never shall I forget the impression that the sight of my poor wounded countrymen made upon my mind. When I saw their sufferings, and thought of their deeds in arms, of their dauntless intrepidity in the field, and of the immortal glory they had won, tears of pity, admiration, and gratitude burst from my heart, and I looked at the meanest soldier returning, covered with wounds, from fighting the battles of his country, with a respect and admiration which not all the kings and princes of the earth could have extorted from me.

If such were the horrors of the scene here, what must they be on the field of battle, covered with thousands of the dead, the wounded, and the dying! The idea was almost too dreadful for human endurance; and yet there were those of my own country, and even of my own sex, whom I heard express a longing wish to visit this very morning the fatal field of Waterloo! If, by visiting that dreadful scene of glory and of death, I could have saved the life, or assuaged the pangs, of one individual who had fallen for his country, gladly would I have braved its horrors; but for the gratification of an idle, a barbarous curiosity, to gaze upon the mangled corpses of thousands; to hear the deep groans of

agony, and witness the last struggles of the departing spirit —No! worlds should not have bribed me to have encountered the sight: the consolation of being useful, alone could have armed one with courage to have witnessed it. Nothing could exceed the humanity and kindness of the Belgic people to those poor sufferers who now crowded the streets. Unsolicited they took them into their own houses; sent bedding to the hospitals; resigned their own rooms to their use; provided them with every comfort, and administered to their wants as if they had been their own sons. One old lady alone, who was the sole inhabitant of a large house, refused to take in two wounded officers; the Commandant, on hearing of this, immediately billetted six private soldiers upon her. But, notwithstanding the praiseworthy activity and exertion which were used to accommodate them, it was long, long indeed, before they could all be taken care of. We grieved that we had no house to shelter them, and no power to give them any essential relief. Money was to them as useless as the lump of gold to Robinson Crusoe in his desert island: we could not act by them the part of the good Samaritan, nor could we, like the heroines of the days of chivalry, bind up and dress their wounds, for in our ignorance we should only have injured them, and the most stupid hospital mate could perform that office a thousand times better than the finest lady.

Numbers of poor wounded Highlanders were patiently sitting in the streets, shaded from the powerful rays of the sun. We had a good deal of conversation with several of the privates of the 42nd and 92nd regiments, and their account of the battle was most simple and interesting. They seemed not to have the smallest pride in what they had done; but

to consider it quite as a matter of course; they uttered not the smallest complaint, but rather made light of their sufferings, and there was nothing in their words or manner that looked as if they were sensible of having done anything in the least extraordinary; nothing that laid claim to pity, admiration, or glory. The carnage among the French, both on the 16th and 18th, in their encounter with the Highland regiments, was described to us as most dreadful. The cuirassiers, men and officers, horses and riders, were rolled in death, one upon another, after the British charge with the bayonet. In vain the French returned to the attack with furious valour and reinforced numbers. Their utmost efforts could make no impression on the impenetrable squares of the infantry, and the spiked wall of the British embattled bayonets; and when they retired from the ineffectual attack, the brave Highlanders, with loud cries of "Scotland for ever!" rushed among them, bore down all resistance, and scattered their legions like withered leaves before the blast of autumn.

It is but justice to these gallant men to say, that it was not from themselves we heard this relation of their own deeds. *They* could not be induced to speak of what they had done, but it was repeated on every side; it was the theme of every tongue. The love and admiration of the whole Belgic people for the Highlanders are most remarkable. Whenever they heard them mentioned, they exclaimed, "Ah! ces braves hommes! ces bons Ecossais! ils sont si doux—et si aimables—et dans la guerre!—ah! mon Dieu! comme ils sont terribles!" They never speak of them without some epithet of affection or admiration. Their merits are the darling topic of their private circles, and their figures the favourite signs of their public-houses; in short,

they are the best of soldiers and of men, according to the Belgians—nothing was ever like them, and the idea they have of their valour is quite prodigious.*

The sufferings of the wounded, however, did not form the only affecting sight that Antwerp presented. The deep, the distracting grief of the unfortunate people whose friends had perished, and the heart-rending anxiety of those who vainly sought for intelligence of the fate of those most dear to them, were amongst the most distressing parts of the many mournful scenes we witnessed. Of those friends for whose safety we were deeply solicitous, we could gain no information, and the suspense, dreadful as it was, we, as well as thousands, were obliged to endure. But our anxiety, our sorrows, seemed light indeed in comparison with those of others: there were few who had not some near friend or relative to deplore, and Antwerp was filled with heart-broken mourners, whom the victory of yesterday had bereft of all that made life dear to them. In the same hotel with us was poor Lady de Lancey, a young and widowed bride, upon whom, in all the hopes of happiness—in the very flower of youth—unacquainted with sorrow, and far from every friend, the heaviest stroke of affliction had fallen unprepared. But three little days ago, she seemed to be at the summit of felicity, and now she was bereaved of every earthly hope. She bore the intelligence of her irreparable loss with astonishing firmness. I did not wonder that she refused to see every human being, for no earthly power

* No doubt the gallantry of every British regiment was equally praiseworthy, but few had such opportunities of displaying it. And we naturally enough heard of the exploits of the brave Highland regiments which had nearly been cut to pieces, and the remains of which, all wounded, had reached Antwerp.

could speak consolation to misery such as hers. In vain I tried to forget her—I could not banish her from my remembrance; and often, during our long wanderings in the distant regions of Holland, when I was far from her, and far from all that might have recalled her to my remembrance, among other sights and other scenes, her early misfortunes wrung my heart with the deepest sorrow.

But whatever might be the grief and anxiety of individuals, the universal joy was unbounded. It is impossible to describe the effects of this victory upon all ranks of people. Every human heart seemed to beat in sympathy; every countenance beamed with joy; every tongue spoke the language of exultation. As the terror and despair of the Belgians had been excessive, their transport was now vehement and overflowing, and their volubility not to be imagined. We went into several shops, and the people, unable to restrain themselves, poured out upon us the fulness of their joy, their astonishment, their gratitude, their admiration, and their praise. Totally forgetful of their interests, they thought not of selling their goods; they thought of nothing—they could do nothing but talk of the battle and the British, and it was with difficulty we could get them to show us what we wanted: nay, more than once we were actually obliged to go away without doing anything, from the impossibility of making them attend to the business of selling and buying.

But sometimes the expression of their feelings was so simple, so natural, and so touching, and there was so much of truth and naïveté, both in their manner and their words, that it was impossible to hear them without emotion. The French they loaded with execrations; and their hatred, their

indignation, and their bitter feelings of their wrongs, said more than volumes of eloquence, or even facts could have done, in condemnation of the conduct of their late masters. All the English merchandise, and all colonial produce, imported even before it was decreed to be a crime, were seized, carried from their shops and warehouses, and burnt before their eyes in the Place Verte. No remuneration, no indemnity whatever was given them; and by this single act of wanton tyranny, hundreds of industrious families were reduced to beggary. Heavy exactions and continual contributions were levied, and the weight of these fell upon the most industrious and respectable orders of the people. "All that we had they took," was said again and again to us, "and if we had had thousands more, it would have all gone." They ruined the commerce, the manufactures, the trade of the country, and then they drained the poor inhabitants of their property. They shut up the sources of wealth, and then called on them for money. They blocked up the fountain, and then asked for its waters. Like Egyptian task-masters, they took from them the materials, and then demanded their work. They expected them to make "bricks without straw." The French soldiers lived at free-quarters upon the people, and the Belgic youths were marched away to fight in foreign wars. The oppressed people were subject to the unrestrained rapine and brutal insolence of the French soldiery, of which they durst not complain. It was unsafe even to murmur. Not only the liberty of the press, but the liberty of speech was denied them. Any unfortunate person convicted of holding intercourse with England was imprisoned, and some of them (we were told), by way of example, were shot.

We happened to go into a little stationer's shop, kept by

a widow and her three daughters, who received us almost with adoration because we were English. They all began to talk at once, and relieved their minds by pouring out a torrent of invectives against those detested tyrants, "Ces fléaux du genre humain," as they called them. All their goods had been seized; their shop (which was not then a stationer's) completely stripped of its contents, under the pretence of its being filled with British and colonial produce, which they said was not the case; and a considerable quantity of continental manufactures had also been carried away. "But *that* was nothing," the poor mother said, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "*that* she could have borne, for though it seemed heavy at the time, she thought less of it now;—but her five sons (fine handsome young men, they were, as ever a mother bore), her five sons were all taken for soldiers, and perished in the French wars; some in the retreat from Russia, and some in the subsequent campaign in Germany." The tears streamed down the cheeks of one of these young women, as she spoke to me of her "poor brothers." I can give no idea of the bitterness, the rancour, the hatred, and above all, the volubility of the abuse which these poor women poured out against the French.

We got away from them with difficulty; and though the deep sense of their own wrongs rankled in their minds, and aggravated the resentment and detestation which they must naturally feel towards the authors of so much misery, yet we found the same sentiments, in greater or in less degree, among all the Belgians with whom we conversed, or whom we heard conversing. I had always understood that the French (and Napoleon in particular) were highly popular in Antwerp, but from some most respectable old-established

merchants, both British and Belgic, we learned that the inhabitants were decidedly hostile to the French, and that they were both feared and hated by all, excepting the very dregs of society, and those individuals who had made fortunes under their administration.

In the course of our rambles we had many conversations with various people whom we never saw before, and I suppose shall never see again. We met a wounded officer who had been taken prisoner by the French. He said, that after repeatedly threatening to kill him, and loading him with abuse, they actually knocked him on the head with the butt-end of a musket, and left him for dead upon the field: he came, however, to himself, and effected his escape. His face was most frightfully swelled, and so bruised, that it was every shade of black, and blue, and green; his head was entirely tied up with white handkerchiefs and bloody bandages, and in my life I never saw a more battered object. He had his arm in a sling; but he was by much too rejoiced at his escape to care about his wounds or bruises. He told us, what *then* I could scarcely believe, that the French had killed many of our officers whom they had taken prisoners, and that they had *piked* numbers of the wounded. The truth of these brutal murders, disgraceful to humanity, and even more dishonourable and more barbarous than the worst cruelty of savages, were unhappily, afterwards, too indisputably proved.

In our progress through the streets we could not resist stopping to speak to such of the poor wounded soldiers as seemed able to talk, and who looked as if they would thank us even for a word of kindness, much to the amazement of Mr. D., an Antwerp merchant, who was walking about with

us, to "show us the lions," as he said. However, he waited most patiently, while Mrs. H., my sister, and I talked to ensigns, sergeants, corporals, and common soldiers, who were all, more or less, wounded or disabled.

"We have got six of those wounded soldiers billeted upon us," said Mr. D., as we walked on, "but I must get them boarded out somewhere, for they would be very troublesome in the house." "Troublesome!" I exclaimed. "Yes! you know they would be very troublesome in a house, though I suppose the surgeons will look after their *wounds*, and all *that*; they will cost me" (I forget how many guelders he said) "a week, but I would rather *pay* it" (with a strong and proud emphasis upon the word pay) "than have them in the house, it would be so very disagreeable."

I was silent, for I durst not trust myself to speak. Yet this was a very well-meaning man. I make no doubt he subscribed *handsomely* to the Waterloo fund, and that he would have given money to those very wounded soldiers to whom he refused shelter—if he had thought they wanted it. But beyond giving money his ideas of charity did not extend. To his mercantile mind, money was the chief and only good; the sole source of pride and of happiness; the only object in life worth seeking after—the one thing needful. He was a very good kind of man in his way, but he was entirely occupied with his "snug box" at Clapham, his brother's grand potteries in Staffordshire, and his own cargoes of rice, and hogsheads of rum and sugar; he could not feel the vast debt of gratitude their country owed to "the men of Waterloo;" to those gallant soldiers who had fought and bled for her safety and glory. He did not mean to be unkind or ungenerous; he would have started at the re-

proach of wanting humanity, or being deficient in gratitude, but—but—but—in short, he was altogether an Antwerp merchant.

The day was extremely hot, and on the outside of the Cafés, beneath the shade of awnings, and seated beside little tables in the open street, the Belgic gentlemen were eating ices and fruit, and drinking coffee, and reading "L'Oracle de Bruxelles," and playing at domino and backgammon with the utmost composure, utterly regardless of the crowds of passengers, and apparently as much at their ease as if they were in their own houses,—or indeed more so; for the Belgians, like the French, are more at home at le Café, or in the public streets, or anywhere, than in their own home, which is the last place in which they think of looking for enjoyment. They have no notion of domestic comfort, domestic pleasure, or domestic happiness; and consequently they cannot have much knowledge of domestic virtues. I cannot, therefore, help considering the French as a gay, rather than a happy nation. French habits and manners, and, I am afraid, French morals, are universally prevalent throughout Belgium. Groups of ladies of the most respectable character may everywhere be seen, sitting on chairs or benches, in the public streets or promenades, working, talking, laughing, and amusing themselves with all the ease and gaiety and sangfroid in the world. Sometimes only a knot of ladies, but more frequently ladies coquetting with their obsequious beaux.

We visited the unfinished Quay, begun by Napoleon, which was to have extended above a mile along the broad and deep Scheldt, and would have been one of the finest quays in Europe. We saw the flying bridge ("Le Pont

Valant"), a most ingenious contrivance, on which carriages, horses, and waggons pass with great rapidity and security from one side of the river to the other, without interrupting its navigation, even for vessels of the largest burden. Such a plan, I should think, might be adopted with great success upon the Thames between London and Gravesend, or in any river where the arches of a stone bridge would obstruct the passage of the ships, and where the breadth is too great for the single span of an iron bridge. The mechanism seemed to be very simple. The largest ships of war can come up close to the quay; but the navigation of the Scheldt is difficult, and even dangerous, from the number of sand banks which choke it up. Antwerp is upwards of fifty miles from the mouth of the river.

We saw the docks, the offspring of Napoleon's hatred against our country; one of them was made sufficiently large and deep to be capable of containing the greatest part of the British navy, and at one time he exulted in the expectation of seeing the "wooden walls" of Old England safely moored in *his* docks at Antwerp. Little did he anticipate the day when the little army of England, which he despised and ridiculed, should be the unmolested possessors of *his* capital of Paris!

The Arsenal (la Maison de Marine) is now emptied of its stores, and deserted by its workmen. We saw a long building erected by Napoleon for the manufacture of ropes for ships—now equally useless. Its length is precisely the same as that of the cable of a first-rate British ship of war. The manner in which they repair ships in these docks is unlike anything I ever saw before. Instead of lifting the ship entirely out of water, and placing it upon the stocks (in effecting

which, or in relaunching it, a vessel is said often to sustain injury), a rope is attached to the masts, and the ship is hauled down until its keel is exposed; after repairing that side they haul it down on the other in the same manner, and the workmen stand upon a raft that is fastened to its side.

We went to see the Citadel, a noble and complete fortification overlooking the Scheldt. The walls are of such an immense height and thickness, that I should imagine them to be quite invulnerable. The fortress is capable of containing 10,000 men; by means of the river fresh reinforcements might be constantly thrown in; and with a strong garrison, and an adequate supply of provisions and ammunition, I should suppose, that like another Troy, it might stand a ten years' siege; only that modern patience would never hold out such a length of time.

The commandant was confined to his bed by indisposition; but every part of the fortification was explained to us by a very good-humoured, intelligent Irish officer, whose name I have forgotten, but who seemed to be excessively amused by the (I fear) almost childish delight which my sister and I betrayed in seeing all the wonders of this wonderful place. Everything to us was new and interesting. It was the first citadel we had ever seen: and to see with our own eyes, a real, actual citadel—nay, more, to be in one, was so very delightful, that we both agreed, if we had seen nothing else, we should have thought ourselves amply repaid for our journey to Antwerp.

This good-natured officer contentedly toiled along with us, under the burning rays of a most sultry sun, round the whole fortifications, and pointed out to us where and how

attacks might be made with success, and in what manner they could be resisted. The sight of the moat, the drawbridges, the ramparts, the bastions, and the dungeons; the sally-ports and gates, which communicate with the citadel from the moat by long subterranean passages, so forcibly recalled to my recollection all that I had heard and read of battles and sieges in history and in tales of chivalry, that I could have fancied myself transported back into ages long since past—into the iron times of arms; and all that had before existed only in imagination was at once realised.

After visiting all the lions of Antwerp, docks and fortresses; and ships and statues, and pictures and prisons; and quays and cathedrals; and battle-beaten walls and flying bridges; and decayed monasteries, and modern arsenals; which, as they have all been often so much better described than I can describe them, I shall forbear to describe at all—we returned to the hotel, excessively heated and tired, and very glad to sit down to rest. To-day, for the first time since our arrival, we began to have serious thoughts of getting some dinner. We might have eaten something during those days of alarm and agitation, and I suppose we did; but, excepting the breakfast we had got upon the stairs at Brussels on Saturday, I have not the most distant recollection of ever having eaten at all.

Upon the necessity and expediency of now dining, however, we were all unanimously agreed: the difficulty was how to achieve it. Mr. and Mrs. H. had a pigeon-hole for their only habitation, in which it would have been perfectly impossible to have introduced a table; a single chair was all it was capable of containing. In our rooms we had some difficulty in turning round when more than

one person at a time was in them; but by dint of sitting *out* of the window, and against the door, and upon all the boxes, we had, I was assured—for I actually did not remember it—ingeniously succeeded in getting some breakfast—but to dine was perfectly impracticable. There happened, however, to be in this very hotel, a Captain F., an idle, not a fighting, captain; one who made his campaigns, not at Waterloo, but in Bond-street; and this Captain F., who had been in Antwerp long before the commencement of hostilities, had, luckily for us, got possession of a room in which it was possible to move. He was a Newmarket friend of Mr. H.'s, who introduced him to us, with the recommendation that he was a young man of fashion and fortune, well known about town; and in Captain F.'s room and company, Mr. and Mrs. H., my sister, my brother, and I accordingly dined; we were also favoured with the company of a particular friend of his, a Mr. C. Many foolish young men it has been my lot to see, but never did I meet with any whose folly was at all comparable to that of Captain F.

Captain F. was a young man who prided himself upon his knowledge of horse-flesh, and who had, by his own account, been jockeyed out of "many a cool thousand" by his ignorance of it; he was a young man who delighted in building more *new invented* carriages in one year than he could pay for in twenty; he was a young man who prided himself upon borrowing money from Jews at fifteen per cent. while his guardians were saving it for him at five; and in squandering it at Newmarket while they thought him poring over Greek and mathematics at Cambridge; he was a young man whose highest pride consisted in driving four-in-hand "knowingly;" whose greatest ambition was to

resemble a stage-coachman exactly, and whose distinguishing characteristic was that of being a most egregious fool.

In consequence, I suppose, of a perseverance in this laudable career, Captain F. now found it more convenient to play the fool upon the continent than in England. After recounting to us various and manifold deeds of folly committed in London and Newmarket, amongst Jews and Whip Clubs, he at length gravely asserted, "that it was impossible for any man to dress under seven hundred a year."

This piece of information was received by some of the party with equal amazement and incredulity: but Captain F. assured us, "'Pon his soul it was true; that he knew as well as any man what it was to dress, and that it could not be done for less than seven hundred a year—nay, that it often costs nine."

"And pray, Captain F.," said I, involuntarily glancing at his coat, which happened not to be by any means a new one, "do *you* spend nine hundred a year upon dress?" "Oh! not *now*," he exclaimed; "I don't dress *now*; I never dressed but eighteen months in my life." He then explained at large to me, who, in my ignorance, had not understood what to dress meant, "that 'to dress' signified to be the first in fashion, to make it the study of one's life to appear in a new mode before anybody else; 'to sport' something new every day; and during the time he dressed," he said, "his tailor sent him down three boxes of clothes every week from town, wherever he might happen to be." Having thus satisfactorily proved, that, at a considerable expense to his pocket, he had turned himself into a sort of block for the tailors to attire in their new invented coats and waistcoats, like the wooden dolls the milliners dress up to set off their

new fashions, he next poured out such a quantity of nonsense about the battle and the wounded, that he reminded me of Hotspur's account of his interview with a coxcomb of the same species:

"When the fight was done,——"

But why do I waste a word upon him.

A Scotch acquaintance, Mr. E., of M., arrived this evening from the field, where he had been ineffectually engaged in the soul-harrowing employment of searching among the dead, the wounded, and the dying, for his youngest brother, who was nowhere to be found. He was a gallant-spirited youth of eighteen, and this was his first campaign. His horse had returned without its rider—among the multitude of wounded he could not be found. Some hopes, some faint hopes, yet remained that he might have been taken prisoner, and that he might yet appear; but there was too much reason to fear that he had perished, though where or how was unknown. Alas! every passing day made the hopes of his friends more and more improbable. No tidings were ever heard of him, and "on earth he was seen no more." The uncertainty in which the fate of this lamented young man was involved was even more dreadful than the knowledge of the worst could have been. Mrs. H.'s anxiety respecting her brother was relieved by Mr. E.'s assurance of his being in perfect safety. He could tell us nothing of the fate of those for whom we were so deeply anxious. "Do not ask me," he exclaimed, "who *is* wounded—I cannot tell you. It would be easy to say who are *not*." Intelligence from another quarter, however, relieved our fears, and although it subsequently proved false,

for the present it led us to believe that our friends were in safety.

We now learnt that the battle had been even more desperate, and the victory more glorious and decisive, than Lord Wellington's concise and modest bulletin had led us to imagine. The French had not "retreated," they had been completely routed, and put to flight; they had not merely "been defeated," they were no longer an army. They had fled in every direction from the field, pursued by the victorious British and by the Prussians, who had not come up till just at the close of the battle. The whole of their artillery, ammunition, and baggage, their caissons, all the matériel of their army had been taken. Of 130,000 Frenchmen who had marched yesterday morning to battle, flushed with all the hopes and confidence of victory, no trace, no vestige now remained; they were all swept away; they were scattered by the whirlwind of war over the face of the earth. Yesterday their proud hosts had spread terror and dismay through nations, and struck consternation into every heart, except those of the brave band of warriors who opposed them. To-day the greater part of them slept in death, the rest were fugitives or captives. It was an awful and tremendous lesson. They were gone with all their imperfections on their heads, —their hopes, their purposes, their plans, their passions, and their crimes, were at rest for ever! And their leader, who had sported away the lives of thousands, with feelings untouched by remorse; who had impiously presumed to defy the powers of God and man; and whose insatiate ambition the world itself seemed too small to contain—where was he now?—an outcast and a wanderer, hunted, pursued, beset on all sides, and at a loss where to lay his head!

It was with a heart pierced with anguish that I wept for the brave who had fallen; that I felt in the bitterness of sorrow, that not even the proud triumph of my country's glory could console me for the gallant hearts that were lost to her for ever!

> "How many mothers shall lament their sons;
> How many widows weep their husbands slain!—
> Ye dames of Albion! ev'n for you I mourn:
> Who sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
> Long look for lords who never shall return!"

It was twelve o'clock before our friends left us, and then, worn out with fatigue of body and mind, for the first time during four nights, I enjoyed the blessing of some hours of undisturbed repose, in spite of the bonfires, the acclamations, the noisy rejoicings, and the songs, more patriotic than melodious, which resounded in my ears. Last night the streets were filled with the cries of horror and alarm, to-night they resounded with the shouts of exultation and joy; and it was with feelings of deep and fervent thanksgiving to Heaven that I laid my wearied head upon the pillow, and sank to sleep with the blessed consciousness that we should not this night be disturbed by the dreadful alarms of war.

Nothing on retrospection seemed to me so extraordinary as the shortness of time in which these wonderful events had happened. I could scarcely convince myself that they had actually been comprised in the short space of three days—so long did it seem to be! Yet in that brief space how many gallant spirits had death arrested in their glorious career of honour and immortality—how many hearts had grief rendered desolate! In these eventful days the fates of empires and of kings had been decided, and the trembling

nations of Europe freed from the vengeance and the yoke of the tyranny which menaced them with subjugation.

If the passage of time were to be computed by the succession of events, rather than by moments, we should indeed have lived a lifetime! an age! for it was "eternity of thought." Every thing, that had happened, even immediately before these events, seemed like the faintly-remembered traces of a dream, or the fading and distant images of long past years. It seemed as if at once

> "From the tablet of my memory
> Were wiped away all trivial fond records,
> All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
> That youth and observation copied there;
> And this remembrance all alone remain'd,
> Within the book and volume of my brain,
> Unmixed with baser matter."

Yes! the days, the months, the years of my future life may pass away and be forgotten, and all the changes that mark them fade like a morning dream; but the minutest circumstance of these eventful days must be remembered "while Memory holds her seat;" for such moments and such feelings in life can never return more.

A fortnight elapsed, which we passed in making the tour of Holland; in gliding along its slow canals, visiting its populous cities, gazing at its splendid palaces, yawning over its green ditches, wondering at its great dykes, its prodigious sluices, and its innumerable windmills; admiring its clean houses, laughing at the humours of its fairs, and falling fast asleep in its churches.

We found the Dutch a plain, plodding, pains-taking, well-meaning, money-getting, matter-of-fact people; very dull and drowsy, and slow and stupid; little addicted to talking, but very much given to smoking; but withal pious and chari-

table, and just and equitable; with no wit, but some humour; with little fancy, genius, or invention—but much patience, perseverance, and punctuality. They make excellent merchants, but very bad companions. What Buonaparte once in his ignorance said of the English, is truly applicable to the Dutch,—"They are a nation of shopkeepers;" and they used to remind me very much of a whole people of Quakers. In dress, in manners, in appearance, and in habits of life, they precisely resemble that worthy sect; and like them, in all these points they are perfectly stationary. It is singular enough that in all matters of taste and fashion, in which other nations are continually varying, the Dutch have stood stock still for at least two centuries; and in political opinions and institutions, which it requires years, and even ages, to alter in other countries, the Dutch have veered about without ceasing. They have literally changed their form of government much oftener than the cut of their coats. They have had Stadtholders, and Revolutions, and Republics, and Despotisms, and Tyrants, and limited Monarchies; and new Dynasties and old; and the "New Code Napoleon,"—and the newer Code of King William: and they have changed from the side of England to that of France, and from France to that of England,—and from the House of Orange to Buonaparte, and from Buonaparte to the House of Orange, with a rapidity and versatility which even their volatile neighbours, the French, could not equal.

But while their government, their laws, their sovereigns, and their institutions, have undergone every possible transformation—the fashion of their caps and bonnets, their hats and shoebuckles, remains unchanged; and they have adhered, with the most scrupulous exactitude, to the same forms of

politeness, the same hours, dresses, manners, and habits of life that were the fashion among the venerable Burgomasters in the days of good King William. Certainly if Solomon had ever lived in Holland he never would have said that "the fashion of this world passeth away," for there it lasts from generation to generation.

I should think that the Dutch are now very like what the English were in the times of the Puritans. They have a great deal of rigidity and vulgarity in their appearance, and of coarseness and *grossièreté* in their manners; and they are wholly destitute of vivacity, refinement, and "the grace that charms." I speak of the people at large; not of the Court nor of the courtly, who in every country are much the same, or at least fashioned upon one model; but, excepting the Court, there is no polite circle, no general good society. It is the rarest thing in the world to meet with a gentleman in Holland. The Dutch are equally devoid of that acquired good breeding which distinguishes the well educated English, and that native politeness and winning courtesy which is so irresistibly engaging among the French, and even the Belgic people.

I did not think anything could have roused the phlegmatic Dutch to such energy and vehement animation as they showed in their ardent attachment to the present government, and their detestation of their former tyrants. They are absolutely enthusiastic in their loyalty to the House of Orange; and their implacable and virulent hatred to the French surpasses all conception. They cannot be silent upon this subject; they cannot forget their past sufferings, and the tyranny and cruelty which they endured so long.

They never utter their names without bitter execrations, and the very language is become unpopular. But the British they look upon with the highest respect and admiration, and treat them with a blunt, coarse, complimentary sort of kindness, which is flattering to our national pride.

The Dutch, however, allowed that Louis Buonaparte was a very well-intentioned, good-hearted man; but he was only a tool in the hands of the "Great Napoleon;" and, though he did not like to crush them, he had no power to mitigate the tyranny which bowed them to the earth. For Napoleon himself—his ministers, his soldiers, his edicts, and the system of plunder, oppression, and slavery which constituted his government—no words are strong enough to speak their abhorrence. They are now most completely an unanimous people. From the lowest beggar in the street to the king upon his throne, one common political feeling animates and inspires them.

The only people who grew rich during the reign of the French were the smugglers, and some of these men made astonishing fortunes by the sale of colonial produce,—chiefly coffee and tobacco; and English manufactures, which they introduced into the kingdom in great quantities, notwithstanding all the spies, soldiers, plans, penalties, and prohibitions of Buonaparte.

In the failure of taxes and contributions to satisfy his rapacity, he sequestrated a large portion of the funds destined for the annual repair of the dykes and sluices, which in consequence were fast falling to decay; so that had the French Government lasted much longer, Holland might have been no longer a country; it might *physically*, as well as *politically*, have ceased to exist, and a tide, even more

destructive than the armies of France, have rolled over it and restored it again to the ocean.

Sometimes the faint reports of distant war roused us during our slumbering progress through this soporific country; and Dutch men and Dutch bonnets, and towns and palaces, and universities and museums, and tulips and hyacinths, and even "Orange Boven" itself, were entirely forgotten in the animating and overpowering interest of the triumphant progress of the British arms,—the final fall of the Usurper of France,—and the entrance of the Allied Army, led by the Duke of Wellington, into the gates of Paris.

A sight more affecting than any other that Holland contained we frequently witnessed:—long *treckschuyts* filled with the wounded Dutch soldiers of Waterloo, mutilated, disabled, sick and suffering, passed us upon the canals, slowly returning to their homes. In many of the towns and villages of Holland, the hospitals were filled with these poor soldiers, to whom the inhabitants showed the most humane and praiseworthy kindness and attention. It is but justice to the Dutch to state, that though their charity began at home it did not end there. Every town and village made contributions for the wounded Belgic and British, as well as for the Dutch, both of money and provisions, including plenty of butter and cheese, together with an enormous supply of ankers of real Hollands, which amused me extremely. I am sure they sent it out of pure love and kindness, anxious, I suppose, that the poor wounded should have plenty of what they liked best themselves; or perhaps they thought that gin, like spermaceti, was "sovereign for an inward bruise."

If Ireland be "the country that owes the most to Nature

and the least to Man," Holland is unquestionably the country which owes the most to Man and the least to Nature. I bade it farewell without one feeling of regret: with as little emotion as Voltaire, I could have said—"Adieu! Canaux, Canards, Canaille!"—and after crossing many a tedious and toilsome ferry, and slowly traversing the trackless and sandy desert which separates Bergen-op-Zoom from Antwerp, we left Holland,—I hope, for ever!

Nothing can be imagined more dreary than this journey. One wide extended desert of barren sand surrounded us as far as the eye could reach, in which no trace of man, nor beast, nor human habitation, could be seen. Some bents, thinly scattered upon the hillocks of sand, and occasional groups of stunted fir, through which the wind sighed mournfully, were the only signs of vegetation. Slowly and heavily the horses dragged our cabriolet through these deep sands, choosing their own path as their own sagacity, or that of their driver, directed. Quitting at last this solitary waste, we entered the sheltering copse woods of oak which surround the city of Antwerp, drove swiftly by neat cottages and smiling gardens, descried with delight its lofty walls, its frowning fortifications, and the spire of the Cathedral, whose beauty we could *now* admire; and with feelings which may be better conceived than described, we once more entered its gates.—But what a change had one fortnight produced! It did not seem to be the same place or the same people; and when I thought of all the quick varying scenes of horror, consternation, and triumph which we had witnessed here, and remembered that within these walls we had trembled for the safety, and mourned the imaginary defeat of that army who were now victorious in the capital of France; when I recalled all that the heroes of my country had done

and dared and suffered for her honour and security and peace—and that to them, under Heaven, Europe owed its salvation—it was difficult, it was nearly impossible to restrain the strong tide of mingled emotions which at this moment swelled my heart. Not for worlds, not to have been the first and greatest in another land, would I have resigned the distinction of calling England my country; and I blessed Heaven that I was born an Englishwoman, and born in this, the proudest era of British glory.

As these reflections rapidly passed through my mind, a Highland soldier obstructed our passage with his musket, signifying to the driver that he was to go at a foot-pace past a large building, which we now discovered to be an hospital, and before which the street was thickly laid with straw. We were affected with this proof of the attention and care paid to the wounded, still more so when we learnt that this hospital was full of wounded French. The Highland soldier who now stood on guard to prevent the smallest noise from disturbing the repose of his enemies, had himself been wounded—wounded in the action with them. It was a noble, a divine instance of generosity: it was returning good for evil. It was worthy of England. The French soldiers had inhumanly murdered their wounded prisoners. The British not only dressed the wounds and attended to all the wants of theirs, but they protected and watched over them, that even their very slumbers might not be disturbed.

At the hotel of Le Grand Laboureur they knew and welcomed us again, and testified great joy at the success of the Allies since we had seen them, and a great dread lest Napoleon should make his escape. In the streets we met numbers of poor wounded British officers, weak, pale, faint, and ema-

ciated, slowly and painfully moving a few yards to taste the freshness of the summer and the blessed beams of heaven.

Many fine young men had lost their limbs, many were on crutches, many were supported by their wives or by their servants. At the open windows of the houses, propped up by pillows, some poor unfortunate sufferers were lying, whose looks would have moved a heart of stone to pity. We passed several hospitals, and looked into some of them. The cleanliness and neatness of appearance which they exhibited were truly gratifying.

Antwerp was filled with wounded. In every corner we met numbers of convalescent soldiers and officers, some of whom looked well; but the sufferings we saw, and heard of, were far too dreadful to relate, and in many cases death would have been a blessed relief from a state of hopeless torture. Several vessels had already sailed, filled with convalescent wounded, for England.

Most of the wounded French, the wretched survivors of Buonaparte's imperial army, were here. But what consolation had they to support them on the bed of pain and sickness? What glory awaited them when they returned to their native country? What was their recompense for their valour, their sufferings, their services, and their dangers?—Broken health, and blighted hopes, and ruined fortunes, and blasted fame, were all they had to look to. They had not fought and bled for their country, but for a leader who had basely deserted them. Surrounded by these bleeding victims of a tyrant's ungovernable ambition, I felt the truth that inspired the poet's lines—

> "Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squandered,
> And Fame has no wreath for the brow of the slave."

And what British heart would not exclaim with him—

> "But hail to thee, Albion, who meet'st the commotion
> Of Europe, as firm as thy cliffs meet the foam,
> With no bond but the law, and no slave but the ocean—
> Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home!"

The night soon closed in upon us, and we could see the wounded no more. We went to rest, and enjoyed a night of more calm repose than it had ever yet been our lot to experience in Antwerp.

With what different feelings, and under what different circumstances did I open my eyes on this Sunday morning, to those which we suffered on the dreadful morning of Sunday, the 18th of June, which we had spent here before! Then horror and despair filled the minds of the people—then they were lamenting the imaginary destruction of that army for whose success they were now offering up thanks—for this was the *Kennesgevin*, or day of thanksgiving, for the glorious victory of Waterloo. We attended high mass at the Cathedral, as we had done before—but with sensations how different! and if at that awful moment my prayers had ascended to heaven, to crown with victory and glory the arms of my country, the deep and fervent emotions of gratitude which filled my heart were now offered up in thanksgiving to the throne of divine mercy. The anxiety, the misery that I had endured when I was before within these aisles was too poignant to be easily forgotten; but that remembrance made me feel more deeply the blessings which Heaven had bestowed upon us.

Mass being over, we ascended by 640 steps to the top of the tower, or rather of the staircase, of the Cathedral, for its utmost pinnacle is accessible only to the winged inhabitants of air: but as we were not furnished with wings, we were

obliged to content ourselves, instead of soaring higher, with gazing upon the magnificent prospect that lay below us. The men and women flocking out of the churches through the streets, looked exactly like a colony of ants swarming on the gravel walks of a garden in a sunny day: the streets and houses looked like the miniature model of a town in pasteboard; and the majestic Scheldt like a long ribbon streaming through a measureless tract of country.

However, the view was both various and beautiful. Far as the eye could reach, the rich fields and woods of Flanders, with its populous villages, its lofty spires, and noble canals lay extended around us, presenting a striking contrast to the cold, bare, triste, watery flats of Holland, which were fresh in our remembrance; and Flanders, no doubt, looked doubly beautiful from the recent comparison.

We distinctly saw the fortifications of Bergen-op-Zoom on one side, and the steeple of Vilvorde on the other. We traced the Scheldt winding its course through a rich country down towards the ocean. Upon its broad bosom lay the vessels waving with the flag of Britain, and destined to carry home the troops who had so bravely fought and bled in her service, and for her glory.

When I thought of the dreadful waste of human life and sufferings which the battle of Waterloo had cost the world, it almost seemed as if it had been dearly purchased: yet in frequent indecisive battles, and in long-protracted campaigns, more blood might—must have been shed, without the same glorious or important results. In one great day, years of bloodshed and of toil had been saved. In one tremendous burst of thunder the war had ended, and the lightnings of Heaven in that vengeful hour had descended upon the head

of the guilty. The dark cloud which menaced Europe had passed away, and the prospect was now calm, bright, and unclouded. The blood of Britons had indeed flowed, but it had flowed in a noble cause, and it had not flowed in vain. It had secured present peace and security to the world, and it had left to future ages the proudest monument of British fame.

But I forget that I am all this time upon the top of Antwerp Cathedral; and it is high time to descend from my altitude. When we once more reached the earth, we went to see a sort of religious puppet-show, called Mount Calvary. It had been "got up" with great care and cost, and must have required a world of labour; for there were artificial rocks and caverns, and heaven and hell into the bargain; and it was altogether a most edifying spectacle. There were the Crucifixion, and the Virgin Mary, and St. Paul, and St. Peter,—and I dare say all the rest of the Apostles, and at least fifty more holy persons, who were most likely saints, all as large as life, and made of white stone. There were also red-hot flaming furnaces of purgatory, filled with figures of the same materials; with this difference, that they were making horrible grimaces. There were also the Sepulchre and the Angel; and our friend Mr. D. (the Antwerp merchant), who took us to see this show, was in an ecstasy with it, and declared that all the paintings in the world were not to be compared to it—nay, that he did actually think that it was almost as well worth seeing as St. Paul's or the Monument; —but this he asserted more cautiously.

We visited the house and the tomb of Rubens with more veneration than we had paid to the shrines of all the saints. The people of Antwerp almost adore the memory of this great artist. He was descended from one of the most ancient

families in Flanders; of noble birth and of splendid fortune. Antwerp was the place of his birth and of his death, and his spirit still seems to hover over it; for never did I witness a passion for paintings, and a knowledge of the art, so universally diffused among all classes as in this town. All the merchants, and even the petty shopkeepers and tradespeople, have good paintings, both of the Flemish and Italian school. In every house they may be seen; and in every street even the lowest of the people may be heard to canvass their merits. They still lament over the loss of the fine paintings which were carried from the churches by the French; and they seemed particularly to grieve for their celebrated Altar-piece, the pride of their city, which was taken from them. They petitioned and implored Buonaparte with so much importunity and perseverance to restore to them this idol of their affections, that he at last promised it should be sent back. In process of time, and in conformity with his imperial word, there arrived the celebrated altar-piece of "The Descent from the Cross,"—correctly copied from the original by a modern French artist! The immortal touches of Rubens were not there. The fraud was instantly discovered, and the people were indignant at this mockery of restitution. They told us they intended immediately to send deputies to Paris to claim this and the other treasures of which they had been despoiled, and which now adorn the Louvre.

There are some very fine private cabinets of pictures in Antwerp, which are opened to strangers with all that alacrity and politeness which in England, in such cases, we are so lamentably and notoriously deficient in. In one of these we saw the celebrated "Chapeau Pâle" of Rubens. I was dis-

appointed in it; probably from having had my expectations too highly raised by hearing its beauties extravagantly extolled. In fact, the subject does not call forth any great powers either of genius or execution. It is simply the portrait of a handsome woman with a very attractive countenance, and dressed in a very becoming grey beaver hat and feather; and both the lady and her hat are most beautifully painted. We saw some landscapes by Rubens, some of which were very fine. There is no branch of painting which the versatile genius of this wonderful man did not lead him to attempt, and none in which he did not succeed. His Scriptural and historical paintings, upon which rests his fame; his allegories, portraits, and landscapes, are well known: but I have seen a miniature picture of his performance, beautifully finished—a piece of fruit and flowers, very well executed, though in an uncommon style—and lastly, *an interior*, not a servile copy of Teniers, Ostade, or Gerard Douw, but marked with his own characteristic originality of manner and expression. This last piece is in the possession of a Flemish gentleman at Ghent.

At Antwerp we saw some beautiful landscapes by Asselins and Dietrichsen; a very fine Holy Family by Murillo; and the Death of Abel by Guido. The whole figure of Abel prostrate on the earth, but especially the touching, the more than human expression of his face as he looks up at his brother and his murderer, is one of the finest things I ever beheld in painting. It is in that upward look of pathetic supplication and unutterable feeling that Guido is unrivalled —it is his characteristic excellence. We saw some very fine paintings both by Italian and Flemish artists, but the fascination of the former, in spite of myself, riveted my eyes upon

their never-satiating beauties. It is impossible not to feel the decided superiority of the Italian over the Flemish school of painting, in force, delicacy, and dignity of expression; in the power of transposing *soul* into painting, if I may so express myself, and in all that constitutes the greatness and the sublimity of the art. But the Flemish artists laboured under great natural disadvantages. They did not live beneath the brilliant sky that sheds its tints of beauty over the happier climates of Italy and Provence ; they did not dwell in the enchanting vales and sunny mountains, or gaze upon the caverned rocks and romantic solitudes which formed and perfected the genius of a Claude Lorraine, Vernet, Salvator Rosa, and Poussin. Fate threw Berghem and Both, and Cuyp, under unkinder skies, and amidst less picturesque scenes ; but in genius they are perhaps equal, if not superior, to the French and Italian masters. Nor were Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, and many of the Flemish artists, inferior to any in conception and execution, in originality, in invention, in truth of expression, and all the natural and acquired powers which constitute the perfection of the painter's art. And if the Italian artists—if Guido, Raphael, Buonarotti, Carlo Dolce, and Correggio, possess a pathos and sublimity, a force, a grace, and an undefinable charm of expression, which makes their works unequalled on earth—let it be remembered that the Flemish artists did not, like them, wake to life amidst the beauty and the harmony of nature; they were not surrounded by faces and forms of speaking, moving expression—of heavenly sublimity and soul-subduing tenderness. The "human face divine" was not moulded of the finer elements of beauty and of grace.—Painting is an imitative art. The world which Nature had spread before

them they copied, but they could not create a new one. They were driven to seek in the habitations of men for the sources of that interest which the scenes of Nature denied them; and their powerful and original genius, seizing upon the materials which surrounded them, formed for itself a new and distinct school. They were most faithful copies of Nature. It is impossible to travel through Belgium and Holland and not notice at every step the landscapes of Hobbima, the *Interiors* of Ostade and Gerard Douw; the faces, figures, and humorous scenes which Teniers has exhibited so often to our view; and to recognise at every turn the fat and fair, and well-fed and well-clad beauties of F. Mieres. But the paintings and the painters of Italy and Flanders have led me far from my travels. To return to Antwerp.

After the bright-painted, well-scoured, baby-house looking towns of Holland, the streets of Antwerp appeared very grand and magnificent, but extremely dirty. Remarking this to an English, or rather an Irish officer, he laughed, and said they were beautifully clean in comparison of the state in which the British troops found them when they first came to the garrison. Their complaints of the filthiness and unwholesomeness of the town produced no effect; and to their representations of the necessity of cleaning it, the magistrates answered, with offended dignity, that "the city of Antwerp *was* clean." The British commandant then ordered our soldiers to sweep the streets, and to pile up all the dirt against the houses of those magistrates who with so much pertinacity maintained that the city of Antwerp was clean! The mountains of dirt collected by the soldiers in one morning blocked up the windows, and it was with difficulty that the magistrates could get out of their doors.

When they did, however, they immediately bestirred themselves, convinced by more senses than one that the city of Antwerp was *not* clean; and they have taken due care ever since that the streets shall be regularly swept.

The churches in Antwerp were once extremely rich in silver shrines, images, ornaments, gold plate, and precious stones; but these treasures, the Belgians said, had been carried off by Buonaparte: upon more strict inquiry, we found that these alleged robberies of Napoléon le Grand had been committed eighteen years ago, most probably by the sacrilegious hands of the Jacobin Revolutionists, who would leave little or nothing for imperial plunder. On my remarking this to one of the Belgians, he said, with a shrug of the shoulder, "Ah! c'est égal—ces gens-là étoient tous les mêmes—les coquins!"—but whatever mischief has been done, they always lay it upon Buonaparte, whom they hate with a bitterness surpassing all conception.

The journey betwixt Antwerp and Brussels was quite new to us. The anxiety and agitation of mind which we had suffered on the day we left Brussels for Antwerp, had so completely engrossed every faculty, that the scenery on the way had not made the smallest impression on us. The objects of living interest, with which the road was then crowded, had alone fixed our attention. I could scarcely believe that I had ever travelled this road before, or ever seen the towns and villages through which we had so lately passed.

I beheld the same harvest, which I then feared would be reaped in blood, ripening, to crown the hopes of the husbandman, beneath the blessing of Heaven. My eye now rested with delight upon the corn fields, waving in rich luxuriance, the deep verdure of the meadows, and the lofty

woods which diversified the prospect:—the peaceful and prosperous appearance of the country, and the contented, gladsome faces of the people, as they stood at their cottage-doors, "gay in their Sunday 'tire," presented a happy contrast to the terrors and sufferings we had witnessed, and the still more dreadful and multiplied horrors which then seemed ready to burst upon this devoted country.

We entered Malines; but I did not retain the smallest recollection of it until we again reached the inn. From the inn-window I well remembered sorrowfully gazing into the market-place below, and contemplating the train of baggage-waggons, the confusion of English carriages, the parties of troops advancing, the wounded soldiers returning, and the affrighted countenances of the poor Belgic peasantry, crowding together in dismay, with which it was then filled. Now I beheld a very different scene:—a crowd of Belgians, indeed, filled the market-place, but it was a joyous, not a trembling crowd. The people were all amusing themselves after their own fashion. Some flocking to the Church; others gazing at a wonderful puppet-show, which was stationed at the very door; others listening to a Belgic ballad-singer, who was roaring out, in no very harmonious strains, the downfal of Napoleon, and the warlike prowess of the Belgians; and others were talking and laughing with most noisy glee. The sounds of innocent mirth and pious gratitude were indeed a blessed contrast to the terrors and anxiety we had before witnessed here.

The *Kennesgevin*, or thanksgiving, for the victory, and for the deliverance of the country, had been celebrated, and one priest mounting the pulpit after another, continued to preach a succession of homilies to the people, who might

listen to as many or as few of them, as their piety or their taste dictated. We saw a young priest mount the pulpit, and some of the congregation, who had been assembled during the sermon of his predecessor, remained to hear him. He preached in the Belgic language, therefore we could not understand him; his discourse was apparently extempore, and accompanied with much ungraceful gesticulation. In distant parts of the Church, before the shrine of many a saint, numbers of pious votaries of both sexes were kneeling in silence; engaged in their private earnest devotions, without attending at all to the lectures of the priest, or being disturbed by those who, like us, were wandering up and down the long-drawn aisles and decorated chapels of this ancient Cathedral.

There is a perpetual going in and out, and moving backwards and forwards, during the whole service of the Roman Catholic Church abroad. The people, as soon as they have finished their own prayers, walk off without ceremony, and are succeeded by others; which in a Protestant church we should think a most scandalous proceeding; and indeed the service of the Roman Catholic Church itself, both in England and in Ireland, is conducted in a very different manner. It is a common practice here, as well as in France and Italy, for strangers to walk about and examine the churches, paintings, &c., when the Mass is performing; nor does it seem to annoy the congregation in the least.

The Roman Catholic is the exclusive religion of Belgium; no other form of worship or religious persuasion seems to have any proselytes; indeed, it is only in consequence of a law enacted since the present King ascended the throne, that other religions have been tolerated. The Belgians are very

pious, and even bigoted; but they are not gloomy, they are lively bigots; apparently without a doubt to disturb the fulness of their faith; strict in their observances, gay in their lives, happy in the consolation their religion gives them here, and in its promises hereafter. Comparing their character with that of their unbelieving neighbours, the French, I have no hesitation in preferring bigotry to infidelity. Even the extreme of superstition is better than the horrors of irreligion and atheism.

The Church of Malines is a fine old structure: the towers (for there are two) seem to have been built at an earlier period than the body. We were astonished at the magnificence of the interior. Its magnitude, its antiquity, its lofty arches, its massive pillars, its rich altars, its sculptured figures, and its carved confessionals, have a very imposing effect; and the large, though not fine paintings which adorn its walls, and the decorations which piety has profusely spread over every part of this vast edifice, give it an air of great splendour. Foreign churches possess a decided advantage, to the eye of the mere spectator, over those of England, from being wholly unincumbered with pews, which certainly take from the grandeur and unity of the whole.

The pulpit of carved wood in this Church is most beautifully executed. It was done only a few years ago by a Flemish artist. There are a few pieces of sculpture of ancient date carved in wood in basso relievo, and painted white, which I admired extremely. The expression given to some of the figures and faces is quite astonishing.

We passed through Vilvorde, half-way to Brussels, where there is a strong *Maison de force* for the imprisonment and employment of criminals. At the little inn where we had

before baited our horses, we stopped once more for the same purpose. The garçon remembered us immediately, and with a countenance of great glee expressed his delight to see us again, and described most vividly the distress they had experienced, and all the rapid and dreadful alarms that had succeeded to each other. He then reminded us of our parting prophecy, that the Allies would be victorious, and that the French would never more penetrate into Flanders, and he said, he had often thought of it since; and that it had proved true, for they had indeed seen no French, except "les François blessés."

We proceeded on our journey through a country still improving in beauty. Sloping grounds, and woods and lawns, and country seats and pleasure-grounds, and meadows covered with the richest verdure, greeted our eyes as we advanced to Brussels. We met and passed several of the Diligences; tremendous machines in size, and in slowness, not unlike the vehicles which in England are used for the conveyance of wild beasts from one town to another. They were filled with an innumerable motley multitude, some of which were playing upon the fiddle, others singing, and all merry-making, as they jogged along. The road was much cut up with the passage of commissariat-waggons, long trains of which we frequently met upon the way.

We drew near to Brussels, and traversed the margin of that calm and quiet canal, which, when we left it, had presented a scene of such horrid confusion; and as we approached Lacken we looked up at it once more, but with very different feelings to those with which we had gazed at it when we had passed it before, and recollected the boast Napoleon had made the preceding day—"To-morrow I shall

sleep at Lacken." It was from hence that his premature pompous declarations to the Belgic people were dated, announcing victory; which were even found ready printed in his carriage at Charleroi, after his defeat and flight on the 18th of June.

We entered a sort of wood. On each side of us, upon the grass and beneath the shade of the trees, there was a large encampment of tents, men, horses, waggons, huts, and arms; with all the accompaniments and confusion attendant upon such an establishment. It formed, however, a picturesque and animated scene; fires were burning, suppers cooking, men sleeping, children playing, women scolding, horses grazing, and waggons loading; while long carts and tumbrils were drawn up beneath the trees; parties of Flemish drivers sitting on the ground round the fires, drinking and smoking; and people moving to and fro in every direction. This encampment belonged to the Commissariat department.

We passed the Allée Verte, usually the fashionable promenade for carriages on Sunday evening; but though this was Sunday evening, it was entirely deserted. The inhabitants of Brussels had not yet, perhaps, resumed their habits of gaiety, and in fact the Allée Verte was nearly impassable, owing to the heavy rains and the immense passage of military carriages upon it.

We entered Brussels about the same hour that we had entered it for the first time. Then, the British military were crowding every street; standing at every corner; leaning out of every window, in the full vigour of youth and hope and expectation: then, they were gaily talking and laughing, unconscious that to many it was the last night of their lives. Now, Brussels was filled with the wounded. It is impossible

to describe with what emotions we read the words "Militaires blessés" marked upon every door; "un, deux, trois, quatre," even "huit Officiers blessés," were written upon the houses in white chalk. As we slowly passed along, at every open window we saw the wounded, "languid and pale, the ghosts of what they were." In the Parc, which had presented so gay a scene on the night of our arrival, crowded with military men, and with fashionable women, a few officers, lame, disabled, or supported on crutches, with their arms in slings, or their heads bound up, were now only to be seen, slowly loitering in its deserted walks, or languidly reclining on its benches. The Place Royale, which we had left a dreadful scene of tumult and confusion, was now quite quiet, and nearly empty. It was in all respects a melancholy contrast, and it was with saddened hearts that we alighted at the Hôtel de Flandre, where they gladly received us again, and talked much of the eventful scenes that had followed our departure.

Colonel M., of the Inniskillen Dragoons, was in this hotel. He had been severely wounded in five different places; he passed the night after the battle on the road between Waterloo and Brussels, which was completely blocked up from the excessive confusion occasioned by the abandoned baggage and waggons. Although his life had been despaired of, he was now recovering, and supposed to be out of danger. Some English newspapers, which we borrowed, were indescribably interesting to us; every particular relative to the battle we read, or rather devoured, with insatiable avidity; but the list of the killed and wounded we could not get a sight of till the next morning. Secure that none of our own friends were contained in it, we restrained our impatience and went

to rest. Little did we know the shock that awaited us! the misery of the following morning, when we saw the name of Major L. among the list of severely wounded; and found him at last in a state of extreme suffering and danger! The days of deep anxiety and individual grief that followed I pass over in silence. Nor can I bear to dwell upon the miseries it was our lot to witness; the still more excruciating and hopeless sufferings which we daily heard related, and the scenes of death and distracting affliction which surrounded us. How often was the anxious inquiry made with trembling eagerness for a wounded friend or relation—"Where is he to be found?" How often, after a few minutes of torturing suspense, was the dreadful answer returned—"Dead of his wounds!" Numbers of the young and the brave, after languishing for weeks in hopeless agony, expired during our stay in Brussels; and it happened more than once within our own knowledge, that the parents, whose earthly hopes of happiness were centred in an only son, arrived from England to see their wounded boy the very day of his decease—in time to gaze upon his insensible and altered corpse, and to follow the mortal remains of all they loved to the grave. The heart-broken countenance, and the silent, motionless grief of one old man, whom I saw under this dreadful affliction, made an impression on my mind too strong to be easily forgotten. Despair seemed to have settled upon his soul, but he neither shed a tear, nor uttered a complaint. I could not even go from the hotel where we stayed to the house where Major L. lodged, without passing crowded hospitals, filled with many hundreds of poor wounded soldiers; and although every attention that skill and humanity could

suggest to contribute to their recovery was paid to them, both by the British Government and the Belgic people, their sufferings were dreadful. Many of the British officers died in the common hospitals: they had been originally conveyed to them, and it was afterwards found impossible to remove them.

At every corner the most pitiable objects struck one's eye. I could not pass through a single street without meeting some unfortunate being, the very sight of whose sufferings wrung my heart with anguish. Numbers of young officers, in the very flower of life and vigour, pale, feeble, and emaciated, were slowly dragging along their mutilated forms. Upon couches, supported by pillows, near the open windows, numbers lay to enjoy the fresh summer air, and divert the sense of pain by looking at what passed in the streets. But we knew too well, that the sufferings we saw were nothing to those we did not see. Every house was filled with wounded British officers; and how many, like our old friend Major L., were silently enduring lingering and excruciating torture, unable to raise themselves from the couch of pain!

Often, as I gazed at the soldier's frequent funeral as it passed along, I could not help thinking that, though no eye here was moistened with a tear, yet in some remote cottage or humble dwelling of my native country, the heart of the wife or the mother would be wrung with despair for the loss of him who was now borne unnoticed to a foreign grave. But let me not dwell upon these scenes of misery; their remembrance is still too painful—though it can never be erased from my mind.

When at last we had the consolation of seeing our good old friend out of immediate danger, we dedicated one day to a visit to Waterloo.*

On the morning of Saturday the 15th of July, we set off to visit the field of the ever-memorable and glorious battle of Waterloo. After passing the ramparts, we descended to the pretty little village of Ixelles, embosomed in woods and situated close to the margin of a still, glassy piece of water. From thence we ascended a steep hill, and immediately entered the deep shades of the forest of Soignies, which extends about nine miles from Brussels. The morning was bright and beautiful; the summer sun ported through the branches which met above our heads, and gleamed upon the silver trunks of the lofty beech trees. On either side woodland roads continually struck in various directions through the forest; so seldom trodden, that they were covered with the brightest verdure. At intervals, neat white-washed cottages, and little villages by the roadside, enlivened the forest scenery. We passed through "Vivi-

* The road from Brussels to the field of battle was not for some time considered safe, on account of the number of deserters who had taken shelter in the woods, and issued forth, sometimes alone, and sometimes in a gang, to rob passengers and plunder the defenceless cottages and farm-houses of the surrounding country. Neither property nor life certainly could be considered safe at the mercy of these armed desperadoes; but I never heard of any well-authenticated murder that they committed: and from all the inquiries I made, I believe that most of the horrible stories we heard of their enormities were entirely devoid of truth; and that the mischief, even in the way of plunder, they did, was very much exaggerated. Even at the time we went to the field, great apprehensions were entertained by many people of these lawless deserters. Large parties of these were brought in two or three times a week, during our stay in Brussels. They consisted of Belgic, Nassau, and Brunswick soldiers. There was some difficulty in procuring proper places of confinement for them. They were generally sent to the neighbouring Maisons de Force; what eventually was to be their punishment, or what has been their fate, I have never been able to learn.

dolles," "La Petite Espinette," "La Grande Espinette," "Longueville," and several other hamlets whose names I have forgotten.*

Upon the doors of many of the cottages we passed, were written, in white chalk, the names of the officers who had used them for temporary quarters on their way to the battle; or who had been carried there for shelter in returning, when wounded and unable to proceed further. Many we knew had died in these miserable abodes; but all the survivors, excepting one or two of the most severely wounded, had now been removed to Brussels. It was impossible to retrace, without emotion, the very road by which our brave troops had marched out to battle, three weeks before, and by which thousands had been brought back, covered with wounds, in pain and torture. They alone of all that gallant army had returned; thousands had met a glorious death upon the field of battle, and the victorious survivors had pursued their onward march to the capital of France.

I could not help asking myself, as we proceeded along, what would have been the consequences if the French and British armies had happened to encounter each other in the midst of this forest, instead of meeting, as they did, a few miles beyond it? Had our troops been a little later in leaving Brussels on the morning of the 16th of June, this must inevitably have been the case; for it was impossible that the advanced guard of Belgic troops, which was stationed at the outpost of Quatre Bras, could have sustained

* It is remarkable that every village in this part of the country has a French name, except Waterloo, which is pronounced by the natives—according to the fashion of the London Cockneys—*Vaterloo;* the letter W being the exclusive property of the British people—with the exception of the aforesaid Cockneys, who resign all claim to it.

the attack of the French, or have delayed their progress for any length of time. But if the hostile armies had encountered each other here, it would have been impossible that a general action could have taken place; the thick entangled underwood makes all entrance into the forest impracticable; and if they had attempted to fight, the road would soon have been choked up with dead. Yet the English, I imagine, would not have retreated, since, if they had, they must either have abandoned Brussels to the enemy, or fought under its very walls; and whether the French would have retreated till they came to open ground, or how they would have manœuvred in such a situation, it was impossible for an unmilitary head like mine even to form a conjecture. During the battle, all the cottages and villages by the wayside had been deserted by their inhabitants, who fled in consternation into the woods, in expectation of the victory and immediate advance of the French, from whom they looked for no mercy. The road had been so dreadfully cut up with the heavy rains and the incessant travelling upon it, that notwithstanding three weeks of summer weather had now elapsed since the battle, the chaussée in the centre was worn into ruts upon the hard pavement, and in many places it was still so deep, that the horses could scarcely drag us through; the unpaved way on each side of the chaussée was perfectly impassable. Along the whole way, shattered wheels and broken remains of waggons still lay, buried among the mud. Their demolition was one of the many consequences that resulted from the violent panic with which the men who were left in charge of the baggage were seized, towards the close of the battle. It was originally caused, I understood, by the Belgic cavalry, great numbers of whom fled in the heat of the des-

perate attack made by the French upon our army in front of Mont St. Jean before the Prussians came up. They were rallied and brought back by some British officers; but, unable to stand the dreadful onset of the French, they turned about again and fled in irretrievable confusion, trampling upon the wounded and the dying in their speed, and spreading the alarm that the battle was lost. With troops less steady, with any other troops, in short, than the British, the example of flight, joined to such an alarm, at this critical moment, might have occasioned the loss of the battle in reality. The men stationed in the rear in charge of the baggage, who knew nothing of what was going forward, believed at once the report, and, without stopping a moment to ascertain its truth, they set off at full speed. If the battle was lost, it was clearly their business to run away, and they could not be accused of neglecting this part of their duty. Following the example of the Belgians, they all set off full gallop in the utmost confusion, pell-mell, along the road to Brussels. Nothing is so infectious, nothing so rapid in its progress as fear: the panic increased every moment; the terrified fugitives overtook the carts filled with wounded, and encountered waggons and troops, and military supplies coming up to the field. It was impossible to pass: the road, confined on each side by the thickly woven and impenetrable underwood, was speedily choked up; those who were proceeding to the army insisted upon going one way, and those who were running away from it, persisted in going the other. The confusion surpassed all description; till at last, amidst the crash of waggons, the imprecations of the drivers, and the cries of the soldiers, a battle took place, and many were the broken heads and bruises, and various were the wounds

and contusions received in this inglorious fray. It is even said, and I fear with truth, that some lives were lost. The baggage was abandoned, and scattered along the road; the waggons were thrown one upon another into the woods, and over the banks by the road-side; the horses, half-killed, were left to perish; and the wounded were deserted. Over every obstacle these panic-struck people, frantic with fear, forced their way, and, pursued by nothing but their own terrified imaginations, they arrived at Brussels, proclaiming the dreadful news that the battle was lost, and the French advancing! The fearful tidings extended from thence even into Holland; and thus, in consequence of the cowardice of some Belgians and baggage-men, the last and most dreadful alarm of Sunday night was spread over the whole country.

The road, the whole way through the forest of Soignies, was marked with vestiges of the dreadful scenes which had recently taken place upon it. Bones of unburied horses, and pieces of broken carts and harness were scattered about. At every step we met with the remains of some tattered clothes, which had once been a soldier's. Shoes, belts, and scabbards, infantry caps battered to pieces, broken feathers and Highland bonnets covered with mud, were strewn along the road-side, or thrown among the trees. These mournful relics had belonged to the wounded who had attempted to crawl from the fatal field, and who, unable to proceed farther, had laid down and died upon the ground now marked by their graves—if holes dug by the way-side and hardly covered with earth deserved that name. The bodies of the wounded who died in the waggons on the way to Brussels had also been thrown out, and hastily interred.

Thus the road between Waterloo and Brussels was one long uninterrupted charnel-house: the smell, the whole way through the forest, was extremely offensive, and in some places scarcely bearable. Deep stagnant pools of red putrid water, mingled with mortal remains, betrayed the spot where the bodies of men and horses had mingled together in death. We passed a large cross on the left side of the road, which had been erected in ancient times to mark the place where *one* human being had been murdered. How many had now sunk around it in agony, and breathed, unnoticed and unpitied, their dying groans! It was surrounded by many a fresh-made, melancholy mound, which had served for the soldier's humble grave; but no monument points out to future times the bloody spot where they expired; no cross stands to implore from the passenger the tribute of a tear, or call forth a pious prayer for the repose of the departed spirits who here perished for their country!

The melancholy vestiges of death and destruction became more frequent, the pools of putrid water more deep, and the smell more offensive, as we approached Waterloo, which is situated at the distance of about three leagues, or scarcely nine miles, from Brussels. Before we left the forest, the Church of Waterloo appeared in view, at the end of the avenue of trees. It is a singular building, much in the form of a Chinese temple, and built of red brick. On leaving the wood, we passed the trampled and deep-marked bivouac, where the heavy baggage-waggons, tilted carts, and tumbrils had been stationed during the battle, and from which they had taken flight with such precipitation.

Even here cannon-balls had lodged in the trees, but had

passed over the roofs of the cottages. We entered the village which has given its name to the most glorious battle ever recorded in the annals of history. It was the Headquarters of the British army on the nights preceding and following the battle. It was here the dispositions for the action were made on Saturday afternoon. It was here on Monday morning the dispatches were written, which perhaps contain the most brief and unassuming account a conqueror ever penned, of the most glorious victory that a conqueror ever won.* Waterloo consists of a sort of long, irregular street of white-washed cottages, through which the road runs. Some of them are detached, and some built in rows. A small house, with a neat, little, square flower-garden before it, on the right hand, was pointed out to us as the quarters of Lord Uxbridge, and the place where he remained after the amputation of his leg, until well enough to bear removal. His name, and those of "His Grace the Duke of Wellington," "His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange," and other pompous titles, were written on the doors of these little thatched cottages. We also read the lamented names of Sir Thomas Picton, Sir Alexander Gordon, Sir William de Lancey, and Sir William Ponsonby, who had slept there the night before the battle, and many others who now sleep in the bed of honour. Volumes of sermons and homilies upon the instability of human life could not have spoken such affecting and convincing eloquence to our hearts as the sight of these names, thus traced in chalk, which had been more durable than the lives of these gallant men.

After leaving Waterloo, the ground rises: the wood,

* Cæsar's celebrated *bulletin*, "Veni, vidi, vici," was more concise, but not quite so unassuming

which had opened, again surrounded us, though in a more straggling and irregular manner—and it was not till we arrived at the little village of Mont St. Jean, more than a mile beyond Waterloo, that we finally quitted the shade of the forest, and entered upon the open field where the battle had been fought. During the whole of the action the rear of the left wing of our army rested upon this little village, from which the French named the battle. We gazed with particular interest at a farm-house, at the farthest extremity of the village nearest the field, on the left side of the road,—with its walls and gates and roofs still bearing the vestiges of the cannon-balls that had pierced them. Every part of this house and offices was filled with wounded British officers; and here our friend Major L. was conveyed in excruciating agony, upon an old blanket, supported by the bayonets of four of his soldiers.

On the right we saw at some distance the church of Braine la Leude, which was in the rear of the extremity of the right wing of our army. From the top of the steeple of this church the battle might have been seen more distinctly than from any other place, if any one had possessed coolness and hardihood sufficient to have stood the calm spectator of such a scene; and if some cannot-ball had not stopped his observations by carrying off his head.

Alighting from the carriage, which we sent back to the barrière of Mont St. Jean, we walked past the place where the beaten down corn, and the whole appearance of the ground, would alone have been sufficient to have indicated that it had been the bivouac of the British army on the tempestuous night before the battle, when, after marching and fighting all day beneath a burning sun, they lay all night in

this swampy piece of ground, under torrents of rain. We rapidly hurried on, until our progress was arrested by a long line of immense fresh-made graves. We suddenly stopped —we stood rooted to the spot—we gazed around us in silence; for the emotions that at this moment swelled our hearts were too deep for utterance—we felt that we stood on the field of battle!

"And these, then, are the graves of the brave!" at length mournfully exclaimed one of the party, after a silence of some minutes, hastily wiping away some "natural tears." "Look how they extend all along in front of this broken, beaten-down hedge—what tremendous slaughter!" "This is, or rather was," said an officer who was our conductor, "the hedge of La Haye Sainte;* the ground in front of it, and the narrow lane that runs behind it, were occupied by Sir Thomas Picton's division, which formed the left wing of the army; and it was in leading forward his men to a glorious and successful charge against a furious attack made by an immense force of the enemy, that this gallant and lamented officer fell. He was shot through the head, and died instantly, without uttering a word or a groan!" We gazed at the opposite height, or rather bank, upon which the French army was posted. We thought of the feelings with which our gallant soldiers must have viewed it, before the action commenced, when it was covered with the innumerable legions of France, ranged in arms against them. The solemn and portentous stillness which precedes the bursting of the tempest, is nothing to the awful sublimity of a moment such

* La Haye Sainte (the holy hedge). It gives its name to the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. I could not hear from any of the country people why it was distinguished by the epithet "Sainte." They did not seem to have any tradition respecting it.

as this. The threatening columns of that immense army, which their valour had destroyed and scattered, were then ready to pour down upon them. The cannon taken in the action, which now stood in the field before us under the guard of a single British soldier, were then turned against them.

The field-pieces taken by the Prussians in the pursuit were not here. But 130 pieces of cannon belonging to the British, and taken by them on the field of battle, still remained here. We went to examine them; they were beautiful pieces of ordnance, inscribed with very whimsical names, and some of them with the revolutionary words of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité! Our own artillery, which was admirably served, had been principally placed in two lines upon the ridge of the gentle slope on which our army was stationed. About four o'clock in the afternoon the first line of guns advanced, and the second took the place which the first had before occupied; it was also placed upon every little eminence over the field, and it did great execution amongst the enemy's ranks.*

* An order had been issued not to fire at the enemy's field-pieces, but at the troops. However, during the latter part of the action, a young officer of artillery, out of patience with the destruction caused among his men, and particularly with the loss of Captain Bolton, his friend and brother officer, from the fire of some guns opposite, levelled his cannon at them, and had the satisfaction to see the French artillerymen, and officers who commanded them, fall in their turn. At that moment he was accosted suddenly by the Duke of Wellington, whom he had no idea was near—"What are you firing at there?" The artillery officer confessed what he was about. "Keep a good look out to your left," said the Duke, "you will see a large body of the enemy advancing just now—fire at them." They soon perceived a tremendous number of the Imperial Guards, the *élite* of the army, advancing with great order and steadiness to attack the British. The moment they appeared in view, the officer to whom the Duke had spoken, directed against them such a tremendous and effective fire, that they were mowed down by ranks. This gallant young officer had volunteered his services, and was one of the brigade attached to the second division of our army.

The ground occupied by Sir Thomas Picton's division, on the left of the road from Brussels, is lower than any other part of the British position. It is divided from the more elevated ridge where the French were posted by a very gentle declivity. To the right the ground rises, and the hollow irregularly increases, until at Château Hougoumont it becomes a sort of small dell or ravine, and the banks are both high and steep. But the ground occupied by the French is uniformly higher, and decidedly a stronger position than ours.

Nothing struck me with more surprise than the confined space in which this tremendous battle had been fought; and this, perhaps, in some measure contributed to its sanguinary result. The space which divided the two armies from the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which was occupied by our troops, to La Belle Alliance, which was occupied by theirs, would, I think, scarcely measure three furlongs. Not more than half a mile could have intervened between the main body of the French and English armies; and from the extremity of the right to that of the left wing of our army, I should suppose to be little more than a mile.

The hedge along which Sir Thomas Picton's division was stationed, and through which the Scots Greys, with the Royals and the Inniskillens, headed by Lord Uxbridge, made their glorious and decisive charge at the close of the action, is almost the only one in the field of battle. The ground is occasionally divided by some shallow ditches, and in one place there is a sort of low mud dyke, which was very much broken and beaten down. This was not on the ground our troops occupied, but rather below the French position ; and excepting this, the whole field of battle is unenclosed. The

ground is, however, very uneven and broken, and the soil a strong clay. It belongs to different farmers, and bore crops of different kinds of corn; but it is entirely arable land, and, excepting a very small piece on the French side, none of it was in grass.

Against the left wing of our army the attacks of the French were furious and incessant. Buonaparte had stationed opposite to it the chief body of his Corps de Réserve, and fresh columns of troops continually poured down, without being able to make the smallest impression upon the firm and impenetrable squares which the British regiments formed to receive them. It was Buonaparte's object to turn the left wing of our army, and cut it off from the Prussians, with whom a communication was maintained through Ohain, and who were known (at least by the commanders of the British army) to be advancing.* The Duke expected them to have joined before one o'clock, but it was seven before they made their appearance.

On the top of the ridge in front of the British position, on the left of the road, we traced a long line of tremendous graves, or rather pits, into which hundreds of dead had been thrown as they had fallen in their ranks, without yielding an inch of ground. The effluvia which arose from them, even beneath the open canopy of heaven, was horrible; and the pure west wind of summer, as it passed us, seemed pestiferous, so deadly was the smell that in many places pervaded the field. The fresh-turned clay which covered those pits

* It is, however, a remarkable fact, and does additional honour to the resolute, invincible constancy of British soldiers, that nearly all the officers, and the whole of the privates of the British army, were ignorant that there was any expectation of the arrival of the Prussians. Indeed, many of them never knew till after the battle was over that they had joined.

betrayed how recent had been their formation. From one of them the scanty clods of earth which had covered it had in one place fallen, and the skeleton of a human face was visible. I turned from the spot in indescribable horror, and with a sensation of deadly faintness which I could scarcely overcome.

On the opposite side of the road we scrambled up a perpendicular bank, through which the road had evidently been cut. It was upon this eminence that the Duke of Wellington stood, beneath the memorable tree, from the commencement of the action, surrounded by his staff. It was here, we were told, that in the most critical part of it he rallied the different regiments, and led them on again in person to renew the shock of battle. Here we stood some time to survey the field.

Immediately before us, nearly in the hollow, was the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, surrounded by a quadrangular wall, full of holes for musketry. At the commencement of the action it was occupied by the British, and it formed the most advanced post of the left centre of our army. It was gallantly and successfully defended by a detachment of the light battalion of the German Legion, until nearly the close of the day, when their ammunition was exhausted; it was impossible to send them a supply, as all communication with them was cut off by the enemy, who at length succeeded in carrying it, after a most obstinate resistance; but its brave defenders only resigned its possession with their lives.

On the opposite side of the road, a little behind La Haye Sainte, and immediately below the ground occupied by Sir Thomas Picton's division, is a quarry which was surrounded by British artillery at the commencement of the battle. Towards the close of the action it was filled with the wounded, who had taken refuge in it as a shelter from the

shot and shells, and from the charge of the cavalry—when, horrible to relate! a body of French Cuirassiers were completely overthrown into this quarry by a furious charge of the British, and horses and riders were rolled in death upon these unfortunate sufferers. The ghastly spectacle which it exhibited next morning was described to me by an eye-witness of this scene of horror. On the left, in the hollow between the two armies, we saw the hamlet of Ter la Haye, which was occupied by British troops;—its possession was never disputed by the enemy, although it was close advanced upon their position. Beyond it, still farther to the left, were the woods of Frischermont, and the road to Wavre, from which the Prussians issued through a narrow defile, and advanced to attack the right flank of the French.

These woods bounded the prospect on that side. On the right stood the ruins of Château Hougoumont (or Château Goumont, as the country-people called it), concealed from view by a small wood which crowns the hill. It formed the most advanced post of the right centre of our army, and it was defended to the last with efforts of successful valour, almost more than human, against the overpowering numbers and furious attacks of the enemy. The battle commenced here about eleven o'clock. The French, suddenly uncovering a masked battery, opened a tremendous fire upon this part of our position, and advanced to the attack with astonishing impetuosity, led on, it is said, by Jerome Buonaparte in person, while Napoleon viewed it from his station near the Observatory on the opposite height. They were completely repulsed by the bravery of General Byng's brigade of Guards, but they succeeded in carrying the wood, which was occupied by the Belgic troops. The French, however,

after a dreadful struggle, were driven out of the wood again by the Coldstreams and the third regiment of Guards, and never afterwards were able to regain possession of it. The Black Brunswickers behaved most gallantly. In retrieving the consequences of the misconduct of the Belgic troops, and in defending the Château and the garden, the British Guards performed prodigies of valour, though they suffered most severely. Lieutenant-General Cooke, Major-General Byng, Lord Saltoun, the lamented Colonel Miller, who died as he had lived—a brave and honourable soldier; Captain Adair, Captains Evelyn and Ellis; Colonels Askew, Dashwood, and D'Oyley, with many others, particularly distinguished themselves by their steady gallantry and personal valour. The house was consumed by fire, and numbers of the wounded perished in the flames; yet the British maintained possession of it to the last, in spite of the incessant and desperate attacks of the enemy, who directed against it a furious fire of shot and shells, under cover of which large bodies of troops advanced continually to the assault, and were driven back again and again with tremendous slaughter. Without the possession of this important post the right flank of our army could not be attacked; it formed what is called the key of the position; from its elevation it commanded the whole of the ground occupied by our army, and had it been lost, the victory to the French would scarcely have been doubtful.

Opposite, but divided from it by a deep hollow, were the heights occupied by the French, upon which, at some distance, and secure from the storm of war, stands the Observatory, where Buonaparte stationed himself at the beginning of the action, and whence he issued his orders, and commanded column after column to advance to the charge, and rush upon destruction. His "invincible" legions, his in-

vulnerable Cuirassiers, in vain assaulted the position of the British with the most furious and undaunted resolution. In vain the vast tide of battle rolled on—like the rocks of their native land, they repelled its rage.—Squares of infantry received the onset of the French columns; directed against them a steady and uninterrupted fire of musketry, and stood firm and unshaken beneath the most tremendous showers of shot and shell. Every vacancy caused by death was instantly filled up: the enemy vainly sought for an opening through which they might penetrate the impenetrable phalanx; and when at last they receded from the ineffectual attack, the British cavalry rushed forward to the charge, and, notwithstanding their superiority of numbers, drove them back with immense slaughter. But I am relating the history of the battle, forgetful that I am only describing the field.

From the spot where we now stood I cast my eyes on every side, and saw nothing but the dreadful and recent traces of death and devastation. The rich harvests of standing corn,* which had covered the scene of action we were contemplating, had been beaten into the earth, and the withered and broken stalks dried in the sun, now presented the appearance of stubble, though blacker and far more bare than any stubble land.

In many places the excavations made by the shells had thrown up the earth all around them; the marks of horses' hoofs, that had plunged ankle deep in clay, were hardened

* In this part of Belgium, the wheat had this year grown to full five feet in height, and rye upwards of six feet: great quantities of the latter are grown, for it answers to the liberal definition of oats by Dr. Johnson, and is the food of men in England, and of horses in Flanders; nay, it is actually baked into bread for their use, and regularly given them at the inns where they stop to bait. Several soldiers of the Highland regiments who had got into a field of this gigantic rye on the 16th, were shot without even being able to see their enemy.

in the sun; and the feet of men, deeply stamped into the ground, left traces where many a deadly struggle had been. The ground was ploughed up in several places with the charge of the cavalry, and the whole field was literally covered with soldiers' caps, shoes, gloves, belts, and scabbards; broken feathers battered into the mud, remnants of tattered scarlet or blue cloth, bits of fur and leather, black stocks and havresacs, belonging to the French soldiers, buckles, packs of cards, books, and innumerable papers of every description. I picked up a volume of Candide; a few sheets of sentimental love-letters, evidently belonging to some French novel; and many other pages of the same publication were flying over the field in much too muddy a state to be touched. One German Testament, not quite so dirty as many that were lying about, I carried with me nearly the whole day; printed French military returns, muster rolls, love-letters, and washing bills; illegible songs, scattered sheets of military music, epistles without number in praise of "l'Empereur, le Grand Napoléon," and filled with the most confident anticipations of victory under his command, were strewed over the field which had been the scene of his defeat. The quantities of letters and of blank sheets of dirty writing paper were so great that they literally whitened the surface of the earth.

The road to Genappe, descending from the front of the British position, where we were now standing, passes the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, and ascends the opposite height, on the summit of which stands La Belle Alliance, which was occupied by the French. We walked down the hill to La Haye Sainte—its walls and slated roofs were shattered and pierced through in every direction with cannon shot. We could not get admittance into it, for it was completely deserted by its inhabitants. Three wounded officers

of the 42nd and 92nd Regiments were standing here to survey the scene: they had all of them been wounded in the battle of the 16th. One of them had lost an arm, another was on crutches, and the third seemed to be very ill. Their carriage waited for them, as they were unable to walk. After some conversation with them, we proceeded up the hill to the hamlet of La Belle Alliance. The principal house on the left side of the road was pierced through and through with cannon balls, and the offices behind it were a heap of dust from the fire of the British artillery. Notwithstanding the ruinous state of the house, it was filled with inhabitants. Its broken walls, "its looped and windowed wretchedness," might indeed defend them sufficiently "well from seasons such as these," when the soft breezes and the bright beams of summer played around it—but against "the pelting of the storm," it would afford them but a sorry shelter. It was immediately to be repaired; but I rejoiced that it yet remained in its dilapidated state.

The house was filled with vestiges of the battle. Cuirasses, helmets, swords, bayonets, feathers, brass eagles, and crosses of the Legion of Honour, were to be purchased here. The house consisted of three rooms, two in front, and a very small one behind. On the opposite side of the road is a little cottage, forming part of the hamlet of La Belle Alliance; and at a short distance, by the way side, is another low-roofed cottage, which was pointed out to us as the place where Buonaparte breakfasted on the morning of the battle. Farther along this road, but not in sight, was the village of Planchenoit, which was the head-quarters of the French on the night of the 17th.*

* Buonaparte slept at the farm of Caillon, near Planchenoit.

We crossed the field from this place to Château Hougoumont, descending to the bottom of the hill, and again ascending the opposite side. Part of our way lay through clover; but I observed that the corn on the French position was not nearly so much beaten down as on the English, which might naturally be expected, as they attacked us incessantly, and we acted on the defensive, until that last, general, and decisive charge of our whole army was made, before which theirs fled in confusion. In some places patches of corn nearly as high as myself was standing. Among them I discovered many a forgotten grave, strewed round with melancholy remnants of military attire. While I loitered behind the rest of the party, searching among the corn for some relics worthy of preservation, I beheld a human hand, almost reduced to a skeleton, outstretched above the ground, as if it had raised itself from the grave. My blood ran cold with horror, and for some moments I stood rooted to the spot, unable to take my eyes from this dreadful object, or to move away: as soon as I recovered myself, I hastened after my companions, who were far before me, and overtook them just as they entered the wood of Hougoumont. Never shall I forget the dreadful scene of death and destruction which it presented. The broken branches were strewed around, the green beech leaves fallen before their time, and stripped by the storm of war, not by the storm of Nature, were scattered over the surface of the ground, emblematical of the fate of the thousands who had fallen on the same spot in the summer of their days. The return of spring will dress the wood of Hougoumont once more in vernal beauty, and succeeding years will see it flourish:

"But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn,
Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

The trunks of the trees had been pierced in every direction with cannon-balls. In some of them I counted the holes, where upwards of thirty had lodged:* yet they still lived, they still bore their verdant foliage, and the birds still sang amidst their boughs. Beneath their shade the hare-bell and violet were waving their slender heads; and the wild raspberry at their roots was ripening its fruit. I gathered some of it with the bitter reflection, that amidst the destruction of human life these worthless weeds and flowers had escaped uninjured.

Melancholy were the vestiges of death that continually met our eyes. The carnage here had indeed been dreadful. Amongst the long grass lay remains of broken arms, shreds of gold lace, torn epaulets, and pieces of cartridge boxes; and upon the tangled branches of the brambles fluttered many a tattered remnant of a soldier's coat. At the outskirts of the wood, and around the ruined walls of the Château, huge piles of human ashes were heaped up, some of which were still smoking. The countrymen told us, that so great were the numbers of the slain, that it was impossible entirely to consume them. Pits had been dug, into which they had been thrown, but they were obliged to be raised far above the surface of the ground. These dreadful heaps were covered with piles of wood, which were set on fire, so that underneath the ashes lay numbers of human bodies unconsumed.

The Château itself, the beautiful seat of a Belgic gentle-

* These memorable beech-trees, pierced through and through with balls, have been since all cut down by the owner of Château Hougoumont!!!

man, had been set on fire by the explosion of shells during the action, which had completed the destruction occasioned by a most furious cannonade. Its broken walls and falling roof presented a most melancholy spectacle: not melancholy merely from its being a pile of ruins, but from the vestiges it presented of that tremendous and recent warfare by which those ruins had been caused. Its huge blackened beams had fallen in every direction upon the crumbling heaps of stone and plaster, which were intermixed with broken pieces of the marble flags, the carved cornices, and the gilded mirrors, that once ornamented it.

We went into the garden, which had sustained comparatively little injury, while every thing around it was laid waste. Its gay parterres and summer flowers made it look like an island in the desert. A berçeau, or covered walk, ran round it, shaded with creeping plants, amongst which honey-suckles and jessamines were intermixed, en treillage. The trees were loaded with fruit; the myrtles and fig-trees were flourishing in luxuriance, and the scarlet geraniums, July flowers, and orange-trees, were in full blow. My native country can boast of no such beauty as bloomed at Château Hougoumont: its rugged clime produces no fruitful fig-trees, no flowers rich in the fragrance of orange blossom:—but it is the land of heroes!

> "Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
> And souls are ripened in our northern sky."

I saw the pure and polished leaves of the laurel shining in the sun, and I could not restrain my tears at the thought that the laurels, the everlasting laurels which England had won upon this spot, were steeped in the heart-blood of thousands of her brave, her lamented sons. But if not immortal

in their lives, they will be so in their fame: their laurels will never wither; and no British heart, henceforward, will ever visit this hallowed spot without paying a tribute of veneration and regret to those gallant spirits who here fought and fell for their country.

At the garden gate I found the holster of a British officer, entire, but deluged with blood. In the inside was the maker's name—Beazley and Hetse, No. 4, Parliament-street. All around were strewed torn epaulets, broken scabbards, and sabretashes stained and stiffened with blood—proofs how dreadfully the battle had raged. The garden and courts were lined during the engagement with Nassau troops, as sharpshooters, who did great execution.

A poor countryman, with his wife and children, inhabited a miserable shed amongst these deserted ruins. This unfortunate family had only fled from the spot on the morning of the battle. Their little dwelling had been burnt, and all their property had perished in the flames. They had scarcely clothes to cover them, and were destitute of everything. Yet the poor woman, as she told me the story of their distresses, and wept over the baby that she clasped to her breast, blessed heaven that she had preserved her children. She seemed most grateful for a little assistance, took me into her miserable habitation, and gave me the broken sword of a British officer of infantry (most probably of the Guards), which was the only thing she had left; and which, with some other relics before collected, I preserved as carefully as if they had been the most valuable treasures.

It is a remarkable circumstance that amidst this scene of destruction, and surrounded on all sides by the shattered walls and smoking piles of "this ruined and roofless abode," the little

chapel belonging to the Château stood uninjured. Its preservation appeared to these simple peasants an unquestionable miracle; and we felt more inclined to respect than to wonder at the superstitious veneration with which they regarded it. No shot nor shell had penetrated its consecrated walls; no sacrilegious hand had dared to violate its humble altar, which was still adorned with its ancient ornaments and its customary care. A type of that blessed religion to which it was consecrated, it stood alone, unchanged, amidst the wreck of earthly greatness—as if to speak to our hearts, amidst the horrors of the tomb, the promises of immortality; and to recal our thoughts from the crimes and sorrows of earth to the hopes and happiness of heaven. The voice of the Divinity himself within his holy temple seemed to tell us, that those whom we lamented here, and who, in the discharge of their last and noblest duty to their country, had met on the field of honour "the death that best becomes the brave,"—should receive in another and a better world their great reward! Blackened piles of human ashes surrounded us; but I felt that though "the dust returns to the earth, the spirit returns unto Him that gave it."

The countryman led me to one of these piles within the gates of the court belonging to the Château, where, he said, the bodies of three hundred of the British Guardsmen who had so gallantly defended it, had been burnt as they had been found, heaped in death.* I took some of the ashes and wrapped them up in one of the many sheets of paper that were strewed around me; perhaps those heaps that then blackened the surface of this scene of desolation are already

* In other pits the corpses of the French had also been burned. About eight thousand of the French army fell in the attack of Hougoumont.

scattered by the winds of winter, and mingled unnoticed with the dust of the field; perhaps the few sacred ashes which I then gathered at Château Hougoumont are all that is now to be found upon earth of the thousands who fell upon this fatal field!

It was not without regret that we left this ever-memorable spot, surrounded as it was by horrors that shocked the mind, and vestiges that were revolting to the senses. Still we lingered around it, till at length, after gazing for the last time at its ruined archways and desolated courts, we struck into the wood, and lost sight for ever of the Château Hougoumont. The road to Nivelles, which strikes off to the right from the highroad to Genappe at the village of Mont St. Jean, passes the Château on the other side. The right wing of the British army crossed this road, and in the deep ditches on each side of it we were told that human remains still lay uninterred. Some of the party returned to Mont St. Jean by this road, which is considerably nearer; but my brother, my sister, and myself, once more crossed the field in order to pay another visit to La Belle Alliance.

I could not be persuaded to go to see the skeleton of a calf which had been burnt in one of the outhouses of Hougoumont, and over which one of the ladies of our party uttered the most pathetic lamentations. It seemed to fill her mind with more concern than anything else. At another time I might have been sorry for the calf; but when I remembered how many poor wounded men had been burnt alive in these ruins, it was impossible to bestow a single thought upon its fate. Finding that her sensibility obtained no sympathy from me, the lady turned to my sister, and began to bewail the calf anew, till at last, wearied out with such folly, "out of

her grief and her impatience," she exclaimed, "that she did not care if all the calves in the world had been burnt, compared to one of the brave men who had perished here."

As we passed again through the wood of Hougoumont, I gathered some seeds of the wild broom, with the intention of planting them at H. Park, and with the hope that I should one day see the broom of Hougoumont blooming on the banks of the Tweed. In leaving the wood I was struck with the sight of the scarlet poppy flaunting in full bloom upon some new-made graves, as if in mockery of the dead. In many parts of the field these flowers were growing in profusion: they had probably been protected from injury by the tall and thick corn amongst which they grew, and their slender roots had adhered to the clods of clay which had been carelessly thrown upon the graves. From one of these graves I gathered the little wild blue flower known by the sentimental name of "Forget me not!" which to a romantic imagination might have furnished a fruitful subject for poetic reverie or pensive reflection.

While my sister was taking a view of the field of battle, and my brother was overlooking and guarding her, I entered the cottage of "La Belle Alliance," and began to talk to Baptiste la Coste, Buonaparte's guide, whom I found there. He is a sturdy, honest-looking countryman, and gave an interesting account of Buonaparte's behaviour during the battle. He said that he issued his orders with great vehemence, and even impatience: he took snuff incessantly, but in a hurried manner, and apparently from habit, and without being conscious that he was doing so: he talked a great deal, and very rapidly—his manner of speaking was abrupt, quick, and hurried: he was extremely nervous and agitated at

times, though his anticipations of victory were most confident. He frequently expressed his astonishment, rather angrily, that the British held out so long—at the same time he could not repress his admiration of their gallantry, and often broke out into exclamations of amazement and approbation of their courage and conduct. He particularly admired the Scotch Greys—"Voilà ces chevaux gris—ah! ce sont beaux cavaliers—très beaux;" and then he said they would all be cut to pieces. He said—"These English certainly fight well, but they must soon give way;" and he asked Soult, who was near him, "if he did not think so?" Soult replied, "He was afraid not." "And why?" said Napoleon, turning round to him quickly. "Because," said Soult, "I believe they will first be cut to pieces." Soult's opinion of the British army, which was founded on experience, coincided with that of the Duke of Wellington. "It will take a great many hours to cut them in pieces," said the Duke, in answer to something that was said to him during the action; "and I know they will never give way."

Buonaparte, however, who knew less of them, and whose head always ran upon the idea of the English flying to their ships, had never dreamt that with a force so inferior they would think of giving him battle, but imagined that they would continue their retreat during the night, and that he should have to pursue them. It is said that he expressed great satisfaction when the morning broke and he saw them still there; and that he exclaimed, "Ah! pour le coup—je les tiens donc—ces Anglais!"

Before the engagement began he harangued the army, promising them the plunder of Brussels and Ghent. Once, towards the close of the battle, he addressed himself to the

Imperial Guard, leading them on to the brink of the hill, and telling them "that was the road to Brussels." Regardless of the waste of human life, he incessantly ordered his battalions to advance—to bear down upon the enemy—to carry every thing before them. He inflamed their ardour by the remembrance of past, as well as the prospect of present victory, and the promise of future reward: but he never led them on to battle himself—he never once braved the shock of British arms. It is not true as has been reported, that he was ever near Lord Uxbridge, or in any danger of being taken prisoner by the English. Indeed, he exposed himself to very little personal risk—a proof of which is, that not one of those who attended him the whole day was wounded.

La Coste said, that at first, when he was told that the Prussians were advancing, he obstinately and angrily refused to believe it, declaring it was the French corps under Marshal Grouchy.* He then commanded this news to be spread amongst the army, and ordered Marshal Ney, at the head of two columns, each composed of four battalions of the old Imperial Guard, and seconded by all the available force of the French army, both cavalry and infantry, to charge, and to penetrate to the centre of the British position. He stood to witness the desperate struggle which ensued, and the final and complete overthrow of the *élite* of his gallant army, of immensely preponderating force, by a handful of determined

* That Buonaparte pretended to believe those troops to be French, although he must have known the contrary, is unquestionably true. Marshal Ney, in his account of the battle, states that he received a message from the emperor, brought by General Labedoyère, to inform him "that the French corps under Marshal Grouchy had arrived in the field, and attacked the left wing of the British and Prussians united. General Labedoyère rode along the lines, spreading this intelligence through the whole army."—Vide *Marshal Ney's Letter.*

British troops; but when he perceived his "invincible legions" give way, and retreat in confusion before the grand simultaneous charge of the British army, which immediately ensued, led by the Duke of Wellington in person, who was amongst the foremost in the onset, he turned pale, his perturbation became extreme, and exclaiming, "All is lost—let us save ourselves" (Tout est perdu; or, Sauve qui peut!), or words to that effect; he put spurs to his horse, and galloped from the field. La Coste expressly said, that he was among the first of the officers to set the example of flight.* His own old Imperial Guard still remained—disputed every foot of ground—fought desperately to the last, and at length, overpowered by numbers, fell gloriously—as their leader should have fallen.

But he!—not even despair could prompt him to one noble thought, or rouse him to one deed of desperate valour. He fled—as at Egypt, at Moscow, and at Leipsic he had fled—while his faithful veterans were still fighting with enthusiastic gallantry, and shedding the last drop of their blood in his cause!

Was this the conduct of a hero? Was this the conduct of a general? Was this the conduct of a great mind? No! He had set his "life upon a cast, and he should have stood the hazard of the die." And for what did he abandon his army, and basely fly in the hour of danger? That he might be humiliated, pursued, and taken—that he might become a suppliant to that hated enemy whose ruin he had pursued with implacable hostility, and be indebted to their faith and generosity for life and safety—that he might live to hear his

* This statement too is confirmed by Marshal Ney, who said, "that Buonaparte had entirely disappeared before the end of the battle." Let it be remembered that Ney's letter was written exactly a week after the battle, while Napoleon was still emperor, and still in Paris, and, if his statement was not true, a thousand witnesses could have contradicted it.

name execrated, and linger out a few years of miserable existence in exile, obscurity, and degradation.

It has been said by his advocates and admirers, that he was not only a great man, but the greatest man who ever lived—and that his only fault was ambition. Yes! Napoleon Buonaparte had, indeed, ambition; but it was selfish ambition; it was for power, not for glory; for unbounded empire and unlimited dominion, not for the welfare of his subjects and the prosperity of his country. He used the talents, the opportunities, and the power, with which he was gifted, and such as perhaps no mortal ever before enjoyed, not to save, but to destroy, not to bless, but to desolate, the world.

The conduct of the leaders of the contending armies was as opposite as the cause for which they fought. While Napoleon kept aloof from the action, Lord Wellington exposed himself to the hottest fire, threw himself into the thickest of the fight, and braved every danger of the battle. He issued every order, he directed every movement, he seemed to be everywhere present, he encouraged his troops, he rallied his regiments, he led them on against the tremendous forces of the enemy, charged at their head, and defeated their most formidable attacks. No private soldier in his army was exposed to half the personal danger that he encountered.* All who surrounded him fell by his side, wounded and dying. All his personal staff, with scarcely an exception, were either killed or wounded. In the battle's most terrible moment, and most hopeless crisis, when our gallant army, weakened by immense losses, and by more than seven hours of unequal combat, were scarcely able to stand against the overwhelm-

* The Duke himself reverentially said afterwards, "The finger of God was upon me."

ing number of fresh troops which the enemy poured down against them; when the recreant Belgians fled, when every British soldier was in action, when reinforcements were asked for in vain; when no reserve remained, and no prospect of succour from our allies appeared, Lord Wellington, exposed to the hottest fire, calmly rode along the lines of his diminished army, animating and encouraging the men; directed fresh arrangements of his remaining forces; rallied in the fight, the wavering Brunswickers, cheered on, and headed the brave British Brigades,* and finally, having repulsed the last tremendous attack of the enemy,—with the memorable words, "Up guards! and at them!" led on the remnant of his gallant army to the most glorious victory a general ever won.

Nor was the conduct of the two generals on this day more opposite than that of the armies which they commanded, and the motives by which they were actuated. The French fought to obtain plunder and aggrandisement—the British to fulfil their duty to their country. Well did their generals know this essential difference! Buonaparte held out to his troops the spoils of Belgium and Holland. When he wished to animate them to the greatest exertions, he led them forward and told them, "That was the road to Brussels!" Lord Wellington, in the most critical moment of the battle, held another language. "We must not be beaten," he said to his soldiers; "what will they say of us in England!" After the battle their conduct was equally different. The French had murdered numbers of their prisoners, and those whose

* It was near seven o'clock when this circumstance happened. The Prussians had not appeared. The regiments which he led to the charge were the 71st, the 52nd, and the 95th. He also repeatedly rallied the Belgic regiments, and sometimes vainly exerted himself to make them face the enemy.

lives they spared, they robbed, insulted, and treated with the utmost cruelty, shutting them up without food, without dressing their wounds, and subjecting them to every hardship and privation. The British, on the contrary, though irritated by the knowledge of these barbarities, protected the wounded French from the rage of the Prussians, who would have gladly revenged the cruelties with which they had been treated by them. Our wounded soldiers, who were able to move, employed themselves in assisting their suffering enemies, binding up their wounds, and giving them food and water—but the brave are always merciful.

A countryman, who belonged either to La Belle Alliance, or to some of the neighbouring cottages, told me, that when he came here early on the morning after the battle, the house was surrounded with the wounded and dying of the French army, many of whom implored him, for God's sake, to put an end to their sufferings.

But the agonising scenes which had so recently taken place here, and the images of horror which every object in and around La Belle Alliance was irresistibly calculated to suggest to the mind, were almost too dreadful for reflection. More pleasing was the remembrance, that it was here Napoleon Buonaparte stood when he prematurely dispatched a courier to Paris with the false news that he had won the day; and that it was here the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher accidently met, a few hours after, in the very moment of victory, when Buonaparte was flying before their triumphant armies, himself the bearer of the news of his own defeat.

The interview between the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher was short, but it will be for ever memorable in the annals of history. They did not enter the house, but re-

mained together a few minutes in earnest conversation. It is well known that Blucher and the Prussians continued the pursuit during the night. The remains of the British army rested from their toils on the ground, surrounded by the bleeding and dying French, on the very spot which they had occupied the preceding night—and Lord Wellington returned to Waterloo.

"As he crossed again the fatal field, on which the silence of death had now succeeded to the storm of battle, the moon, breaking from dark clouds, shed an uncertain light upon this wide scene of carnage, covered with mangled thousands of that gallant army whose heroic valour had won for him the brightest wreath of victory, and left to future times an imperishable monument of their country's fame. He saw himself surrounded by the bloody corpses of his veteran soldiers, who had followed him through distant lands, of his friends, his associates in arms, his companions through many an eventful year of danger and of glory: in that awful pause, which follows the mortal conflict of man with man, emotions, unknown or stifled in the heat of battle, forced their way—the feelings of the man triumphed over those of the general, and in the very hour of victory Lord Wellington burst into tears."*

* It was with a heart saddened by feelings which did him honour, that the Duke of Wellington returned from the battle. The letters which he wrote to the relations of the distinguished officers who had fallen, prove how truly he felt what he sorrowfully said, that "there is nothing more melancholy than a victory—except a defeat." I cannot resist inserting the following simple and affecting extract from one of his letters, written on the morning after the battle. "I cannot express to you," he writes, "the regret and sorrow with which I look around me, and contemplate the losses which I have sustained. They have quite broken me down. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me."

The extract in the text is taken "From Circumstantial Details Relative to the Battle of Waterloo," which was written by the author to explain

The state of the wounded during this dreadful night may be conceived. Not even a drop of water was to be had on the field to relieve their thirst, and none was to be procured nearer than Waterloo. Late as it was, and exhausted as our officers must have been with the fatigue of such unremitting exertions, many of them mounted their horses, slung over their shoulders as many canteens as they could carry, galloped to Waterloo, a distance of more than two miles from almost every part of the field, filled them with water, and returned with it for the relief of the wounded men.

I did not leave a corner of La Belle Alliance unrummaged, but I cannot say that I saw anything particularly worthy of notice: I ate a bit of intolerably bad rye-cake, as sour as vinegar, and as black as the bread of Sparta, which nothing but the consideration of its having been in La Belle Alliance during the battle (which the woman assured me was the case) could have induced me to swallow:—but I need not stop to relate my own follies.

I bought from the people of the house the feather of a French officer, and a cuirass which had belonged to a French Cuirassier, who, they said, had died here the day after the battle. Loaded with my spoils, I traversed the whole extent of the field, thinking, as I toiled along beneath the burning sun, under the weight of the heavy cuirass, that the poor man to whom it had belonged, when he brought it into the field, in all the pride of martial ardour, and all the confidence of victory, little dreamed who would carry it off. If he had known that it was to be an English lady, he would have been more surprised than pleased.

"A Panoramic Sketch of the Field of Battle," by her sister, both of which were published by J. Booth, London, in August, 1815, for the benefit of the Waterloo Fund.

I did not stop till I got to the old tree now known by the name of Lord Wellington's tree,* near which he stood for a length of time during the battle, and beneath which I now sat myself down to rest. Its massy trunk and broken branches were pierced with a number of cannon-balls, but its foliage still afforded me a grateful shade from the rays of the sun.

It was between this part of the field and Hougoumont that the lamented Sir William Ponsonby gloriously fell in the prime of life and honour, after repeatedly leading the most gallant and successful charges against the enemy, in which he took upwards of 2000 prisoners and two French eagles. The particulars of his death are well known. In the heat of the action he was unfortunately separated from his brigade, his horse stuck fast in the deep wet clay of some newly-ploughed land, and he saw a large body of Polish Lancers bearing down against him. In this dreadful situation he awaited the inevitable fate that approached him with the composure of a hero: he calmly turned to his aide-de-camp, who was still by his side, and it is said that he was in the act of giving him a picture and a last message to his wife, when he was pierced at once with the pikes of seven of the Polish Lancers, and fell covered with wounds. England never lost a better soldier, nor society a brighter ornament. He was deservedly beloved by his friends and companions, adored by his family, and lamented and honoured by his country.

Numbers of country-people were employed in what might be called the gleanings of the harvest of spoil. The muskets, the swords, the helmets, the cuirasses—all the large and un-

* It is on the left of the road in going towards Waterloo, behind the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. But this tree, which ought to have been for ever sacred, has been CUT DOWN!!!

broken arms had been immediately carried off; and now the eagles that had emblazoned the caps of the French infantry, the fragments of broken swords, &c., were rarely to be found, though there was great abundance upon sale. But there was still plenty of rubbish to be picked up upon the field, for those who had a taste for it like me—though the greatest part of it was in a most horrible state.

It was astonishing with what dreadful haste the bodies of the dead had been pillaged. The work of plunder was carried on even during the battle; and those hardened and abandoned wretches who follow the camp, like vultures, to prey upon the corpses of the dead, had the temerity to press forward beneath a heavy fire to rifle the pockets of the officers who fell of their watches and money. The most daring and atrocious of these marauders were women.*

The description I heard of the field the morning after the battle from those who had visited it, I cannot yet recal without horror. Horses were galloping about in every direction without their riders: some of them, bleeding with their

* Some soldiers' wives were, however, actuated by better motives, and, like the matrons of Hensberg, in times of old, seemed to think their best treasures were their husbands. Many of them rushed forward and carried their wounded husbands off the field at the hazard of their own lives. The wife of a sergeant in the 28th was severely wounded in two places by a shell, which struck her as she was carrying off her wounded husband. This anecdote was related to me by an eye-witness of the circumstance. The woman (respecting whom I inquired since my return to England) has, I understand, been allowed a pension from Chelsea Hospital. I heard of several similar instances of heroic conjugal affection; and I myself saw one poor woman, the wife of a private in the 27th, whose leg was dreadfully fractured by a musket-ball in rescuing her husband. When struck by the ball she fell to the ground with her husband, who was supposed to be mortally wounded, but she still refused to leave him, and they were removed together to the rear, and afterwards sent to Antwerp. The poor man survived the amputation of both his arms, and is still alive. The woman, who was then in a state of pregnancy, has, since her return to this country, given birth to a child, to which the Duke of York stood godfather.

wounds and frantic with pain, were tearing up the ground, and plunging over the bodies of the dead and the dying—and many of them were lying on the ground in the agonies of death.

Over the whole field the bodies of the innumerable dead, already stripped of every covering, were lying in heaps upon each other; the wounded in many instances beneath them. Some, faint and bleeding, were slowly attempting to make their way towards Brussels; others were crawling upon their hands and knees from this scene of misery; and many, unable to move, lay on the ground in agony.

For four days and nights some of these unfortunate men were exposed to the beams of the sun by day, and to the dews by night; for notwithstanding the most praiseworthy and indefatigable exertions, the last of the wounded were not removed from the field until the Thursday after the battle; and if we consider that there were at least 8000 British, besides the Belgic, Brunswick, and Prussian wounded soldiers, and an incalculable number of wounded French—we shall find cause for surprise and admiration, that they could be removed in so short a time. Their conveyance, too, was rendered extremely difficult, as well as inconceivably painful to the poor sufferers, by the dreadful and almost impassable state of the roads.

The Belgic peasantry showed the most active and attentive humanity to these poor wounded men. They brought them the best food they could procure; they gave them water to drink—they ministered to all their wants—complied with all their wishes—and treated them as if they had been their own children.

An officer, with whom we are well acquainted, went over the field on the morning of the battle, and examined the ghastly heaps of dead in search of the body of a near rela-

tion ; and after all the corpses were buried or burnt—in the same melancholy and fruitless search, many an English-woman, whom this day of glory had bereft of husband or son, wandered over this fatal field, wildly calling upon the names of those who were now no more. The very day before we visited it, the widow and the sister of a brave and lamented British officer had been here, harrowing up the souls of the beholders with their wild lamentations, vainly demanding where the remains of him they loved reposed, and accusing Heaven for denying them the consolation of weeping over his grave. I was myself, afterwards, a sorrowful witness of the dreadful effects of the unrestrained indulgence of this passionate and heart-breaking grief. In the instance to which I allude, sorrow had nearly driven reason from her seat, and melancholy verged upon madness.

I have forced myself to dwell upon these scenes of horror, with whatever pain to my own feelings, because in this favoured country, which the mercy of Heaven has hitherto preserved from being the theatre of war, and from experiencing the calamities which have visited other nations, I have sometimes thought that the blessings of that exemption are but imperfectly felt, and that the sufferings and the dangers of those whose valour and whose blood have been its security and glory, are but faintly understood, and coldly commiserated. I wished that those who had suffered in the cause of their country should be repaid by her gratitude, and that she should learn more justly to estimate "the price of victory." But it is impossible for me to describe, or for imagination to conceive, the horrors of Waterloo!

How gladly would I dwell upon the individual merits of those who fell upon this glorious field, had I but the power to snatch from oblivion one of the many names which ought

to be enrolled in the proud list of their country's heroes! In the heat of such a battle, probably thousands have fallen, whose untold deeds surpass all that from childhood our hearts have worshipped. But that heroic valour and devoted patriotism, which in other days were confined to individuals and signalised their conduct—at Waterloo pervaded every breast. Every private soldier acted like a hero, and thus individual merit was lost in the general excellence, as the beams of the stars are undistinguished in the universal blaze of day.

But it is not only the unrivalled glory of my countrymen in arms, of which I am proud, it is the noble use which they have made of their triumph. It is not only their irresistible valour in battle, but their unexampled mercy and moderation in victory which exalts them above all other nations. It has been justly said by those whom they conquered, that no other army than the British could have won the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo: and no other army but the British, after such a battle and such a victory, after a long course of incessant warfare, after recent insults and wanton cruelties, and after ages of inveterate hostility and national animosity,—no other army but the British, in such circumstances, would have marched through the heart of that enemy's country, and entered that enemy's capital, as the British army marched through France and entered Paris.

We have only to remember what has invariably been the conduct of the French armies in their march through the countries they have conquered. We have only to picture to ourselves what *would* have been their conduct, if they had triumphantly marched through England, and we shall then be able to appreciate the meritorious moderation of the British army. No plundered towns, no burning villages, no ruined houses marked their course; no outrage, no cruelty

nor violence disgraced their triumphant progress. The French people received from their enemies that mercy which was denied them by their own soldiers. There is not a spot on the earth, from the burning sands of Egypt to the frozen deserts of Russia—from the Black Sea to the Pillars of Hercules—from the coasts of the Baltic to the shores of the Mediterranean, where the name of Frenchman and of Napoleon Buonaparte is not dreaded and detested. Wherever the power of Buonaparte has been known, or his dominion felt, his name is uttered with execrations. Wherever he has gone, his path, like that of the pestiferous serpent, has been traced by misery and desolation. But it is a proud reflection to every British heart, that there is not a country of the civilised world where England is not mentioned with respect and gratitude, and the very name of Englishman coupled with blessings.

I am too sensible of my own incompetency, and too conscious of my want of knowledge, to attempt to give any account of the battle itself. The deeds of my countrymen I can only admire — I am not qualified to record them. Abler pens than mine must do justice to the events of this day of glory, which I cannot recal to memory without tears: but it was impossible to stand on the field where thousands of my gallant countrymen had fought and conquered, and bled and died—and where their heroic valour had won for England her latest, proudest wreath of glory—without mingled feelings of triumph, pity, enthusiasm, and admiration, which language is utterly unable to express.

I stood alone upon the spot so lately bathed in human blood—where more than two hundred thousand human beings had mingled together in mortal strife: I cast my eyes upon the ruined hovels immortalised by the glorious achieve-

ments of my gallant countrymen. I recalled to mind their invincible constancy—their undaunted intrepidity—their heroic self-devotion in the hour of trial—their magnanimity and mercy in the moment of victory: I cast my eyes upon the tremendous graves at my feet, filled with the mortal remains of heroes.—Silence and desolation now reigned on this wide field of carnage: the scattered relics of recent slaughter and devastation covered the sun-burnt ground; the gales of heaven, as they passed me, were tainted with the effluvia of death. I shuddered at the thought that, beneath the clay on which I stood, the best and bravest of human hearts reposed in death. Oh! surely in such a moment and on such a spot, "some human tears might fall and be forgiven!"

Alas! those for whom I mourned sleep in death—and in vain for them are the tears, the praise, or the gratitude of their country: but though their bodies may moulder in the tomb, and their ashes, mingled with the dust, be scattered unnoticed by the winds of winter, their names and their deeds shall never perish—they shall live for ever in the remembrance of their country, and the tears which pity—gratitude—admiration—wring from every British heart, shall hallow their bloody and honourable grave. On earth they shall receive the noblest meed of praise; and oh! may we not, without impiety or presumption, indulge the hope, that in heaven the crown of glory and immortality awaits those who fell in the field of honour, and who in the discharge of their last and noblest duty to their country, "resigned their spirit unto Him that gave it?"

It was with difficulty I could tear myself from the spot—but after casting one long and lingering look upon the wood-crowned hill of Hougoumont, the shattered walls of La Haye Sainte, the hamlet of La Belle Alliance, the woods

of Frischermont, the broken hedge in front of which Sir Thomas Picton's division had been stationed, and which was doubly interesting from the remembrance that it was there that gallant and lamented general had fought and fallen; and after giving one last glance at the ever memorable tree beneath which I stood, I joined my brother and sister, who had been taking sketches at a little distance, and set off with them to Mont St. Jean—lightened of the load of my cuirass, which a little girl, who before the battle had been one of the inhabitants of La Haye Sainte, joyfully carried to the village for half a franc.

On our return we entered the farm-house where Major L. had been conveyed when wounded. The farm-house and offices enclose a court into which the windows of the house look. It is only one story high, and consists of three rooms, one through another. Not only these rooms, but the barns, out-houses, and byres were filled with wounded British officers, many of whom died here before morning.

In that last tremendous attack which took place towards the close of the day, before the arrival of the Prussians (but which, thanks to British valour, was wholly unsuccessful), the battle extended even here. The French suddenly turned the fire of nearly the whole of their artillery against this part of our position, in front of Mont St. Jean, and a general charge of their infantry and cavalry advanced, under cover of this tremendous cannonade, to the attack. Weakened as our army had been in this quarter with the immense loss it had sustained, they expected it to give way instantly, and that they should be able to force their way to Brussels. The Belgians fled at this tremendous onset. The British stood firm and undaunted, contesting every inch of ground. Every little rise was taken and retaken. The

French and English, intermingled with each other, fought man to man, and sword to sword, around these walls, and in this court, while cannon-shot thundered against the walls of the house, and shells broke in at the windows of the rooms crowded with wounded. Such of the officers as it was possible to remove were carried out beneath a shower of musketry. But our troops maintained their ground in spite of the immense numbers of the enemy, and of a most tremendous and incessant fire; and after a long and desperate contest, the French were completely repulsed and driven back. They never for a moment gained possession even of this farm-house, much less of the village of Mon. St. Jean, to which indeed the battle never extended. Some cannon-balls indeed were lodged in the walls of the cottages, but the action took place entirely in front of the village, and its possession was never therefore disputed.

The farmer's wife had actually remained in this farm-house during the whole of this tremendous battle, quite alone, shut up in her own room, or rather garret. There she sat the whole day, listening to the roar of the cannon, in solitude and silence, unable to see anything, or to hear any account of what was passing. It seemed to me that the utmost ingenuity of man could not have devised a more terrible punishment than this woman voluntarily inflicted upon herself. When I asked her what could have been her motives for remaining in such a dreadful situation, she said that she stayed to take care of her property—that all she had in the world consisted in cows and calves, in poultry and pigs—and she thought if she went away and left them, she should lose them all—and perhaps have her house and furniture burnt. She seemed to applaud herself not a little for her foresight. If the French, however, had been victorious

instead of the English, the woman, as well as her hens and chickens, would have been in rather an awkward predicament.

Her husband first told me this story, which I could scarcely credit till she herself confirmed it. But he, honest man! had wisely run away before the battle had begun, leaving his wife, his pigs, and poultry to take care of themselves. She said she stayed in her room all that night, and never came down till the following morning, when all the surviving wounded officers had been removed, but the bodies of those who had expired during the night still remained, and the floors of all the rooms were stained with blood. She seemed very callous to their fate, and to the sufferings of the wounded; and very indifferent about everything except her hens and chickens. She led me to a little miserable dark cow-house, where General Cooke (or Cock, as she called him) had remained a considerable time when wounded, and it seemed to be a sort of gratification to her, that a British general had been in her cow-house.

Leaving this farm-house, we walked through the village of Mont St. Jean, and stopped at the little inn, where we found the rest of the party busily employed upon every kind of eatable the house afforded, which consisted of brown bread, and butter and cheese—small beer, and still smaller wine. Although I had rejected with abhorrence at Château Hougoumont a proposal of eating, which some one had ventured unadvisedly to make; and though it did seem to me upon the field of battle that I should never think of eating again, yet no sooner did I cast my eyes upon these viands than I pounced upon them, as a falcon does upon its prey, and devoured them with nearly as much voracity. They seemed to me to be delicious; and the brown bread and butter, especially, were incomparable.

The woman of the house and her two daughters, who were industriously employed in plain needlework, related to us with great naïveté all the terrors they had suffered, and all the horrors they had seen. Like all the other inhabitants of the village, they had fled the day before the battle—not into the woods, but to a place, the name of which I do not remember, but which they said was very far off ("bien loin").

Several cannon-balls had lodged in the walls about this house, although it was at the extremity of the village, farthest from the field. Having finished our frugal repast, for which these kind and simple people asked a most trifling recompense, we left Mont St. Jean, passed through the village of Waterloo for the last time, and returned to Brussels with an impression on our minds, from our visit to the field of Waterloo, which no time can efface.

It was on Wednesday, the 19th of July, that we learnt the astonishing news that Napoleon Buonaparte had surrendered himself to the British, and was actually a prisoner on board the Bellerophon. An aide-de-camp of the King of France, going express to the King of Holland at the Hague, was the bearer of this important intelligence. It was communicated to us by General Murray, who came in with a countenance radiant with joy, and scarcely could my sister and I, in our transports, refrain from embracing the good old general. He had himself seen the aide-de-camp of Louis XVIII.; yet this news was so unexpected, so wonderful—and above all so good; that scarcely could it be credited. Could it indeed be possible that Napoleon—the dreaded Napoleon—was really a prisoner to the English! All ranks of people were breathless with expectation, and with trembling eagerness and anxious inquiries awaited further intelligence. In a few hours it was confirmed beyond

a possibility of doubt.—" Buonaparte est pris!—il est pris! —c'est vrai—c'est bien vrai!" cried M. Weerid, the Belgic gentleman in whose house Major L. was an inmate, bursting into his room with a turbulence of joy ill-suited to the suffering state of our poor wounded friend. The loud acclamations of the populace—the ejaculations of thanksgiving and tears of joy which burst from the women—and the curses which were freely bestowed on him by the men—proved the strength of their terror, and the bitterness of their detestation.

It was our fate to be the bearers of this intelligence almost the whole way through Belgium. So slowly does news travel in this country, that although it had arrived in Brussels at five o'clock in the afternoon, and we did not set off till eight the following morning, no rumours of it had been received in any of the towns or villages through which we passed; and we even found the good people of Ghent in profound ignorance of it. But the Belgians were slow of belief, and the transport and the vociferous joy with which it was uniformly received at first, were generally followed by doubts and fears, and fervent wishes for its truth.

At the inn at Alost we found a party comfortably sitting down to dinner at twelve o'clock, at the well-spread Table d'Hôte. No sooner had I mentioned this news than knives and forks were thrown down, plates and dishes abandoned. An old fat Belgic gentleman, overturning his soup plate, literally jumped for joy; another, more nimble, began to caper up and down the room. A corpulent lady, in attempting to articulate her transport, was nearly choked, like little Hunchback, with a fish-bone; and the demonstrations of joy shown by the rest of the party were not less extravagant. One old man, however, shook his head in sign of incredulity, and said with fervour, when I assured him that Buona-

parte was really a prisoner to the English, "that he should have lived long enough if he ever lived to see that day." Nothing amused me more, however, than the squall set up by an old country-woman, who shook my hand till she nearly wrung it off, and then, shocked at what she had done, burst forth into apologies to me, exclamations of joy, and abuse of Buonaparte, all in a breath.

To my cost, however, the official account of this important news did arrive at Ghent, just after I had gone to bed. It had been more than twenty-four hours on its way, travelling at the rate of about a mile an hour; and much did I wish that it had been longer, for neither peace nor repose was now to be had. Bonfires were lighted, guns fired, squibs and crackers let off in the streets, rockets sent up to the clouds, and both heaven and earth disturbed by the uproar. Not satisfied with this, they took it into their heads to keep up a firing with muskets under my windows; and the inhabitants and the English soldiers, royally drunk and loyally noisy, vied with each other in singing or rather roaring out the most discordant strains; and "God save the King," in English, and a variety of Belgic songs in low Dutch, were sung all at once, with the most patriotic perseverance, in the streets. By the time these outrageously loyal people found their way to bed, it was nearly time for me to get up, which I did at five o'clock, in order to see a very fine cabinet of paintings. The old Flemish gentleman to whom they belonged, not satisfied with giving me permission to see them, had the politeness to rise at that unseasonable hour, in order that he might be ready to receive me, and to show them to me himself. What English gentleman would have got out of his bed before six o'clock in order to show his collection of paintings to a foreigner, a person of no distinction, of whom he

knew nothing, who had no introduction to him, whom he had never seen before, and would most probably never see again?

Next day at nine o'clock we embarked from Ostend for England in a large packet crowded with passengers. We set sail with a favouring gale, but the winds and the waves maintained their usual capricious and inconstant character, and after a succession of calms, contrary winds, and opposing tides, we found ourselves, late on the evening of the second day, at anchor within sight of the harbour of Margate, but without a hope of reaching it till the following morning. In order to escape spending another night on board, we embraced the expedient of committing ourselves to a little boat, in which it seemed invariably to be our fate to end all our voyages.

We were rowed ashore, and landed in the dark, at past eleven o'clock at night, upon the slippery and weed-covered rocks of Margate, exactly six weeks after we had landed in the same manner, at the same hour, and the same day of the week, on the deep and deserted sands of Ostend. In that six weeks what a change had taken place! When I left England, Buonaparte was the terror of the world—Europe was arming against him, and his threatening hosts were ready to overwhelm it again with ruin. When I returned, these tremendous armies were defeated and scattered—the victorious troops of England were in the capital of France; and Buonaparte himself, fallen from the highest imperial throne of the universe to the lowest abyss of fortune, was a prisoner on board a British ship of war, and a suppliant to the mercy of my country!

Events so extraordinary and improbable, and changes so sudden and so wonderful, seemed to outrun the rapidity of imagination itself, and to exceed the limits of possibility.

The past seemed like a dream. Scarcely, on retrospection, could we believe it to be real, or be convinced that the scenes we had witnessed, since our departure from England, had not been the illusions of fancy, or the "baseless fabric of a vision." They bore more resemblance to the shifting and imaginary scenes represented on the stage, than to events which had actually happened on the great theatre of the world. It had indeed been a great and a bloody tragedy, and it had been our lot to witness it from the first to the last scene. It began at our entrance, it finished at our departure from Brussels. The news of Buonaparte having attacked the Prussians reached Brussels at the very moment of our arrival—the news of his surrender to the British was received the night before we left it.

In that six weeks the work of an age had been accomplished; an usurper had been dethroned; a monarch had been restored; a kingdom had been lost and won; a war had begun and ended; peace had revisited the world; and justice—strict, impartial justice—had descended upon the head of the guilty. And all this was the work of England!

Yet it has been asked—and I have often heard the question slightingly repeated by my own countrymen—"And what, after all, has England gained for years of war and bloodshed but glory?" I might answer that she has gained security, peace, and prosperity for the world, and for herself, besides, the highest place among nations: but granting that she had only gained glory—what, I ask in return, could she gain that is equivalent to it? What is there on earth to be compared to it?

"Is aught on earth so precious and so dear
As Fame or Honour? or is aught so bright
And beautiful as Glory's beams appear,
Whose goodly light than Phœbus' lamp doth shine more clear?"
Faerie Queen.

Glory is the highest, the most lasting good. Without it, extent of empire, political greatness, and national prosperity, are but a name; without it, they can have no security, and can command no respect; without it all other possessions are worthless and despicable—unstable and transitory. Fortune may change; arts may perish; commerce may decay; and wealth and power, and dominion and greatness may pass away—but glory is immortal and indestructible, and will last when empires and dynasties are no more.

What gives nations honour and renown in future times but the glory they have acquired? What exalted Greece and Rome to their proud pre-eminence among the nations, and transmitted the lustre of their name to the remotest time? Why does the traveller still traverse distant countries, to explore with hallowed respect their mouldering temples, and linger with silent awe amidst the ruins of the Parthenon, or on the site of the Capitol? Why does generation after generation contemplate with veneration the plains of Marathon, and the heights of Leuctra? Why do they still retrace with enthusiasm the deeds of their departed heroes, and the long catalogue of their ancient glories?—It is to these ancient glories that they owe their present interest and importance. The nations of the East were possessed of unbounded wealth, magnificence, and power—and were long the seats of commerce, of the arts of life, and of learning, when the western world was immersed in ignorance and barbarism.—Yet their antiquities are unexplored — their history neglected—their very existence almost forgotten; for they have left no proud remembrance, no ray of glory, to immortalise their name.

If it had been extent of empire, or superiority of wealth, that gave nations lasting greatness, Persia would have en-

joyed that veneration which is now paid to Athens. If it had been conferred by antiquity, or by being the birth-place of the arts and sciences, Egypt would have stood upon that pedestal of fame which Rome now fills.

Yes! England has nobly fought, triumphantly conquered and well has she been rewarded! She has gained that unalienable, imperishable prize, which neither time nor fortune, nor fate—nor any earthly power can ever wrest from her. She has won the immortal meed! Generations yet unborn shall pride themselves on being the descendants of those who fought and conquered in the righteous cause of Justice, Honour, and Independence, on the plains of Spain, and on the glorious field of Waterloo; and feel the throb of generous enthusiasm and of virtuous patriotism, when they retrace the bright history of their country's achievements.

With these sentiments deeply impressed upon my mind; with the proud consciousness, that highly as the fame of England had stood in all ages, she had now attained an unparalleled height of greatness and glory; that the ancient triumphs of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, in one age, of Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Blenheim, in another, had been surpassed in those of Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, in our own; that her name would descend to the latest times as unrivalled in arms, invincible by land and by sea, and pre-eminent, not only in valour, but in faith and honour—in justice, mercy, and magnanimity, and in public virtue—I returned to my country after all the varying and eventful scenes through which it had been my lot to pass, more proud than when I left it of the name of

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WRITTEN THE DAY AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

19th November, 1852.

THE great Arthur, Duke of Wellington, whose latest achievements in war form the subject of the preceding pages, is no more. Long, long will the nation mourn the greatest, the most irreparable loss it ever sustained. The last sad and solemn scene has passed away. That great and wondrous man, who was its stay, its pride and glory, has been borne to his honoured tomb, amidst those splendid obsequies and funeral pomps with which his grateful country vainly sought to evince her unbounded admiration, her devoted love, and her profound veneration, for him who was her deliverer and preserver; to whom she owed her unprecedented triumphs in war—her prolonged blessings in peace.

"His funeral pall has been borne by nations—not by the nations he enslaved, but the nations he liberated;—the truncheons of eight armies have dropped from his grasp, and they were borne in the funeral procession by the companions and allies of his arms and victories."* But, nobler far, he was followed to the grave by the blessings and the tears of millions; and he, alone, amidst all the great generals and conquerors of the earth, merits the proud eulogium, that he was at once a true patriot and a benefactor to his species.

Eloquence has vainly exhausted itself in enumerating his merits and services; but words are powerless to speak his

* *Times*, November 18th, 1852.

praises. They are felt in the hearts of the people of England. Never did a chieftain, a conqueror, a hero, descend to the tomb so universally honoured and lamented. All ranks, all ages, all parties, unite in one unanimous sense of sorrow and bereavement. Every man seems to feel that he, personally, has lost a benefactor, a protector—almost a parent. And as the light of the sun is not missed until it is withdrawn, so even his value was not perhaps fully felt until he was lost.

But he is gone! "Quenched is that light which was the leading star to guide every Briton on the path of duty and honour."* His name is surrounded by a pure halo of glory—not that ordinary vulgar glory which is the meed of the mere conqueror. No! the "hero of a hundred fights," who never knew defeat, sought not, valued not such glory; nay, more, he despised it; he never even named "its very name."† His watchword was Duty, and the path of duty, honour, and patriotism, he trod. What a striking contrast did his career present to that of Napoleon, who sought that vain, false glory, through fields of fire and carnage, crushing the nations beneath his iron yoke, to aggrandise his selfish ambition, and reign the despot of a devastated world! How striking is the fact, that at the very time when, by the mysterious decree of Providence, a Buonaparte was sent to desolate and enslave the world, a Wellesley was given to save and deliver it!—the one, the Destroyer; the other, the Preserver. They seemed like the Incarnate Principles of Evil and of Good; but the Good

* Lord Lovaine's speech, November 12th.

† It is well known that the word "Glory" does not once occur in the multifarious dispatches of the Duke of Wellington.

triumphed: the conqueror and deliverer of distracted and bleeding Europe became its Pacificator; and through long years of peace and prosperity the nations which he saved from tyranny and ruin, have had reason to bless the name of Wellington.

Will it yet be permitted to one British heart—simply "An Englishwoman," who witnessed the most eventful scenes of his glorious campaigns, and proudly watched from first to last his high unblemished career—to offer, with the deepest veneration, a humble tribute of high and holy admiration upon the tomb of that hero whom, through life, her heart has worshipped.

The ONE TRUE HERO! unequalled in the annals of history—unsurpassed even in the creations of Romance; He, who never headed the battalions of his countrymen except in a just and righteous cause, and never once failed to lead them on to victory and honour; He, who was not only the "Victor of Victors," the greatest of Conquerors, but also the greatest Pacificator the world ever saw—for he used the triumphs of War only to obtain the blessings of Peace;—He, whose first thought in victory was mercy, whose first care was to ensure, not the spoils, but the protection of the vanquished;—He, who, when he sheathed his conquering sword, consecrated the powers of his mighty genius, his mind, and life, to the welfare of his country; who worked her weal through evil report and good report, unmoved by the cabals of Faction, the intrigues of Power, and the slanders of Malignity;—He, whose Spirit, whilst he lived, was our Shield and Buckler, our Stay and Support; his counsels our best resource; his name our tower of strength; and his very existence our surest defence.

Alas, for England! Woe! woe to our country! The grave has closed over him; but his sacred ashes shall still guard our land. Around his honoured tomb every British heart will rally to rout and vanquish the hostile foe who dares to set foot on British ground. Every heart will be roused, every arm raised to repel the insult. His name shall be our everlasting panoply of defence; his life, his example, his memory, shall live in our hearts, and to the latest posterity England's proudest boast shall be the name of Wellington.

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

THE AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION.

ON THE

CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS

OF

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

1640-1688.

A DISCOURSE, DESIGNED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

BY M. GUIZOT.

TRANSLATED, WITH THE SANCTION AND CO-OPERATION OF THE AUTHOR,

BY MRS. AUSTIN.

LONDON:
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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It was not my intention to announce myself to the public as the translator of the following pages. By adopting and avowing the translation, M. Guizot had conferred upon it the highest honour it could receive. He had identified it with his own reputation.

But the announcement of a new and cheap translation from another hand, which has determined Mr. Murray to publish the present edition, seems to call upon me to state, on his behalf, the circumstances under which he undertook to publish the translation to which M. Guizot has given his name and authority. Were my own interests in any way involved, I should not have chosen to complain to the public of the invasion of them; but I think it right to state the facts, partly from a sense of what is due to Mr. Murray's honourable services to literature, partly from the hope that the statement may induce the purchasers of books to reflect before they make themselves the accomplices of practices so disloyal, and so directly tending to render the publication of careful and conscientious translations impossible.

Before the original was even written, M. Guizot did me the honour to ask me to translate the work he contemplated. He had agreed with his Paris publisher, and with Mr. Murray, for the simultaneous publication of the

French and English editions. The original was to be transmitted to me in MS. portions as it was written; and it was, of course, stipulated that no part, either of the original or the translation, should go out of the hands of the parties immediately concerned. I soon after went over to M. Guizot's country seat in Normandy, where I translated all that was then in existence. Every word of this the author and translator read over together, and the subsequent part was sent in proof, for M. Guizot's corrections.

The two editions were published simultaneously in Paris and London.

The case, therefore, stands thus:—

Mr. Murray pays an eminent author for an original work, at the rate at which such men and such works are paid. He next pays a translator, chosen by the author, and supposed to be competent one. He incurs all the expenses of correction, of foreign postage, of advertising, &c. The moment his English edition, prepared with so much care, labour, and cost, appears, the first person who has no feeling for the dignity of letters or the sanctity of property may buy a copy, alter a few words or the structure of a few sentences, and call it a new translation. To affirm that any man, with an approved translation lying under his hand, will go through the drudgery of a new one, is to make too large a demand on the public credulity. What wonder if a publisher who has no single item of the original outlay to incur, can undersell the publisher

upon whom the whole burthen of producing the book has lain?

I may be pardoned for taking an interest in an occupation to which so considerable a part of my life has been devoted; and for expressing my extreme regret that the honourable and useful, though unostentatious office of interpreter of the literature of other nations must be relinquished by the class of persons to whose hands it can be safely committed, unless more effectually protected by public morality. Here and there a laborious and zealous translator may devote himself to some valuable book, interesting only to a narrow public; or a liberal and enlightened publisher may content himself with bare remuneration, and with the honour of bringing out a work useful to his country. They will have no rivalry to fear. But with regard to books which are likely to be popular, it is evident that they must be abandoned to the scramble of those whose only object is to produce something saleable in the shortest time and at the smallest cost.

Whether the interests of the readers are likely to be best served by such a state of things, I must leave them to decide. Already respectable publishers are beginning to decline *all* translations; seeing that, in proportion to the popularity of what they publish, is the chance, I might almost say the certainty, that what they sow will be reaped by others.

S A.

Weybridge, 9th February, 1850.

ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

THE success by which the English Revolution was crowned has not only been permanent, but has borne a double fruit: its authors founded Constitutional Monarchy in England; and in America their descendants founded the Republic of the United States. These great events are now completely known and understood; time, which has given them its sanction, has also shed over them its light. Sixty years ago France entered on the path opened by England, and Europe lately rushed headlong in the same direction. It is my purpose to show what are the causes which have crowned constitutional monarchy in England, and republican government in the United States, with that solid and lasting success which France and the rest of Europe are still vainly pursuing, through those mysterious trials and revolutionary struggles, which, according as they are well or ill passed through, elevate or pervert a nation for ages.

It was in the name of religion and liberty of conscience that the conflict which began in the sixteenth century, and, though occasionally suspended, has been constantly renewed, was undertaken. The tempest which still agitates the world, or hurries it along in an impetuous torrent, gathered in the inmost recesses of men's minds, and burst over the Church before it reached the State.

It has been said that Protestantism was a political rather than a religious revolution; an insurrection of worldly interests against the established order of the Church, rather than the outbreak of an ardent conviction concerning the eternal interests of man. This judgment has been superficially formed and lightly pronounced; and the error on which it rests has led the powers, whether spiritual or temporal, who have adopted it, into a line of conduct fatal to their own security. Intent on repressing the revolutionary element of Protestantism, they have overlooked or misunderstood its religious element. The spirit of revolt is doubtless very pow-

erful, but not powerful enough to accomplish, alone and unaided, things of such magnitude. It was not merely to shake off a yoke, it was also to secure the free profession and practice of a faith, that the Reformers of the sixteenth century rose up against authority, and persevered in the conflict. This is demonstrated by a decisive and incontestable fact. The two most protestant countries of Europe, England and Holland, are still the countries in which the Christian faith has the greatest vital energy and power. It betrays a strange ignorance of human nature to believe that religious zeal would have remained at such a pitch of elevation, after the successful termination of the revolt, if religion had not been the mainspring of the whole movement.

The revolution which took place in Germany, in the sixteenth century, was religious and not political; that in France, in the eighteenth, was political and not religious. It was the peculiar felicity of England in the seventeenth century, that the spirit of religious faith and the spirit of political liberty reigned together, and that she entered upon the two revolutions at the same time. All the great passions of the human soul were thus excited and brought into action, while some of the most powerful restraints by which they are controlled remained unbroken; and the hopes and aspirations of eternity remained to console and tranquillize those whose earthly hopes and ambitions had suffered shipwreck.

The English Reformers, especially those who aimed only at political reform, did not think a revolution necessary. The whole past history of their country, its laws, traditions, and precedents, were dear and sacred in their eyes; they found in them the justification of their claims, as well as the sanction of their principles. It was in the name of the Great Charter, and of all those statutes by which, through the course of four centuries, it had been confirmed, that they demanded their liberties. For four centuries not a generation of men had dwelt upon the soil of England, without uttering the name and beholding the presence of Parliament. The great barons and the people, the country gentlemen and the burgesses, met together in 1640, not to dispute with each other claims to new acquisitions, but to regain, in concert, their common inheritance; they met to recover their ancient and positive rights, not to pursue the boundless combinations and hopes suggested by the imagination of man.

The claims and projects of the religious reformers who sat

in the Long Parliament were not, however, equally legal. The Episcopal Church of England, such as it had been constituted, first by the cruel and capricious despotism of Henry VIII., and afterwards by the able and persevering despotism of Elizabeth, did not satisfy them; it was in their eyes the offspring of an incomplete and inconsistent reformation, still so nearly approaching Catholicism as to be incessantly exposed to the danger of a relapse. They meditated a complete remodelling and a new constitution of the national church. In this party the revolutionary spirit was more ardent and open than in the party mainly occupied with political reforms. Nevertheless the religious innovators were not utterly absorbed by the fantasies of their own minds. There was an anchor to which they all held fast; a compass by which they all were guided. The Gospel was their great charter; subject, it is true, to their interpretations and commentaries, but anterior and superior to their will. They held it in sincere veneration, and, spite of their pride, humbled themselves before the law which they had not made.

Such were the guarantees for moderation in the two impending revolutions, afforded by the dispositions of their several partisans. Providence also granted them an especial favour; they were not doomed, at the outset, to commit the dangerous wrong of attacking spontaneously, and without a clear and urgent necessity, a mild and inoffensive ruler. In England the royal power was the aggressor. Charles I., full of haughty pretensions, though devoid of elevated ambition, and moved rather by the desire of not derogating in the eyes of the kings, his peers, than by that of ruling with a strong hand over his people, twice attempted to introduce into the country the maxims and the practice of absolute monarchy: the first time, in presence of Parliament, at the instigation of a vain and frivolous favourite, whose presumptuous incapacity shocked the good sense and wounded the self-respect of the humblest citizen: the second time, by dispensing with Parliament altogether, and ruling alone by the hand of a minister, able and energetic, ambitious and imperious, though not without greatness of mind, devoted to his master, by whom he was imperfectly understood and ill supported, and aware too late that kings are not to be saved solely by incurring ruin, however nobly, in their service.

To check this aggressive despotism, more enterprising than energetic, and assailing equally, in Church and State, the

ancient rights and recent franchises to which the country laid claim, the mind of the people of England did not go beyond legal resistance, and this they entrusted to the hands of their representatives in Parliament. The resistance was as unanimous as it was legitimate. Men the most unlike in origin and character, the great nobles, gentlemen and citizens, those attached to the court and those the most remote from its influence, the friends and the enemies of the established church, all rose with common accord against this accumulated mass of grievances and abuses; and the abuses were overthrown, and the grievances vanished, as the old walls of a deserted citadel crumble at the first stroke of its assailants.

In this burst of the indignation and the hopes of the country, some minds of greater foresight, some more scrupulous consciences, already began to feel anxiety. Vengeance not only disfigures, but perverts justice; and passion, exulting in its rights, oversteps not only those rights, but its own intentions. Strafford was justly accused, and unjustly condemned. The political party, which did not desire the ruin of the Episcopal Church, suffered the Bishops to be insulted and humiliated, as if they were utterly and hopelessly overthrown. The blows which struck down the usurpations and the unlawful pretensions of the Crown were so ill aimed that they wounded it in its just prerogatives. The birth of revolutions is always preceded by vague but intelligible warnings, and gleams of light thrown on the future by passing events; and the revolutionary spirit, lurking under the demand for reforms, was now betrayed by alarming incidents and denounced by courageous voices. But the importance and the splendour of victory blinded people to the perception of faults, and stifled the presentiment of their attendant dangers.

When the work of reform was accomplished; when the grievances which had excited the unanimous reprobation of the country were redressed; when the powers in which these grievances had originated, and the men who were the instruments of those powers, were overthrown, the scene changed. People began to ask themselves, How were these conquests to be maintained? What security was there that England would henceforward be governed according to the principles and the laws which she had restored?

The political reformers began to be perplexed. Above them was the King, who conspired against them while he was making concessions: if he recovered the power in the govern-

ment, still compatible with the reforms that had been effected, he would turn it against reform and the reformers. Around them were their allies, their army, and the religious innovators (Presbyterians or other sectaries), who would not rest satisfied with political reforms, but, in their hatred to the Church, would strive not only to throw off her yoke, but to trample her under foot and impose their own upon her. For the safety of their work and of their persons, the leaders thought fit to remain under arms; and even if they had not wished it, their soldiers would have compelled them to do so.

There was in their eyes only one possible guarantee for safety; namely, that Parliament should retain the sovereign power of which it had just taken possession; that it should be rendered permanently impossible for the King to govern contrary to the will of Parliament generally, and of the Commons' House in particular.

This is the result at which Constitutional Monarchy has arrived in England. This is the end pursued by its partisans two centuries ago. But in the seventeenth century they possessed neither the political lights nor the political virtues which that system of government requires.

The heart of man is at once so arrogant and so weak that he would fain combine the splendour of triumph with the repose of an inviolable peace. To surmount obstacles is not enough; he wants to annihilate them for ever, that he may dismiss them entirely from his mind; victory itself does not satisfy him, unless he enjoy it in all the insolence of complete security. Constitutional monarchy, however, is not formed to gratify these inconsistent desires and bad tendencies of the human heart. To none of the powers which it invests with a joint action, can it grant the pleasure of undivided and secure domination. On all, even on that which has the ascendancy, it imposes the unremitting labour of forced alliances, mutual concessions, frequent compromises, indirect influences, and a struggle incessantly renewed, with incessantly recurring chances of success or defeat. It is on these conditions that constitutional monarchy gives predominance to the interests and feelings of the country; which, in its turn, is bound by its choice of such a government, to moderation in its desires, to vigilance and patience in its efforts.

In the seventeenth century neither the King nor the Parliament of England understood these conditions of their common government. The King was obstinately bent on remaining,

the House of Commons on becoming, the immediate and infallible sovereign of the country. Nothing short of this could satisfy the pride or allay the fears of either party.

When things had reached this point, a great division took place among the reformers. Some, more far-sighted or more timid, undertook the defence of legal order and of the threatened monarchy; others, more daring or less scrupulous, embarked on the current of revolution.

At this moment arose the two great parties, which, successively assuming different names and aspects, have for two centuries presided over the destinies of England;—the party devoted to the maintenance of the established order of things, and the party favourable to the growth of popular influences; the Whigs and the Tories; the Conservators and the Innovators.

To attain its end,—the maintenance and exercise of the supreme power which it had seized,—the Parliament could no longer rest satisfied with the reform of abuses and the restoration of legal rights. The ancient laws must be altered, and all powers concentrated in its own hands.

Within the Parliament, the conflict was severe, but short. The monarchical party tried to array itself around the King, and to govern in his name. These first essays at constitutional government failed ere they had well begun; they failed through the faults of the King, who was inconsistent, frivolously obstinate, and as insincere with his counsellors as with his enemies; through the inexperience of those counsellors, alternately too exclusive and too yielding, and constantly thwarted or betrayed in the Palace, as well as in the Parliament; and finally, through the distrust and the pretensions of the revolutionary party, determined not to yield or rest till the absolute power, which they sought to overthrow, should have passed into their own hands.

On the occasion of a new remonstrance, which it was proposed to present to the King against the old grievances (as if they had not already been redressed), the strength of the two parties was distinctly put to the trial. The debate became so violent that, in the House of Commons itself, the members were on the point of coming to blows. Victory was determined in favour of the revolutionary party by eleven votes. Fifty days after this vote, the fugitive King quitted his palace of Whitehall, which he re-entered only on his way to the scaffold. The House of Commons immediately ordered that

the country should, with all diligence, be put in a state of defence. The Parliamentary struggle was at an end: Civil War had begun.

At this solemn moment, patriotic regrets and gloomy forebodings were heard in both parties; and especially in that of the King, which was less confident in its strength, and perhaps also in its cause. But these sentiments were not general. In most minds the ardent desire and hope of victory were predominant. The spirit of resistance to illegality and oppression has been one of the most noble and salutary dispositions of the English people throughout the whole course of their history. Docile and even favourable to authority, when it acts in virtue of the laws, they are intrepid in resisting any violation of what they regard as the law of the land and their own right. Both parties, even in the midst of their dissensions, were animated by this sentiment. The revolutionary party struggled against the encroachments and oppressions which England had endured from the King, and which she had still to apprehend from him. The monarchical party resisted the illegal and oppressive acts which Parliament was actually inflicting on the country. The respect for right and law, though continually disregarded or violated, was deeply rooted in all minds, and threw a veil over the injuries and the evils which civil war was preparing for the country.

In neither party were the habits and manners very repugnant to civil war. The Cavaliers were impetuous and violent, and still given to that habit of combat, that taste for an appeal to force, which characterized the feudal times. The Puritans were rigid, harsh, and pertinacious: they had imbibed the passions, together with the traditions, of the Hebrew people, who defended and avenged their God by destroying his enemies. To both, the sacrifice of life was familiar; in neither, did bloodshed excite any horror.

Another less obvious cause hastened and aggravated the explosion. The contest was not merely between the political and religious parties; beneath that, lay a social question—the struggle between the various classes of society for influence and power. Not that the separation between these classes was as profound and as hostile in England as it has been in other countries. The great barons had maintained the liberties of the people together with their own, and the people did not forget the debt they owed them. The country gentlemen and

the burgesses had sat together in Parliament, in the name of the Commons of England, for three centuries. But during the preceding century a great change had taken place in the relative strength of the several classes of society, without any analogous change in the government. Commercial activity and religious zeal had given a prodigious impulse to wealth and thought among the middle classes. It was observed with surprise in one of the first parliaments in the reign of Charles I. that the House of Commons was three times as rich as the House of Lords. The higher aristocracy no longer possessed the same preponderance in the nation as heretofore, and, though they still rallied round the King, could no longer afford him the same support. On the other hand, the citizens, the country gentlemen and the yeomen (then a very numerous class), did not exercise an influence over public affairs proportionate to their weight in the country. Their growth in wealth and importance had not been accompanied by a corresponding increase of political power. Hence, among them and the classes immediately below them, there existed a fierce and vehement spirit of ambition, ready to burst forth on the first occasion or pretext. Civil war offered a vast field to their energy and their hopes. At its outbreak, it did not wear the aspect of an exclusive and jealous social classification; for many country gentlemen, and many even of the most considerable of the great nobles, marched at the head of the popular party. Nevertheless, the mass of the nobility on the one hand, and of the citizens and the people on the other, ranged themselves, the former on the side of the Crown, the latter on that of the Parliament. Unerring symptoms already showed that a great social movement was going on in the midst of a great political struggle; and that the effervescence of an ascendant democracy was forcing its way through the ranks of an enfeebled and divided aristocracy.

Each party found in the state of society—it would hardly be too much to say, in the laws of the country—natural and almost regular means of maintaining their rights and enforcing their claims by arms. Ever since the reign of Elizabeth, the House of Commons had laboured with ardour to destroy the last tottering institutions of feudalism. But profound traces of it still remained; and the habits, sentiments, and even occasionally the rules, to which it had given birth, still determined the relations of the possessors of fiefs, both to the King their suzerain, and to the part of the population grouped

around their castles or settled on their lands. These people rose at their bidding, and attended them to festivities or to battle, as they themselves answered the call of the King when he claimed their services. It was one of those epochs of transition in which ancient laws, honoured though antiquated, still determine the actions of men on whom they are no longer binding. Attachment had taken the place of servitude; the fidelity of the vassal had become the loyalty of the subject; and the Cavaliers, whether rich or poor, thronged around the King, ready to fight and to die for him, and followed by a troop or a handful of servants, equally ready to fight and to die for them.

On the other hand, the middle classes, consisting generally of artisans and townspeople, had, under other forms, their means of independent action, and even of waging war. Organized in municipal or trading corporations, they met freely to discuss and settle their affairs; they levied taxes, called out militia or trained bands, and, in short, deliberated and acted within the circuit of their walls, or the often obscure limits of their charters, almost with the independence of petty sovereigns. And the extension of commerce and manufactures, the wealth, connexions and credit of these corporations, invested them with a power which they used in the service of their cause with the audacity of new-born and inexperienced pride.

Neither in the country nor in the towns did the King possess the authority of a central and exclusive administration. The business of the nation, financial, military, and even judicial, was almost entirely in the hands of local and nearly independent authorities. In the country, it was in the hands of the landholders; in the towns, in those of municipal or other corporate bodies; and these respectively appropriated to themselves as much as possible of the administrative functions, for the purpose of serving the cause in which they had engaged.

And where these established means were insufficient, where the action extended beyond the sphere of the ancient and recognised local powers, the ancient spirit and usage of association (which was still in full force in the country) promptly established practical and efficient concert between the counties and cities; between the different parts of the country, or the different classes of society. By means of this concert, free and extemporaneous associations levied taxes and troops,

formed committees, and elected leaders charged with the conduct of the part they were to take in the general defence of the cause they had embraced.

It was in an association of this kind—that of the Eastern Counties—formed to support the Parliament, that Cromwell gave the first proofs of his capacity, and laid the first foundations of his power.

In a community thus organized and thus disposed, civil war was neither impossible nor revolting. It soon overspread the whole country; in some places under the command of the agents of the King or the Parliament, in others spontaneously levied by the inhabitants; and maintained on both sides with an energy sometimes sad, but always unhesitating, as the exercise of a right and the fulfilment of a duty. Each party felt profoundly the justice and the greatness of its cause; each party made those efforts and sacrifices in its behalf which elevate the mind, even when confused and misled, and give to passion the appearance, and sometimes the merit of virtue. Nor was virtue itself wanting to either party. The Cavaliers, though generally violent and licentious, had in their ranks the noblest models of the high-bred and generous manners of men of ancient family, full of unexacting devotedness and dignified submission. The Puritans, arrogant and hard, rendered an inappreciable service to their country; they founded the austerity of private life and the sanctity of domestic manners. The two parties fought with the most determined acrimony; but, in the midst of the mortal struggle, they did not renounce all sentiments of order and peace. There were no sanguinary riots, no judicial massacres. There was civil war, fierce, obstinate, full of violence and of evil, but without cynical or atrocious excesses, and restrained, by the general manners of the people, within certain bounds of justice and humanity.

I hasten to render this justice to the conflicting parties; for the virtues of parties are frail and transient when breathed upon by the hot breath, and shaken by the storms, of revolutions. In proportion as civil war was prolonged, respect for rights and sentiments of justice and generosity grew more and more feeble. The natural consequences of a state of revolution manifested themselves; gradually perverting, in both parties, the ideas and habits of law and morals. The King was in want of money; the Cavaliers used this as a reason or a pretext for unlicensed pillage. The taxes levied by the Parliament did not suffice for the expenses of the war;

the Parliament established a system of confiscation more or less disguised, which, by branding its enemies with the name of Malignants, rendered it master of their revenues, often even of their lands, and thus became a daily source of wealth to its partisans. In this general and protracted disorder, amidst the abuses of power and the extremities of distress, bad passions were incessantly excited, and lawless desires exposed to the temptation of chance and opportunity; hate and revenge took possession of the more energetic minds; fear and baseness, of the feebler. The Parliament, which pretended to act in the name of the laws, and to serve the King, even while resisting him, was compelled to clothe its most violent deeds in false and hypocritical language. Among the Royalists, many, mistrusting the King's duplicity, called upon to make sacrifices beyond their means, and daily more doubtful of the success of their cause, felt the warmth of their devotion decline, and either submitted in despair, or sought compensation in licence. Falsehood, violence, rapacity, pusillanimity and selfishness under every variety of form, rapidly increased among the men engaged in the conflict; while the people, who took only a remote or indirect part in it, and were subjected to the detestable influence of the spectacle of a revolution, gradually lost their notions of right, duty, justice and virtue, or preserved only dim and wavering traces of them.

At the same time they suffered severely in their pecuniary interests. War, unrestrained by discipline and spread over the whole face of the land, ravaged town and country, destroying the subsistence, or defeating the hopes and the labours of the people. The financial measures of Parliament, made subservient to local hostilities and intrigues, threw landed property into confusion and depreciated its value. All security for the business of the present or the labours of the future was at an end. Even domestic life was affected by the general disorder, and families the furthest removed from political strife were sharers in the general calamity. And as alarm always travels further and swifter than suffering, the country, fallen into a state of fearful distress, was a prey to an anxiety more general and more fearful than the distress itself.

Its complaints and wishes were not long in bursting forth. War was still raging in all its fierceness, when already the cry of "Peace," "Peace," resounded at the doors of the Parliament. Frequent petitions demanding it were brought up by assemblages of men so numerous and so excited that it was

necessary to disperse them by force. In the House of Commons, notwithstanding the general secession of the original Royalist party, a second was formed in the name of peace, whose main object was to seize every occasion of proclaiming its necessity, and of opening negotiations with the King. These were attempted several times, but failed through the intrigues of those, in both parties, who were averse to the mutual concessions which peace would have required; and through the incapacity or the weakness of those who, while they would willingly have consented to the inevitable conditions of a peace, dared not openly accede to them. Civil war continued to rage; but the party which had begun it was divided, and the struggle for and against revolution was renewed in the Parliament.

Out of doors, especially in the country, the people did not rest satisfied with demanding peace at the hands of the Parliament; they tried to enforce it themselves, locally at least, on both the contending parties. Associations were formed and took arms, declaring that they would no longer suffer their fields to be ravaged either by Parliamentarians or Royalists, and giving battle to whichever party fell in their way;—a sort of armed neutrality in the midst of civil war. The attempt, however vain, sufficed to prove how profoundly the furious and obstinate conflicts of the two parties were at variance with the sentiments and interests of the country.

So long as the war was hot and the issue doubtful, the sufferings and impressions of the people, though they produced a reaction in favour of peace, excited in them but a feeble and hesitating return of loyalty towards the King. They accused him of stubbornness and falsehood, and complained bitterly of his secret plots with the Queen and the Catholics, who were the objects of vehement hatred and dread. They reproached him, at least as much as the Parliament, with the evils and the prolongation of the war.

When the war was ended, and the King a prisoner in the hands of the Parliament, the reaction in favour of peace assumed a more general and decided royalist character. The King was utterly powerless, and bore his misfortunes with dignity. The Parliament was all powerful, and did not put an end to the calamities of the country. On the Parliament now rested the whole responsibility; on the Parliament were thrown all the discontents, the disappointed hopes, the suspicions and hates, the curses of the present, the terrors of the future.

Urged by this national sentiment, and enlightened by the imminence of the danger, the political reformers, (who had been the first leaders of the parliamentary resistance,) and in their train a portion of the religious innovators (the Presbyterians, who, though enemies to the Episcopal Church, were friendly to the monarchy), made a last effort to bring about a peace with the King and to put an end at once to war and revolution.

They were sincere, and even ardent, in their desire, but they were still full of the revolutionary prejudices and pretensions which had repeatedly rendered peace impossible. By the conditions they sought to impose upon the King, they required him to sanction the ruin they had brought on the Monarchy and the Church; they required him to complete with his own hands the demolition of the edifice in which alone he could hope for safety, and of that on which his faith was fixed.

They had proclaimed as a principle, and reduced to practice, the substantial sovereignty of the House of Commons; and now, constrained in their turn to resist the popular torrent, they were astonished at finding distrust and hostility, instead of support and strength, from the high aristocracy and the church which they had decried and demolished.

Even if they had succeeded in concluding a peace with the King, that peace would have been vain. It was too late to stop the course of the revolution, and too soon to bring it to its permanent and satisfactory conclusion. God had only begun to execute his judgments and to teach his lessons. As soon as the first leaders of the insurrection tried to rebuild the structure which they had overthrown, the real revolutionary party arose; and treating their newly acquired wisdom with open contempt, drove them from the Parliament, condemned the King to death, and proclaimed the Republic.

Two centuries have elapsed since the English Republic put to death King Charles I., and, in a few short years, crumbled to dust on the soil still wet with the blood it had shed. The French Republic has since exhibited the same spectacle. And we still hear it said that these great crimes were acts of a great policy; that they were enjoined by the necessity of founding those Republics which hardly survived them a day!

Thus do men try to clothe their folly and wickedness in the garb of greatness; but neither the truth of history nor the

interest of mankind can tolerate so daring and mischievous a falsehood.

The fervour of religious conviction and religious liberty had degenerated in some sects into an arrogant aggressive fanaticism, intractable to all authority, and delighting only in outbursts of intellectual licentiousness and spiritual pride. Civil war had converted these sectarians into soldiers, at once disputatious and devoted, enthusiastic and disciplined. Having risen in general from the humbler classes and professions, they greedily relished the pleasure of commanding and predominating over others; they exulted in the belief that they were the chosen and powerful instruments of God's will and judgments on earth. By alternately appealing to religious and democratic enthusiasm, and enforcing military discipline, Cromwell had gained the confidence of these men, and had become their leader. He had spent his youth in the excesses of an ungovernable temperament, which was succeeded by fits of ardent and restless piety, and by active services rendered to the people among whom he lived. As soon as a political and warlike career opened before him, he rushed headlong into it, as the only one in which he could find room for the employment of his powers and the satisfaction of his passions. He was the most vehement of sectaries, the most active of revolutionists, the ablest of soldiers; ready alike to speak, to pray, to conspire, and to fight; at one time pouring out his thoughts with a warmth and frankness that carried away his hearers; and, in case of need, playing the hypocrite with a cool and inexhaustible mendacity, and a fertility of invention, which surprised and perplexed even his enemies; enthusiastic yet worldly, rash yet perspicacious, mystical yet practical, he set no bounds to the soarings of his imagination, and he felt no scruples in perpetrating any act which the necessity of the case enjoined; determined on success at all costs, discerning and seizing with matchless promptitude the means necessary to obtain it, and impressing on all, whether friends or foes, the conviction that he was gifted above all men with the qualities necessary to the vigorous conduct and complete success of an enterprise.

To such a party, led by such a man, a Republic was sure to be welcome. It gratified their passions, opened a vista to their most ambitious hopes, and gave security to the interests which civil war had created in their favour. It delivered the country into the hands of the army by the genius of its com-

mander, and the sovereign power into those of Cromwell by the disciplined aid of his soldiers.

Respect for their sincerity, their genius, and their misfortunes, restrains me from fully expressing my opinion concerning some illustrious men. Sidney, Vane, Ludlow, Harrington, Hutchinson, and Milton were Republicans, but rather in accordance with the political systems and models of antiquity, than from religious fanaticism. They were men of lofty spirits and proud hearts, full of noble ambition for their country and for mankind; but so injudicious and so insanely proud, that they learned nothing either from power or from defeat. Credulous as childhood, and obstinate as age; blinded by hope to their perils and their faults; they were, while preparing the way by their own anarchical tyranny for a more consistent and a more powerful tyranny, persuaded that they were founding the freest and most glorious of governments.

Excepting these sects enrolled into regiments, and these *coteries* constituting a Parliament, nobody in England wished for a Republic. It offended against the traditions, the manners, the laws, the old attachments, the old reverence, the regular interests, the good order, the good sense, and the moral sentiments of the country.

Irritated and alarmed by the manifest aversion of the public for their designs, Cromwell and the sectaries thought that a form of government so generally and vehemently rejected could only be established by instantly striking a terrible and irrevocable blow, which would prove its strength and vindicate its right. They determined to consecrate the Republic on the scaffold of Charles I.

But even the ablest leaders of revolutions are not long-sighted. Intoxicated by the passion, or hurried away by the necessity, of the moment, they do not see that the very acts which secure their triumph to-day will bring about their downfall to-morrow. The execution of Charles I., which struck the country with consternation, delivered England into the hands of Cromwell and the Republicans. But the blow which killed the King rebounded with mortal force on the Republic and the Protector; from that moment their rule was nothing more than a violent and ephemeral domination, branded with that mark of consummate iniquity which dooms the strongest and most imposing power to certain ruin.

Charles the First's judges did everything in their power to divest their act of its fatal character, and to represent it as a

judgment of God, which they were commissioned to execute. Charles had aimed at absolute power, and had carried on civil war; many rights had unquestionably been violated, and much blood had been shed, by his orders or with his consent. Upon him, then, they threw the whole responsibility of the misgovernment and the war; they called him to account for all the liberties that had been trodden under foot, and all the blood that had been spilt;—nameless crimes which only death could expiate. But the conscience of a people, even when distracted with trouble and terror, is not to be so completely misled. Others, besides the King, had been guilty of oppression and bloodshed. If the King had violated the rights of his subjects, the rights of the Crown, which were no less ancient, no less established by law, and no less necessary to the maintenance of the public liberties, had been equally assailed and violated. The King had made war, but in his own defence. It was notorious that at the moment when he resolved on war, they were preparing to wage it against him; to force him, after all the concessions he had made, to surrender the small remains of his rights and prerogatives, and the last wreck of the legal government of the country. And now that the King was utterly subdued, he was tried and condemned without law and contrary to law for acts which no law had ever contemplated or treated as crimes; which it had never occurred either to the King or the people to regard as coming under the jurisdiction of men, or punishable by their hands. What universal indignation and horror would have burst forth if the most obscure citizen of England had been treated in the same manner, and put to death for crimes created *ex post facto* by pretended judges, who had been his enemies, and who were now aspiring to succeed him in his power! And what no one would have dared to attempt against the meanest Englishman, was now actually done against the King of England, the supreme head of the Church as well as of the State, the representative and the symbol of authority and order, law and justice; of everything in human society that approaches the boundary and suggests the idea of the attributes of divinity.

There is no fanaticism, however blind, which, even in the moment of its triumph, has not seen some bright ray of truth break upon it,—sometimes even from its own centre; there is no policy, however deep and crooked, which has not heard some solemn and unexpected protest from the conscience of

mankind. Vane and Sidney, the two most illustrious men of the Republican party, and one of whom had been nominated among the King's judges, refused, either from conscientious or prudential scruples, to take any part in the trial, and left London to avoid being witnesses of it. And when the House of Commons, now absolute sovereign of the country, nominated the republican Council of State, twenty-two, out of its forty-one members, positively refused to take the oath which contained an approval of the King's sentence. The republican regicides, with Cromwell at their head, were compelled to accept as colleagues men whom nothing could induce to pass for their accomplices.

The resistance which the new form of government encountered was at first merely passive, but it was almost universal.

Six out of the twelve judges absolutely refused to continue the exercise of their functions, and the six others only consented to sit, on condition that they should continue to administer justice according to the ancient laws of the country. To these terms the Republican Parliament acceded.

Orders had been given that the Republic should be proclaimed in the City of London. The Lord Mayor refused; he was superseded and thrown into prison: but though a new Lord Mayor was chosen, three months passed away before the proclamation was attempted, and when at length it was read, several aldermen absented themselves from the ceremony, which, in spite of the presence of troops, was interrupted by popular insult. The Common Council of the City was reorganized; several of the members elected refused to serve, and it was necessary that a smaller number than that appointed by law should be empowered to act. The Government was on the point of being driven to abolish the franchises of the City.

When the Mint was ordered to coin Republican money, the Master declared that he would have nothing to do with it, and threw up his office.

Civil functionaries and beneficed clergymen were required to take an oath of fidelity to the Republic, and though it was rendered as simple and inoffensive as possible, thousands gave up their places or their livings rather than comply. More than a year after the establishment of the Republic, the Assembly of the Presbyterian Clergy, held in London, formally declared that it was not lawful to take it. In the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge it was made com-

pulsory; upon which the most eminent members of those learned corporations resigned their offices.

The order issued to efface and destroy the insignia of royalty on all public edifices throughout England, was scarcely anywhere executed. It was reiterated several times with no better success; and the Republic, which had been established for more than two years, was compelled to repeat the same injunction all over the country, and to render the parishes responsible for its execution.

Lastly, it was not till nearly two years after the King's death that the Republican Parliament dared to pass a formal vote, declaring that the authors, judges, and executors of that act had done their duty, approving the whole proceeding, and ordering it to be entered on the journals of Parliament.

Never did a people, vanquished by a revolutionary faction, and enduring its defeat without open insurrection, more distinctly refuse to recognise the authority of its conquerors.

The passive resistance of the country to the Republican Government was soon succeeded by the attacks of declared enemies.

The first proceeded from the Republicans themselves. In the seventeenth century, as in the nineteenth, that name covered ideas, designs, and parties profoundly different in character. Behind the reformers of political institutions came the reformers of social order, and behind them, again, the destroyers of all order and all society. The Republic of Sidney and of Milton did not go far enough to satisfy the passions and pretensions of fanatics or democrats, more blind and more unbridled in proportion as their social condition was meaner. Levellers openly arose, and Communists began to show themselves. The Republic had hardly existed six months when four insurrections of sectarian soldiers, excited and kept alive by an incessant fire of pamphlets, sermons, and popular processions, revealed to the world the dissensions of its partisans, and endangered the stability of its government.

The royalist party was more tardy in its revolt. Its repeated defeats, the execution of the King, and the relentless severity with which it was kept down, had struck it with a sort of stupor. But the dissensions of its conquerors and the evident aversion of the people to the new government, soon awakened it to life and hope. In two years, seven plots and insurrections, emanating from pure or presbyterian Royalists, who were equally ardent enemies of the Republic, proved to

its leaders that the blow which had been fatal to the Monarch had not eradicated the attachment to the Monarchy.

In a short time a secret understanding arose between the royalist and the republican conspirators, the Cavaliers and the Levellers. They conspired together; for a common hatred obliterates all lesser hostilities.

And while England was torn by this wild anarchy, Scotland and Ireland, both royalist, though from very different motives and with very different sentiments, openly declared against the Republic, proclaimed Charles Stuart king, and engaged in a war for his restoration; the former inviting Charles himself, and the latter his representatives, to take the lead in the insurrection.

In this dislocation of the three kingdoms, while plots laid by opposite parties, but tending to the same end, were no sooner defeated than revived, and alternately raised or overthrew the ambitions and the schemes of all parties throughout the country, the bonds of society were loosened, and the springs of authority rapidly gave way. There was no longer any order or security. In the administration of counties and parishes, in the general and local finances, in public employments and private fortunes, all the interests of civil life were thrown into confusion. The high roads, and even the neighbourhood of cities, were infested with gangs of robbers, whose political passions served as pretexts for their crimes. They asked those whom they stopped, whether they had taken the oath of fidelity to the Republic, and maltreated or released them according to the tenor of their answer. It became necessary to station bodies of troops at various points, and to keep several regiments of cavalry incessantly in motion; and even these energetic measures of repression had but a very imperfect success; for the disorganization of society produced more disorders than it was in the power of the Republican Government to put down.

Though assailed by dangers so numerous and pressing, the leaders of the Republican Parliament betrayed no weakness. They possessed energy and firmness, the offspring, in some, of faith in their cause, in others, of imperious personal interests. Their noblest hopes and their most selfish fears, their honour and their life, were equally engaged in their enterprise. They devoted themselves to it courageously; but they made a blind and prodigal use of those vicious means which save a cause for a moment to ruin it completely in the end.

From the very outset they carried political tyranny almost to its utmost limits; for they decreed that any man who, in the course of the civil war, had adhered to the King or showed hostility to the Parliament, should be incapable of being elected Member of Parliament, or of holding any important office in the state. Shortly after, the same disability was extended to every municipal function, and even to the right of voting at elections; thus, at one stroke, reducing all the adversaries of the Republic to the condition of Helots, without political rights or political existence in their own country.

The oath of fidelity had, at first, been required only from civil or ecclesiastical functionaries, and their refusal was followed by no other consequence than the loss of their places. But the great number of refusals irritated and alarmed the conquerors. For the gratification of their anger, and in the vain hope of freeing themselves from their uneasiness, they imposed the oath on every Englishman above eighteen years of age; and, visiting political dissent with civil incapacity, they enacted that whoever refused to take it, should not be allowed to appear in a court of justice, even in defence of his own interests.

Sequestration and confiscation were employed against the vanquished, with the most intolerable and revolting injustice; not according to any fixed rule or general principle, but by particular and fluctuating decisions. They were aggravated or extenuated according to the wants of the moment, the avidity of a powerful enemy, or some unforeseen accident. The lists of names were incomplete and arbitrary; so that those who felt the danger impending over them, could never know with any degree of certainty what was their situation, or what their probable fate.

Since the cessation of the war, the only weapon left in the hands of the conquered Royalists or Levellers was the Press. They used it boldly, as the conquering party had done through the whole of their struggle with the King. They might well think they had a right to do so; since Mr. Mabbott, the last censor under the monarchy, had resigned his office because he would no longer serve as an instrument of tyranny; and Milton, the first Secretary of the republican Council of State, had eloquently vindicated the liberty of the press, as an essential right of a free people. Though the republican government did not appoint a new censor, it passed a law on the press, rigorous enough to satisfy the most jealous despotism.

The privilege of printing was confined to four cities, London, York, Oxford, and Cambridge; no journal or other periodical writing could appear without a licence from the government; printers were compelled to find sureties; and not only were those who had in any way contributed to a seditious publication declared guilty and punished, but every purchaser of any such publication was subject to a fine, if he did not deliver up the book to the nearest magistrate within four and twenty hours, and give notice of its dangerous tendency.

There was one liberty, that of conscience, which, it might have been presumed, would have been more respected by the Republic. It had always been put forward by the republican sectaries as one of the main objects of the war. They not only stood in need of it for themselves, but their principles imperatively enjoined it, for they rejected all general and obligatory church government, and held the right of each separate congregation to govern itself. But from one of the most deplorable perversities of our nature, it happens that men's inconsistency nowhere displays itself in so full and glaring a manner as on the very point where it is the most iniquitous and revolting. The very men who had, in practice, devoted themselves with admirable constancy to the cause of religious liberty for the last half-century, and, in theory, had made that liberty the basis of all Christian society, no sooner attained to sovereign power, than they absolutely denied all liberty to three large classes of persons, Catholics, Episcopalians and Freethinkers. Against the Catholics persecution knew no bounds; their faith and worship were absolutely proscribed; the laity were subjected to disabilities and privileged confiscations, and the priests to imprisonment, banishment, and even death. The Protestant Episcopalian Church, overthrown and dispersed by the presbyterian parliament, had to undergo yet harder trials under the republican; for the sectarians wanted to wreak their vengeance for the past, and to free themselves from fears for the future. They went so far as to forbid the presence of her ministers, and the use of her liturgy and prayers, even in the bosom of private families. As to the Freethinkers, less rare at that time than is usually supposed, if one were found who, from imprudence or from hatred of hypocrisy, openly declared his opinions, he was arrested, imprisoned, excluded from parliament, and deprived of every public employment, however humble. The Presbyterians, as enemies of the Episcopalians, enjoyed a

certain degree of toleration; but it was limited, precarious, and often troubled by the suspicion or the violence of the sectaries, to whom their church government and their monarchical sentiments were equally offensive. Vainly did a few more generous spirits in the Republican Parliament make some attempts to soften these rigours; they soon felt, and resigned themselves to their own impotence. Religious liberty existed only for the victorious republican sects, who forgot or tolerated their own religious differences in favour of a common political cause, which they knew was exposed to continual peril.

To maintain a political tyranny so vast and inexorable, judicial tyranny was indispensable; and the Republican Parliament exercised it without scruple. The King's trial, that monstrous violation of all the principles and forms of justice, became the model of state trials generally. To curb the seditious spirit of the Levellers, martial law was sufficient; but when a royalist insurrection broke out, or a royalist plot was discovered, a high court of justice, appointed by the Parliament itself, was immediately constituted, and was in fact a special commission, exempted from the rules, and affording none of the guarantees of law. If the Parliament feared that the proceedings would excite the indignation or the pity of the country, the publication of them was absolutely prohibited. These extraordinary tribunals were employed not only against men of weight, but also to terrify obscure masses, innocent of any crimes cognizable by the ordinary courts. Before the Republic was proclaimed, some Thames boatmen had petitioned for peace with the King. The Parliament sent their petition, signed with their names, to the new high court which it had instituted for the trial of five of the principal royalist leaders; thus using the instrument framed for the destruction of the great, to strike terror into the humble. In cases in which a resort to these high courts would have caused too much popular agitation or too much preparation and delay, the Republican Parliament administered justice itself: by a mere vote of its own, and in order to crush a stubborn foe, or to subserve the passions or cover the faults of a leader, it imposed enormous fines, and sentenced to the pillory or banishment. Some of the political reformers, for example, whose spirit the republican party had not broken, although it had driven them from parliament, were arbitrarily detained in remote prisons. Cavaliers, catholics, soldiers of

fortune who had served in the royal army, all, in short, who were liable to any suspicion, were banished from London in a mass. And if any royalist writer, instead of conspiring in secret, openly denounced the real or supposed crimes of the republican chiefs, he was arrested and sent to the Tower, where he often remained awaiting his trial till released by death.

These violent oppressions in the midst of anarchy seemed more odious and intolerable coming from men who had demanded so much of the King, and promised so largely for themselves, in the way of liberty; from men most of whom were till then obscure, and had risen from ranks and conditions in which the people were not accustomed to look for rulers. The authority which they wielded in so arbitrary a manner rested on their personal merit and the military force at their command; but the former, unless it is transcendant, is always a disputable claim to the exercise of sovereign power; whilst the latter is a title which alienates those who submit to it, so long as they retain a particle of independence or self-respect.

Though dizzied both by their elevation and their danger, several of the republican leaders had a sense of their situation, and of the public feeling with regard to them; and, at the summit of power, they felt that they were isolated and generally contemned. There is no power that can give its possessor confidence in isolation, or indifference to contempt. They ardently desired to gain other titles to dominion than those they had acquired by civil war and regicide, and to raise themselves by some great national act to the height of their fortunes. They meditated and prepared various reforms in the laws and the administration of justice; but the most important of these (of very questionable merit in themselves) were vehemently opposed by the most considerable men of their own party, and, instead of raising the Republic in general estimation, would have drawn upon it the unpopularity which attached to sectarians and levellers. It was clear that no measure of internal government would give the republican leaders the consideration which they wanted. They turned their thoughts therefore abroad. The dignity and interests of the country in its relations with foreign powers might be maintained with little effort and no risk. The age of religious wars was drawing to a close, while that of political wars had not yet begun. None of the European

governments, however they might detest the new Republic, had any intention of attacking it; on the contrary, all sought its friendship, which they hoped to use against their rivals. Mere neutrality secured to England peace, entire independence in her internal affairs, and a great weight in those of the Continent. But the parliamentary leaders wanted more than this. Of the three powerful states from which the Republic had the most to fear or to hope, France and Spain were monarchical and catholic, and were the natural, though disguised adversaries of the Republic; whilst Holland, as protestant and republican, naturally sympathized with England. An idea arose, and rapidly produced a great excitement among the daring and restless spirits of the Parliament. Why should not England and Holland unite to form one great republic, which would soon secure throughout Europe the triumph of their common policy and faith? Here was matter to inflame the most pious, and to employ the most ambitious. What would be the gratitude of England towards the men who should thus enhance her greatness, while satisfying her conscience and her pride! If this could be brought about, the Monarchy would be forgotten, and the Republic firmly established, and the Republican Parliament would become a senate of kings.

The republican leaders engaged in the project with enthusiasm: some using indirect influences, by industriously propagating their opinions; others undertaking solemn embassies, and endeavouring to lay the foundation of a firm union between the countries. But revolutionary dreams are yet vainer as to the foreign, than as to the internal affairs of a state. The English Republicans were pleased to forget that, as a consequence of the fusion which they contemplated, Holland would be entirely absorbed by England, and that she might not be disposed to consent to this arrangement. And, in fact, she refused to listen to the bare insinuation of the project. The Dutch Republicans, taught by a century of laboriously earned successes, were too proud to sacrifice their country, and too wise to bind its destinies, to this utopian scheme of an infant and yet tottering Republic. On the other hand, the cause of the English royalists was favoured, not only by the House of Orange, but by a large portion of the Dutch people, whose feeling of justice was outraged by the murder of Charles I., and whose good sense was shocked by the wild visions of the English sectaries; the just pride of Holland

instantly dissipated the dream to which the ambitious pride of the English Parliament had given birth. But such attempts, even when abortive, are not made with impunity. From the distrust and jealousy sown between the two countries, (already rivals in commercial and maritime greatness,) and of wounded self-love and bitter resentment between their rulers, a war speedily arose; so that the magnificent diplomatic visions of the protestant and republican Parliament of England ended in an open rupture and a violent conflict with the only republican and protestant state on the continent of Europe.

Thus, abroad as well as at home, the principles of the English Republicans were belied, and their hopes defeated, by their own policy. They had promised freedom, and they had exercised tyranny. They had promised the union of protestants and the triumph of protestantism, and they had raised a war between the countries which were the main bulwarks of the protestant cause.

It was in vain that the republican government had gained battles and suppressed its enemies. Notwithstanding its successes, and the general submission of the country, the Republic did not take root in the soil, and its leaders daily lost ground in the respect and consideration of the people.

Oliver Cromwell, the man who had been the principal author of the King's death and the establishment of the Republic, had a presentiment of this result, and now prepared to take advantage of it. No sooner was this change consummated than a mighty but natural metamorphosis took place in Cromwell. Till then, goaded by fanaticism and ambition, he had bent his whole powers to the destruction of the enemies of his faith and the obstacles to his fortune. But now that the work of revolution was accomplished, he saw that the next necessary step was to re-construct the government. Providence, which rarely endows one man with powers so different, had marked out Cromwell for this double work. The revolutionist disappeared and gave place to the dictator.

While Cromwell's great and vigorous mind perceived what the new state of things imperiously demanded, he saw no less clearly that the government which his colleagues were attempting to establish would not satisfy the exigencies of the times. Neither the institutions nor the men were equal to the occasion. The institutions, from their total want of

unity, stability, and of any principle of life and growth, tended to foster intestine war and create perpetual uncertainty at the seat of power; whilst the conduct of the men was determined by narrow or chimerical views, and by petty and blind passions. It was easy to perceive that such institutions and such leaders would perpetuate the struggle between the government and the country. From the time when the Parliament and its chiefs were exalted into sovereigns, Cromwell's good sense had weighed them and found them wanting. He saw that no strong and regular government could spring from such a source.

From that moment his chief care was to dissociate himself from the policy and the destiny of these men or these institutions; to keep aloof from their faults and their reverses, and, while he served the Parliament, to separate himself from it.

But to separate himself was not enough; it was necessary that he should grow in strength and renown, while others were working their own ruin. Cromwell foresaw the downfall of the Parliament and its leaders, and he determined not only not to share their fall, but to rise upon their ruins.

Men whose greatness lies in action do not lay far-reaching and elaborate plans of conduct. They are prompted by instinct and ambition: they look at the facts which every day brings forth, and every event modifies, as they really are; they see the course which these facts point out, and the chances which it offers; they enter upon it with spirit, and advance boldly as far as it will lead them. Cromwell went onwards to the dictatorship without any distinct perception of the end to which he was going, or the perils and sacrifices of the way; but he never hesitated or halted in his course.

The Parliament unconsciously seconded his views; it offered him exactly the position, isolated and distinct from the reigning power, of which he was in quest. Cromwell's presence in London was so inconvenient and disquieting to the leaders, that they asked him to take the command of the army equipped for the reduction of Ireland, which had risen for Charles Stuart, or rather, against the Parliament. Cromwell not only waited to be entreated, but made large demands in favour of his numerous friends, to whom he was a zealous patron; and stipulated, on his own account, for a well-provided army, high dignity, unlimited powers, and all the other means of assured success. They were so eager to be rid of him that they gave him all he demanded. His departure was

solemn and magnificent. Sermons were preached, predicting or praying for his success; Cromwell himself spoke and prayed in public, and quoted passages from the Bible of an encouraging nature, which he applied to the war he was about to undertake. He marched out of London surrounded by a numerous guard of officers splendidly equipped. At Bristol, where he took ship, the people from the neighbouring country flocked in crowds to see him. At the moment of withdrawing himself from the eyes of the English people, he neglected nothing that could excite their expectations, which everything conspired to raise.

It was England that he hoped to gain by the conquest of Ireland. There he would have to deal with a hostile race and faith, the one despised, the other detested, by the English people. He made unrelenting war upon them. He massacred, plundered, and drove out the Irish; shrinking as little from cruelty in the field as he had done from mendacity in the parliament; covering every crime with the plea of necessity; and prone to believe in it whenever it could shorten the road to success.

His victories and his renown soon began to awaken the anxiety of Parliament. Cromwell was the subject of all conversations; the people talked of him with admiration, and men of sagacity endeavoured to divine his conduct and his destiny. At the moment of his setting out to join the army in Ireland, a rumour had got abroad, and had caused a general agitation in Scotland, that his destination was not Dublin, but Edinburgh. Others said that on his return from Ireland he intended to cross to France, but nobody could tell on what pretext, or with what design. Pamphlets entitled "The Character of King Cromwell" were seized. He had reached that point in the ascent to greatness at which a man's most insignificant actions, or the most frivolous circumstances regarding him, excite intense curiosity in the public and solicitude in his rivals. The leaders of the Parliament thought they might take advantage of his going into winter-quarters at Dublin to recall him to London. Cromwell did not obey; he did not even reply; but, abruptly renewing the campaign, pursued his work of destruction in Ireland, and did not return to England till fresh and graver perils threatened the Republic, and opened new prospects of independence and greatness to himself.

Scotland having recalled Charles Stuart, the Republic and

the Monarchy were about to meet face to face, and the Republic stood in need of a tried champion to oppose to the King. The Parliament wished to send two, Fairfax and Cromwell; but Fairfax having refused, it appointed Cromwell to the sole command; with infinite regret, but constrained, for the safety of the Republic, to give him another kingdom to conquer.

Cromwell's mode of carrying on the war, and his whole conduct in Scotland, were totally different from those which he had pursued in Ireland. He was no less moderate, patient, and conciliating to the Scotch Protestants, than he had been violent, harsh, and pitiless to the Irish Catholics. The royalist party was surrounded, and even divided, by deep-laid dissensions: there were Presbyterians, more fanatical than royalist, who served the King with infinite distrust and reservations of all sorts; sectarians as ardent and as democratic as those of England, full of sympathy with Cromwell and his soldiers, and more disposed to second than to oppose them. Cromwell humoured and took advantage of all these dispositions. He was eager to do battle with the King's army, but full of consideration for the country. He opened separate negotiations with the leaders whom he knew to be wavering or well inclined to himself, and entered into religious correspondences, conferences, and discussions with the Scotch theologians; showing himself no less able than anxious to please, and even when he failed to convince or seduce, leaving a profound and favourable impression on his hearers. By these means he advanced into Scotland, daily gaining ground by his arms and his address, and detaching counties, cities, and chieftains from the royal cause. Charles found himself pressed upon, surrounded, and in a short time in personal danger. With the impetuosity of youth, he suddenly took a daring and desperate resolution; abandoning Scotland to Cromwell, he marched rapidly at the head of his army to England, determined to try the fortunes of Royalty in the heart of the Republic.

A month had not elapsed from the time when Charles and his army set foot on the soil of England, before Cromwell had come up with them, and had beaten and dispersed them at Worcester, where Charles had just been proclaimed King. While Charles was wandering from one place of refuge to another under various disguises, and seeking a boat to bear him from the shores of England, Cromwell re-entered London in triumph, surrounded by members of the Parliament, the

Council of State, the Common Council of the City, and an immense crowd proclaiming him their deliverer.

Jealousies and hatreds were for a moment forgotten in the joy of deliverance from great and imminent danger. The Parliament heaped gifts and favours upon Cromwell; among others, a large grant of lands, and the palace of Hampton Court as a residence. But though the most distrustful lavished marks of gratitude and deference upon him, the enthusiasm of the republican part of the people was more sincere and more valuable. No sooner has a revolution levelled the ancient dignities and grandeurs of a country in the dust, than its authors are eager to raise up new ones; their safety and their pride are equally concerned in seeing their work illustrated by glorious symbols, which they imagine will compensate society for those they have destroyed. Hence the pompous displays, the inordinate flatteries, the idolatry of language, with which popular bodies, however democratic, delight to intoxicate the men who climb on the ruins they have made. Sectaries and philosophers, citizens and soldiers, parliament and people, all, willingly or unwillingly, concurred in enhancing Cromwell's greatness, as if they themselves were rendered greater by it. The republicans of the city of London, who went out to harangue him on his return, told him, with exultation, that he was born "to bind kings with chains, and nobles with fetters of iron." They were too short-sighted to perceive that these fetters would soon gall their own hands.

Cromwell received these honours and flatteries with an humility which, though the result of calculation, was not wholly destitute of sincerity. "To God alone," he continually repeated, "belongs the glory; I am only his weak and unworthy instrument." He knew how acceptable this language was to his country and his party; and he exaggerated it by incessant and emphatic repetitions, to please the men whose confidence and attachment he thus raised to the highest pitch. But it was also the expression of his own inmost thoughts. The power and providence of God, His continual action on the affairs of the world and the souls of men, were not, in Cromwell's mind, cold abstractions, or worn-out traditions, but deep and sincere convictions. Though his faith neither restrained his actions under the temptations of life, nor made him scrupulous about the measures necessary to success, it subsisted at the bottom of his heart, and inspired

his words when he was strongly moved by the greatness of circumstances or of his own situation. It costs a man little, however, to talk humbly, and to call himself the instrument of God, when God makes his instrument the master of nations. Neither Cromwell's power nor pride were any losers by his humility.

His ambition not only rose with his station, but soared above it. While his language was so humble, sudden airs of sovereignty occasionally betrayed what was passing within him. On the field of Worcester, he wanted to grant knighthood to two of his bravest generals, Lambert and Fleetwood, and desisted with great ill-humour on being told that this was a royal prerogative. When he made his triumphal entry into London, and was greeted on all sides by popular acclamations, Hugh Peters, the sectarian preacher, who knew him well, was so struck with his countenance as he passed, that he exclaimed, "Cromwell will make himself our king." He had just saved the Republic, and subjugated two kingdoms, and as there was no longer anything great for him to do at a distance and by arms, he remained in London. Here then, on the one side, was Cromwell, powerful and unemployed, constantly receiving the visits of his officers and soldiers, and becoming the depositary of all discontents, and the centre of all hopes: on the other, the mutilated Parliament, not more than sixty or eighty members of which met daily; some of them earnestly and honestly intent on the business of the nation, but the greater number engaged in a scramble for places for themselves or their dependants; making their power subservient to their fortunes, or to their mean hatreds and vulgar quarrels; sinking deeper and deeper in selfishness; isolated, unpopular, incapable of giving to the country either repose, or liberty, or security; yet apparently resolved to retain the sovereign power, as if the safety of England could require the perpetuation of so miserable a government.

For a long time Cromwell hesitated. When, at the moment of his triumph, he resumed his seat in Parliament, he had armed himself for the conflict with two great and popular questions; —a general amnesty proclaiming the termination of civil war, and an electoral law regulating the mode and time of convoking a new parliament. These two measures had long been proposed, but had remained buried in committees, and had only been brought out on critical days to gain popularity. By Cromwell's influence they now underwent serious dis-

cussion. The amnesty was voted with difficulty, after five months' debate, and numerous attempts at restrictions, especially pecuniary ones; these, however, were triumphantly defeated by Cromwell, who had too much sense to indulge in useless animosities, and was anxious to gain adherents and friends from all parties. But the decisive measure, the law of election, remained in suspense. Cromwell pressed for it; not however with ardour, and rather in order to exhibit in a strong light the selfishness of the parliamentary leaders, than to bring the debate to a speedy issue. He was himself greatly perplexed. What plausible arguments could be found to induce the Parliament to dissolve itself? What would be the result of new elections? And would even new elections suffice to raise the character of the government and give it stability? Was the experiment of a Republic a successful one? Was not Monarchy more conformable with the laws, the habits, the sentiments, and the permanent interests of the country? If the country wanted and wished for monarchy, how was it to be restored? and in what measure? and in whose person? These questions were asked by Cromwell, not only in intimate conversation with a few leading men, but in conferences to which he invited officers of the army and members of the parliament. Their answers afforded him little satisfaction. The officers of the army persisted in their republicanism; the politicians inclined to monarchy would hear of none but the ancient one, and advised Cromwell to treat with its representative and his partisans for its restoration. At this he broke off the conversation, but afterwards returned to the charge, supple in appearance, but at bottom inflexible in his ambitious purposes; frank even to audacity when he wanted to carry men along with him; shamelessly hypocritical and deceitful when he wished to conceal his intentions. One advantage he never failed to gain from these intrigues; he committed the army more and more deeply to his struggle with the Parliament. The army, which retained much of its original sectarian spirit, while it had acquired the military spirit during its long and formidable warfare, combined the passions of the fanatic with the interests of the soldier. Cromwell laboured incessantly to turn both against the Parliament. What an iniquity it was that what was due to the conquerors should be so ill paid, and that men who had neither fought nor suffered should reap all the fruits of victory! What an insult to God that the coun-

sels of his saints should be so little heeded! Petitions presented by the council-general of officers, in the name of the whole army, haughtily demanded that their arrears should be paid, that the abuses in the government should be reformed, and that the hopes of God's people should be fulfilled. The Parliament, thus threatened, defended itself, and angrily attacked in its turn. It urged the dismissal of a considerable part of the army, and put up to sale that very palace of Hampton Court which it had given to Cromwell as a residence. This state of things subsisted for a year and a half. Both sides felt that the crisis was at hand. Which would be master? The Parliament suddenly resolved to urge the very dissolution that had been required of it. It entered warmly into the discussion and the decision of the electoral law. But the object of this law was to maintain the power in the very hands from which it ought to have been withdrawn. The actual members of the Republican Parliament were to be, of right, and without any re-election, members of the new parliament; the elections were only to fill up the vacancies in the assembly so as to complete the number required by law. And that the scheme might give entire security to the possessors of power, the committee charged with the scrutiny of the new elections, and empowered to admit or reject the elected, was to consist only of old members. This was not a dissolution of a Parliament, it was a renewal and perpetuation of the same. Cromwell no longer hesitated. Suddenly breaking up a conference of officers assembled at his house at Whitehall, he went down to the House of Commons, and silently took his seat in the midst of the discussion on the law of election. At the moment when it was about to be put to the vote, he rose with premeditated abruptness and violence, and, taking advantage of the discredit into which the leaders had already fallen to overwhelm them with gross insults, which he knew would discredit them still further, he told them that they were no longer a parliament, ordered a troop of soldiers to drive them out of the house as intruders too long tolerated, and thus put a sudden end to the Long Parliament.

Nobody resisted, not a voice was raised in its defence; for though it had warm and faithful friends, its party was not numerous, and it had military force and public opinion against it. All the other parties, whether they approved Cromwell or not, rejoiced at the expulsion of the parliament as an act

of justice and a deliverance of the nation. Intimidated or impotent, the vanquished silently submitted; and the revolutionary leaders, who had carried on civil war for nine years, driven three-fourths of their colleagues from their seats, condemned their King to death, and tyrannically changed the constitution of their country, were compelled to acknowledge that the work of governing is far greater and more difficult than they had suspected it to be before they sank under it.

The Republic had been established in the name of Liberty, but, under the rule of the Parliament, liberty had been a vain name, covering the tyranny of a faction. After the expulsion of the Parliament, the Republic became in its turn an empty word, preserved like one of those falsehoods which still serve a purpose, though they have ceased to deceive; and the despotism of one man constituted for five years the Government of England.

Despotism, in an energetic and powerful nation, which has submitted to it in a fit of perplexity or lassitude, can subsist only on two conditions—order and greatness. Cromwell, once master, displayed all the resources of his genius in impressing this character on his government. A stranger to the rancorous passions, the narrow and invincible prejudices, which characterize the sway of factions, it was his desire that all, without distinction of origin or party, Cavaliers and Presbyterians, as well as Republicans, might find protection and security for their civil interests, provided they abstained from political intrigues. The act imposing the oath of fidelity on all Englishmen, under pain of legal disabilities, was abrogated. The administration of justice was once more regular and habitually impartial. Cromwell, as revolutionary general, had gained intelligence and won over adherents from all parties; Cromwell, Protector of the Republic, endeavoured to rally round his government all the higher elements of society. He had too much good sense to desert the friends by whom he had risen to eminence, and to throw himself on the mercy of his former enemies; but a superior instinct taught him that so long as a government is not accepted and sustained by those whom their position, their interests, and their habits render the natural supporters of political order, nothing can be completely organized or firmly established. This impetuous leader of popular innovators mani-

fested the greatest respect for time-hallowed institutions. The sectaries, in their aversion to human learning and aristocratic or royal endowments, sought to destroy the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Cromwell saved them. Great by nature, and elevated by fortune, he soon acquired a taste for all that was great and lofty in talents and learning, present fame or ancient tradition; he delighted to surround himself with all that was eminent, and to protect it against coarse and vulgar antipathy. In support of this policy, in the maintenance of law and order for all, in the re-establishment of authority and the enforcement of respect, he employed that very army with which he had overthrown so many ancient dignities and powers; though its rigorous discipline and its devotedness to him were barely sufficient to repress the half-extinguished passions which still smouldered in its ranks.

In the foreign relations of England, Cromwell took a still juster view of the interests of his country and of his own position, and being less trammelled by party ties, obtained a much more complete success.

The first object of his policy was peace. From the moment of his accession to power, he laboured to re-establish or to confirm it throughout Europe; with Holland, Portugal, and Denmark. Laying aside not only those dreams of republican and protestant fusion which he had formerly entertained and fostered, but also religious and party animosities, he was eager to settle differences, and to close open questions; he was sometimes captious and haughty in asserting the dignity of a new government, but always guided by good sense, never making extravagant demands, nor indulging chimerical schemes of ambition; and requiring abroad nothing but what was essential to the strength and security of his government at home.

Peace once secured, the next object of his policy was neutrality. It was just at the crisis of the struggle between the Houses of Austria and Bourbon, between Spain in her decline and France in her ascension. Both made eager and even disgraceful efforts to secure England as an ally. Cromwell listened to both, gave to both just as much hope as suited his own purposes, but bound himself to neither. On mature consideration, he thought that from Spain there was less to hope, less to fear, and more to conquer. He hoped to lay a broad foundation for the power and commerce of England in the

New World. He therefore quitted his neutral position, but with so much judgment and moderation, that whilst, across the seas, his war with Spain was followed by the conquest of Jamaica, and near home his alliance with France secured to him possession of Dunkirk, he never took so decided a part in the contest of the two powers as to compromise the independence of the foreign policy of his country.

It was the constant rule of that policy, during his whole government, to be neither systematic nor violent, and to meddle no more in the affairs of others than his own really required. For example, the Stuarts had taken refuge in France, where the court showed them favour, though timidly. That kingdom was then disturbed by the attempts of the Fronde to stir up a civil war. The Protestants, though not perhaps persecuted, were uneasy and discontented. The occasion appeared excellent, and the temptation was strong, for Cromwell to interfere to annoy his enemies, and to protect the political and religious cause to which he owed all his greatness. The Prince of Condé, and the city of Bordeaux, the chief and the stronghold of the insurgents, earnestly solicited him to that effect; sending embassies, and reiterating their prayers and offers to obtain his support. Cromwell received their envoys, entertained them with hopes, sent in his turn agents to France, who were commissioned to sound the dispositions and to ascertain the strength of the Protestants and the Frondeurs, and thus gave serious uneasiness to Mazarin. Finding, however, that the French malcontents had no real strength, able conduct, or chance of success, he silenced all promptings of ambition and passion, disregarded all the offers he had received and all the hopes he had awakened, and treated with Mazarin, taking advantage of the fears he had inspired him with, to extort more favourable terms.

When an occasion of succouring oppressed Protestantism, less tempting indeed, but also less likely to involve the country in trouble, presented itself, Cromwell seized it with eagerness. In order to protect some poor peasants driven out of their valley by the Duke of Savoy, he sent declarations, embassies, money, and threats; called on the Court of France to interfere, if it did not wish that he should do so; implicated the United Provinces and the Swiss Cantons in his measures; attained his end solely by moral force, and thus procured a signal satisfaction to the religious sentiments of

the English people, without involving them in any formidable or uncertain conflict.

Whenever English interests of real, though secondary importance, required protection or reparation, Cromwell gave them energetic support, while he carefully kept them distinct from general or exciting questions. He sent Admiral Blake at the head of a large squadron into the Mediterranean, with orders to present himself wherever England had any claims to urge or complaints to make. Blake appeared successively before Leghorn, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, settling all disputes with a high hand, though without inflaming them, and never retiring till he had obtained, by good will or by force, the redress of his country's grievances.

These various efforts, constantly crowned with success, were not fruitless; but, nevertheless, they did not accomplish the true and ultimate purpose of the conqueror. This government, which was so active without temerity, and so adroit in flattering the national passions without servility; which raised the dignity of the country abroad without involving it in disputes, and maintained order at home by means of revolutionary soldiers, did not take root in the country. Cromwell was obeyed, feared, admired; England submitted to his genius and his vigour, but did not accept his rule. Consummate in the art of drawing men around him, he daily detached some from the old parties, and persuaded them to take active service under him, or at least to desist from all hostility. Good sense and weariness of civil dissensions, personal interest and weakness, baseness and perfidy, gave to him, as largely as to any man that ever ruled a people, all the support which such springs of action can afford to power. But the old parties, Cavaliers, Presbyterians, and Republicans, still subsisted, and though kept down, were still vigorous, and neither hopeless nor inactive. During the five years of Cromwell's reign, fifteen conspiracies or insurrections (not to speak of a number of obscure attempts) of the Royalists, the Republicans, or coalitions of both parties, menaced his government. He put them down with a strong hand; but, severe or clement as the necessity of the case required, without cruelty and without pity. He employed by turns the regular action of the laws or arbitrary power, the jury or exceptional tribunals, an indefatigable police or a devoted army, secret arrests or public executions, banishment, imprisonment, the

sale of the conquered rebels as slaves in the colonies; everything, in short, that could paralyze or strike terror into enemies. Nothing that was attempted against him succeeded. Every plot was defeated, and every rising crushed, the country taking no part in them and remaining tranquil But, though witness of Cromwell's daily victories over his enemies, it had no faith in the rightfulness or the permanency of his power. He did not reign in their minds as a legitimate and unquestioned sovereign. At the summit of his greatness, he was in their estimation a resistless, but a temporary master; without a present rival, but without a prospect of stability. He himself felt this, and knew it better than any one, for it was the character of his mind to see things as they were. Never was there a great spirit more ardent in hope and yet more free from illusion. While engaged in the overthrow of constitutional monarchy, he had learned that this was the only form of government which suited England, or could hope to endure. When he became master of the ruined citadel of the constitution, one thought took entire possession of his mind—to reconstruct it and establish himself within its ramparts.

It was the object of his incessant desire and labour to get together a Parliament with which he could co-operate in the work of government. He convoked four in five years; sometimes choosing, in concert with his officers, the body which he hypocritically called by that name; sometimes causing it to be elected in the very mode which the Long Parliament was on the point of adopting when he drove it out. He always treated these assemblies with great solemnity and deference at first; and though he used the most shameless artifices and the most unheard-of violence to obtain a majority, yet, even at the very moment of breaking with them, he was careful not to lead the nation to think that he intended to dispense with their concurrence.

The attempt was chimerical. None of the Royalists and very few of the Presbyterians consented to sit in his Parliaments. They were composed almost exclusively of the various factions of the republican party, amongst which the greatest irritation and dissension prevailed. Cromwell's partisans were not men to succeed by parliamentary tactics or talents for debate: his enemies, far more exercised in that sort of warfare, displayed all its resources to injure him; he had to encounter men whom he had overthrown, who were

sincerely and passionately opposed to his tyranny, obstinate in their anarchical ideas and habits, and no less ungovernable than incapable of governing. He himself was continually furnishing them with subjects of complaint, and putting arms into their hands; for, in his ascent to absolute power, he had not learned respect for rights, or patience under resistance and contradiction. Taught by an instinctive sagacity that, in his despotic loneliness, he was unable to found any permanent institutions, or even to consolidate his own power, he summoned a parliament, hoping with its help to create a durable government. But as that assembly, when convened, did not contain the natural elements of a conservative party, and was under the influence of men who had no ability for anything but destruction, Cromwell soon found it impossible to endure either their just liberty or their insane violence; and indignantly broke the instrument which he always found unmanageable, though he knew it to be indispensable.

At length he thought he had succeeded in assembling a Parliament which would understand and second his designs. He lost no time in causing the idea which possessed him, the restoration of the English monarchy in its ancient and complete form, to be laid before it. The proposal was made and debated in parliament, and publicly negotiated during more than two months between that body and the Protector. In this affair Cromwell displayed that strange mixture of impetuosity and caution, profound ability and gross hypocrisy, which he owed alike to nature and to art. His prudence was almost equal to his ambition. He did not choose to purchase his accession to royalty at the price of a division in his party, already so narrow and tottering a base for a government to rest on. He wanted to become King without exposing the Protector to peril; he wanted not only that the crown should be offered to him, but that all the men of importance by whom he was surrounded, sectaries or politicians, officers or magistrates, should commit themselves to the offer. Even before the institution of the Protectorate and the expulsion of the Long Parliament, he had sounded them and endeavoured to prepare them for this event. He was now engaged in his final struggle, and his efforts to work upon them were infinite and unwearied. These efforts were sometimes direct, sometimes circuitous; he addressed himself by turns to their interests, their affections, and their reason; he tried to make them understand that the revolution which they had effected,

and their own situation as well as his, would remain weak and precarious, so long as they should not have established themselves jointly in that frame of government on which all the laws of the country were founded, and to which all the habits of obedience and respect of the English people were attached. He convinced the reason or carried away the feelings of so many men, even among the officers of the army who were the longest recalcitrant, that he believed, and was justified in believing, himself sure of success. The proposition was carried through Parliament, and the Crown officially offered to him. He adjourned his answer, in the hope of conquering the last remaining attempts at opposition. It was in the circle which immediately surrounded him, and especially among the generals most intimately attached to his person, that he met with resistance. It was insurmountable, being founded on sincere republican enthusiasm, on a feeling of shame at an act which would belie the whole tenor of their lives, and on the resentment of humiliated rivalry. Cromwell, flattering himself that these were but the humours of a few individuals, determined to take no heed of their opposition, and to place upon his head the crown which appeared within his grasp. At that very moment, however, he learned that a petition, drawn up by one of his chaplains and signed by a great number of officers, was solemnly presented, in the name of the army, to Parliament, calling upon it to remain faithful to the good old cause, and proclaiming the most decided hostility to the re-establishment of the monarchy. Cromwell immediately summoned the Parliament to Whitehall; and, expressing astonishment that they should affect to protest against his answer before it was given, formally refused the title of King.

He was a man of too clear and perspicacious a mind not to perceive the weakness and insecurity inherent in his position, and he strove to place it on a foundation fortified by law and consecrated by time; but in vain. It was not the will of God that the man who had caused the death of his king and trodden under foot the liberties of his country, should reap the honour and the profit of restoring the Monarchy and the Parliament. In his struggles with the difficulties of his situation, Cromwell was successful against anarchy, but he constantly relapsed into despotism. He had rendered the civil administration of the country impartial; yet, urged by the necessity of finding resources for his government, he subjected

the royalist party to the most iniquitous exactions, and the whole country to a military tyranny by which alone those exactions could be enforced. He boasted of having restored the regularity and the imposing splendour of the administration of justice; yet, when illustrious advocates defended the objects of his prosecutions, or when upright judges refused to condemn them contrary to law, he ill-treated, dismissed, and imprisoned those honourable men with a violence worthy of the worst times. To re-establish the legal monarchy, without renouncing revolutionary violence, was to attempt an impossibility. Cromwell already enjoyed a rare privilege; he had emerged from the chaos of revolution to the dictatorship; but the far higher honour of transforming the dictatorship into a government of law and liberty was denied him.

In this perilous trial he displayed a prudence which saved him. He persisted till the last moment, but he saw when persistance would be useless and dangerous, and he stopped. England, which had seen him draw back, and the Republicans, who had reduced him to that necessity, still wanted and still feared him. His position, therefore, remained intact, and he was not the less powerful as Protector because he had failed to make himself King. He did not abandon his design. He even took measures for convoking a new Parliament; doubtless promising himself that, as he had formerly subjugated the Parliament by means of the army, he should at some future time subjugate the army by means of the Parliament. But already the hand which was to crush his own iron nature lay heavy upon him. For some time past his health had been failing, and his illness was now aggravated by domestic sorrows, especially by the loss of his favourite daughter. He declined rapidly, but he struggled against death. The numerous trials he had triumphantly passed through, the great things he had done and had still to do, the urgent need of his presence, the force of his will—all contributed to persuade him that he had not attained the term of his life. He said among his most intimate friends, "I am sure I shall not die to-day—I know that God will not have me die yet." But God had formed Cromwell to be a striking example to the world of what a great man can do— and of what he cannot do. His destiny was accomplished. By the sole might of his genius he had made himself master of his country, and of the revolution which he had let loose upon his country: he remained to his latest hour in full possession

of his greatness; and he died, consuming his genius and his power in an ineffectual effort to restore what he had destroyed —a Parliament and a King.

In the anarchy into which England was thrown by his death, she enjoyed one of those rare felicities of which it is difficult to decide whether they are the immediate gift of Heaven, or are in part attributable to human wisdom. The termination of that anarchy was not factitious, incomplete, or precipitate. All the ambitions, pretensions, and other elements of political strife or chaos which Cromwell had kept down, started into fresh activity, and renewed their warfare on that scene which he had filled alone. His son Richard was proclaimed Protector without obstacle, and was even recognised without hesitation by foreign powers. But hardly had he attempted to govern, when he was pressed upon by a crowd of advisers, who were soon to become his enemies and his rivals:—by a new and more popular council of the army under the title of a Council-general of Officers; by the new Parliament, which he himself hastened to convoke; by the old Long Parliament (or, as the people called it, the Rump), which asserted its exclusive claim to the legislative power, on the plea that it had been authorized by the King (whom it had put to death) to subsist till it should be dissolved by its own act; and lastly, by the same Long Parliament, recruited with the members whom, before the King's death, it had driven from its body, and who now forcibly resumed the seats from which they had been forcibly expelled. These various phantoms of power aspired to fill the place of the master spirit by whom they had all been driven from the scene. During more than twenty months they appeared, vanished, and reappeared, in a hopeless confusion of coalitions and conflicts; while not one of them, for a single day, acquired the consistency and force of government.

During this interregnum of twenty months, and in the midst of this ridiculous outbreak of chimerical pretensions, the only competitor who did not appear was he upon whom the thoughts, hopes, and fears of all England were fixed—the only one whose claims were serious. Two or three insignificant movements, which did not go beyond a demand for the convocation of a free Parliament, and in which the name of Charles Stuart was not even mentioned, were attempted

in his favour, but were repressed instantly and without a struggle.

It was the memory of Cromwell which even now held the royalist party in a state of fear and inaction. He had so often frustrated their hopes, and had crushed their plots and their risings with so rude a hand, that they had lost all confidence in the success of their projects. Moreover, their long reverses had taught them good sense. They had learned not to take their wishes for the measure of their powers; and to understand that, if Charles Stuart was to regain the crown, it could only be by the general will and act of England, not by an insurrection of Cavaliers.

Richard Cromwell really wished to put an end to the country's agitations and his own by treating immediately with the King. He was not deficient in sense or honesty, but he had neither ambition nor greatness of mind. His father's career and destiny, of which he had been a sharer, had excited in him a feeling of fatigue rather than of confidence. He did not believe in the recurrence of a similar success in his own case, nor did he feel himself capable of bearing a similar burthen. But neither was he a man to take a final and unalterable resolution in so weighty a matter He was undecided and weak, overwhelmed with debts, and looking out on every side for the issue of what was pending. He continued the sport of a fortune the vanity of which he felt, and the instrument of men inferior to himself in understanding.

Some solution of the present state of things was absolutely necessary. All the men of mark or influence who had brought about the revolution, or whom the revolution had raised into notice, had been repeatedly put to the proof. Though their attempts to govern the country had not been thwarted or obstructed by any external obstacle or national resistance, none of them had succeeded. They had destroyed each other. They had all exhausted in these fruitless conflicts whatever reputation or whatever strength they might otherwise have preserved. Their nullity was completely laid bare. Nevertheless, England was still at their mercy. The nation had lost, in these long and melancholy alternations of anarchy and despotism, the habit of ruling, and the courage to rule, its own destinies. Cromwell's army was still in existence, incapable of forming a government, but overturning every one that did not please it. It was a stranger to political parties, a soldier highly respected by the army, a faithful

servant of the Parliament and Cromwell, and of even Richard Cromwell at his accession, who perceived that there was but one conclusion of this anarchy possible, and endeavoured to lead his wearied country to that goal without conflict and without convulsion. There was nothing great in the character of Monk, but good sense and courage. He had no thirst for glory, no desire for power, no lofty principles or designs, either for his country or himself; but he had a profound aversion to disorder, and to those iniquitous excesses which popular parties clothe with fair promises. He was attached to his duties as a soldier and an Englishman, not ostentatiously, but with firmness and modesty. He was no charlatan and no declaimer; he was discreet even to taciturnity, and absolutely indifferent to truth or falsehood. He dissembled with imperturbable coolness and patience to bring about the result which seemed to him necessary to the welfare of England—the peaceable restoration of the only government which could be stable and regular. All the rest was, in his eyes, nothing more than a chaos of doubtful questions and party quarrels. He succeeded. All the fractions of the great monarchical party suspended their ancient animosities, their blind impatience and their conflicting claims, and united to support him. The Restoration came to pass like a natural and inevitable event, without costing either victors or vanquished a drop of blood; and Charles the Second, re-entering London in the midst of immense acclamations, could say with truth, "It is certainly my fault that I did not come back before, for I have seen nobody to-day who did not protest that he had always wished for my return."

Never was government, old, new, or restored, placed in circumstances more favourable to regularity, strength, and stability.

Charles II. ascended the throne of his fathers without foreign aid, without intestine strife, and without even an effort of his own, by the mere spontaneous act of the English nation, which, freed from long oppression and anarchy, and from revolutionary fluctuations, now looked to him alone for the restoration of law and order, and the establishment of a permanent and tranquil state of things.

The revival of the monarchy naturally followed upon the complete exhaustion and total ruin of its enemies and rivals.

The Republic and the Protectorate had appeared and reappeared under every form and in every combination which they could assume. All the men or the institutions which the revolution had brought to light were worn out and utterly discredited. The field of battle was deserted, and even the phantoms of the revolutionary combatants and pretenders had vanished.

Nor did royalty revive alone; for while the King reascended his throne, the great landholders, the country gentlemen, and all the eminent citizens who had supported the royalist cause, resumed their former places in the government of the country. The Republicans and the Protector had completely excluded them from all share in the business of the country, and their return to public life filled a great chasm in the social structure. It is the common error of the authors of revolutions to imagine that they can replace all that they destroy, and that they are competent to furnish resources for all the wants of the state. The English republicans had abolished the House of Lords, and driven the royalist party from the political stage; but they had not supplied their place as supports to authority against the assaults of anarchy, or as defenders of the liberties of the nation against the encroachments of despotism. The restoration not only re-established hereditary monarchy, but reinstated landed property, family traditions, and the most ancient and noble portion of the territorial aristocracy of the country, in their former rank and influence. The supreme power thus recovered its natural allies, together with its principle of stability; and political society, which had for eleven years been mutilated and unsteady, regained possession of every source of strength and re-established itself on all its durable foundations.

The restoration of the political government was accompanied by that of the religious establishment. The Episcopal Church arose with the Monarchy from her long subjection. The Church of England was called into existence by the voice, and fostered under the wing, of the temporal power; and it is not to be denied that this, when compared with the purely spiritual origin and the steadfast independence of the Roman Catholic Church, has been a great source of weakness to her. But England has derived one great advantage from this defect in her Church; it put an end to all struggles between the ecclesiastical and civil government. Intimately united to the throne, whence she derived her strength and

authority, the Church of England has been constantly and loyally devoted to it; and in spite of the stains on her origin and the weaknesses of her conduct, she has not been wanting in fervour of faith or purity of life, nor in courage and capacity in the accomplishment of her mission. She has had her heroes and her martyrs, unshaken on the scaffold or at the stake, though often weak and obsequious to royalty. At her restoration, in 1660, she had, for fifteen years, undergone every kind of persecution from the revolutionary party; spoliation, suppression of her worship, insult, imprisonment, poverty. She had borne them all with dignity and constancy. She arose from her abasement the object of ardent devotion to the royalist party, and of general respect to the people. She brought to the service of the restored monarchy tried fidelity and an authority heightened by her sufferings.

The dispositions of the English people coincided with those of their church. The sects which she had long oppressed, and which had oppressed her in their turn, had indeed not ceased to be her bitter enemies; and the odious or ridiculous excesses of fanaticism and hypocrisy, instead of giving place to a wise and sincere piety, were soon followed by an inevitable reaction of impiety, frivolity, and cynical licentiousness. This, however, did not penetrate below the surface of society. While the court, and the classes most exposed to the infection of its influence, set an example of scandalous vice and impiety, the country was still peopled with sincere and fervent Christians; some of these had always been attached to the Church of England, or were reconciled to her by the evils and disorders which had succeeded her fall; others belonged to the dissenting sects, which the church began to persecute anew, with cruelty sufficient to inflame their zeal, but not to put an end to their existence. The mutual hatred and strife of the church and the dissenters had in some respects a salutary influence on both. They observed each other's conduct with vigilant jealousy; they mutually enforced a strict observance of the laws of God and a constant solicitude for the eternal interests of man, and their very differences kept alive the fervour and activity of their faith.

Thus, in the mass of the population, there was no want of moral foundations on which to build the restored monarchy; whilst in the classes naturally attached to power by taste and habit the throne found the political props necessary to its stability.

The only two formidable enemies which could counteract these propitious circumstances, and endanger the safety of the restored monarchy, were, the spirit of revolution and the spirit of reaction.

The revolutionary spirit, however thoroughly subdued, long survives its defeat, and even the experience of its impotence. Of the two revolutionary powers which had ruled England, the Republic and the Protector, the latter had completely disappeared; so completely, that his sons were allowed to die in peaceful oblivion in their own country. Though the republican party still subsisted, it attempted nothing (and, indeed, hoped nothing) for its own cause; but it ardently joined in all the animosities and plots against the monarchy; constantly seeking and as constantly finding rebels and martyrs in the persecuted sects, especially in those of Scotland. Even the parties who formed the constitutional opposition, and who cherished no republican regrets or desires, were still much influenced by revolutionary ideas and habits. The minds and hearts of the most enlightened among them were imbued with theories, and easily stirred by passions, incompatible with the patient struggles and necessary compromises of constitutional monarchy. The most moderate weighed the chances, and approached the verge of fresh revolutions, with a facility utterly repugnant to any stable and legal order of things. The revolutionary poison, deadened but not expelled, still circulated in the veins of a large portion of the English nation, and kept it in a state of political fever which threw innumerable obstacles and perils in the way of power.

The reactionary spirit, the disease of conquering parties, incessantly exasperated the spirit of revolution. Not that we ought to listen to all the reproaches to this effect which history lavishes upon the Cavaliers and the Church of England. When revolutions which have long reigned unchecked are at length arrested in their course, their partisans demand, with singular arrogance, that the results of their past iniquities should remain untouched, and that nothing should be done or desired beyond the repression of their future attempts at mischief; every endeavour to repair the evil which they have inflicted, they call reaction. Among the measures adopted under the reign of Charles II. to redress the wrongs which the royalists, whether lay or ecclesiastical, had suffered during the revolution, many were only a natural and just restitution of violated rights. But both the rational policy

of governments, and the well-understood interests of the injured parties themselves, prescribe limits to such acts of reparation. Injustice is not to be repaired by injustice, nor can revolutions be brought to a close by acts of provocation and vengeance. Reparation, when it appears vindictive, ceases to be regarded as just, and becomes a source of serious danger to the cause which it pretends to serve. The religious reaction under Charles II. was stained by these deplorable excesses: it was not the mere redress of the grievances and wrongs of the Church of England; it was a vindictive persecution of dissenters and a breach of faith towards the more moderate among them, to whom the King, at the moment of his return, had solemnly promised liberty of conscience. Charles made several attempts to keep his word, and to secure some toleration to the dissenters. Persecution was repugnant to his good sense, to the mildness of his temper, to his indifference in matters of religion, and to his secret leaning to the catholics. But his feeble and lukewarm velleities of justice soon gave way before the obstinacy of ecclesiastical hatred and the violence of popular passions; and the royalist party, in parliament and out of it, joined warmly in the work of persecution. The lay reaction which followed on the events of 1660 was brief and limited; but the religious reaction, though restrained for a moment, soon broke out with violence, became fiercer the longer it lasted, and was the source of most of the dangers, errors and crimes into which Charles and his government fell.

But these faults, however lamentable, did not in effect involve the monarchy in serious danger or threaten the safety of English society. The body of the nation was no longer possessed by the spirit of revolution, nor was it governed by the spirit of reaction. From the time of the great revolutionary crisis, which lasted from 1640 to 1660, the English people had the good fortune to profit by experience, and the good sense not to give themselves up to extreme parties. In the midst of the most ardent political struggles, and of the violences into which they alternately urged and followed their leaders, they never failed, in critical and decisive circumstances, to remain or to fall back within the bounds of that steady good sense which consists in a clear recognition of the things which it is essential to preserve, and an unshaken adherence to them; in enduring the inconveniences attached to these essentials, and renouncing whatever wishes

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or projects might endanger them. It is from the reign of Charles II. that this good sense, which is the political intelligence of a free people, has presided over the destinies of England. The revolution through which the English nation had just passed had terminated in three great results. They were as yet confused and incomplete, but they were irrevocable: and they were the only results essential to the wishes and the welfare of the people.

In the first place, the king could never again separate himself from the parliament. The cause of monarchy was gained, but that of absolute monarchy was lost for ever. Theologians and philosophers, like Filmer or Hobbes, might preach the dogma or maintain the principle of absolute power, and their ideas might excite the indignation or the favour of speculative thinkers or vehement partisans. In the opinion of the nation, however, the question was practically decided: royalists and revolutionists regarded the close union and the mutual control of the crown and parliament as the right of the country, and as necessary to its interests.

In the second place, the House of Commons was in effect the preponderant branch of the parliament. Its direct or formal sovereignty was a revolutionary principle which was now generally decried and execrated; and the Crown and the House of Lords had recovered their rights and their dignity. But their overthrow had been so violent and complete, that, even after the fall of their enemies, they were unable to re-establish themselves in their ancient ascendancy; and neither the faults nor the reverses of the House of Commons could obliterate the effect of its terrible victories. The royalist party were now masters in that assembly, and, in its relations to the crown and the administration of the country, inherited the conquests of the Long Parliament. The confusion was inevitably long and often violent before the different parties (Tory or Whig, government or opposition) learned to use these conquests with sense and moderation; to understand their import and their limits; and to maintain that elaborate harmony among the great powers of the state which is at once the merit and the difficulty of constitutional government. But through all the experiments of this apprenticeship, and in spite of some appearances of an opposite tendency, the preponderant influence of the House of Commons over the affairs of the country was, from the reign of Charles II., daily more obvious and decisive.

These two political facts were accompanied by one of still higher importance, relating to the religious condition of the country: the complete and definitive ascendancy of Protestantism in England was the other great result of the Revolution. Never, certainly, had a fiercer disunion prevailed among the English Protestants; and Bossuet might well exult in the contemplation of their divisions and quarrels. But a common faith and a common passion pervaded all these divergent sects: in the midst of their own combats, they joined with equal ardour in the common war against catholicism; and liberty of conscience, though incessantly violated and oppressed by them and among them, was, as against the Church of Rome, equally dear to each and the inalienable acquisition of all.

These were, indeed, the only objects which the great body of the English people had really at heart, or earnestly demanded of that ancient monarchy whose return they hailed with transport; they were resolved to overlook or to endure the faults of a government which, whilst securing to them these three great and indispensable results of the revolution they had just passed through, preserved them from fresh convulsions. But this was precisely what neither Charles II. nor James II. was able or willing to accomplish.

In regard to politics, Charles II. had too much good sense and too much indifference to use any earnest endeavours to obtain absolute power. He cared for nothing but his pleasure, loved power only as a means of enjoyment, and willingly consented to concessions and compromises in order to ward off the risk of extreme struggles, or spare himself the annoyance of them. But in his inmost heart absolute monarchy was the only form of government which suited his taste or commanded his respect. He had not only witnessed the defects and excesses incident to the institutions of his own country, but had suffered under them. On the other hand, he had been a near spectator of the splendid court and the strong government of Louis XIV., and these were the objects of his admiration and his confidence. Hence arose the facility with which he fell into a venal dependence on the French monarch. He regarded him as the head of the great family of kings, and he did not feel all the shame by which he ought to have been overwhelmed, when he sold him the policy and the liberties of his country.

In religion, Charles was at once sceptical and catholic;

believing in nothing, and as corrupt in mind as in manners. But he thought that if, after all, there were any truth in religion, it was in that form of it taught by the Catholic Church, which afforded the surest refuge for kings against the perils of power, and, for the mass of mankind, against those of eternity.

Thus, though his conduct was not that of an absolute and catholic king, Charles was in his heart an absolutist and a catholic; his sympathies were with the sovereigns of the continent, and not with the faith and the policy of his own nation.

James II. was a catholic and an absolutist at heart, and his conduct was consistent with his conviction. He was also blindly enterprising, and persisted in his enterprises with all the obstinacy of a narrow and sterile mind, and the hardness of a cold and arid heart.

Such were the two princes whom the Restoration placed successively on the throne of England, in the midst of a nation which, though returning with joy to the ancient form of government and execrating the revolution, instinctively determined to hold fast by the important results it had gained.

The history of England, during the whole course of the Restoration, is nothing else than the history of the profound discord which, though slowly revealed, broke forth at length between these two kings and their subjects; and of the persevering efforts of the English people to escape from the second revolution to which that discord naturally tended.

For England was during that period essentially conservative. She was agitated by the intrigues, the plots, and the insurrections excited by the violence of faction or the selfishness of ambition, and was more than once hurried away by the efforts of malcontents or the passions of the people into disturbances which seemed to threaten revolution. But far from seconding the men who sought to overthrow the monarchy of the Stuarts, she stopped and recoiled as soon as she saw that she was tending to that point. During the reign of Charles II. conspirators and insurgents were small fractions of the nation, and were disowned and deserted by it even when it seemed to favour them. As the faults of the restored monarch became more frequent and unpardonable, and his tendencies and designs more evident, the public discontent grew stronger, and the chances of a rupture between the sovereign and the

country more imminent. But the country, far from availing itself eagerly of these chances, strove to evade them. To maintain the House of Stuart on the throne without surrendering its laws or its faith, the English nation made every sacrifice and every effort that the most patient and persevering conservatism could require.

All the phases through which the English Government passed during that period, with the conduct and destiny of all the parties and ministries who then wielded power, were but different forms and striking proofs of this great truth.

It was natural that the ancient royalist party, the faithful adherents and counsellors of Charles I. in misfortune, and of Charles II. in exile, should be the first possessors of power. Their leader was Clarendon, a man of firm, upright, and penetrating mind; a sincere friend of legal and moral order; a courageous defender of the constitution of his country, and a devoted adherent of her church; full of respect for her rights, whether written or traditional, popular or monarchical. But he carried his hatred of the revolution to such a pitch, that he regarded everything new with suspicion and antipathy. As prime minister, he was haughty rather than high-minded; he was deficient in largeness of thought and in warmth and generosity of heart; he was ostentatious in the display of his greatness, and pedantically rigid in the use of his power. Towards the king, who regarded him with great confidence, and with an esteem mingled with some degree of attachment, he was by turns austere and humble; passing from remonstrance to complaisance, speaking the truth with the courage and firmness of an honest man, but alarmed at having spoken it, and seeking support against the court, yet not choosing to receive it from the Parliament. He tried to compel the Crown to respect the ancient laws of the country, and to keep the Commons within the humble limits which the older constitution had assigned to them; and he flattered himself that the royal prerogative might be restrained within the bounds of legality, without rendering it responsible to Parliament. He failed in this chimerical attempt to found a government neither arbitrary nor limited in a country just emerging from a popular revolution; and he fell, after seven years of ascendancy, hated by the Commons for his monarchical arrogance, by the dissenters for his high church intolerance, and by the court for his contemptuous austerity. He was pursued by the blind anger of the people, who reproached him with every

public evil, as well as with every abuse of power; and was shamefully abandoned by the king, who now regarded him only as an inconvenient censor, and a minister dangerous to his own popularity.

Clarendon's fall has been attributed to the defects of his character, and to some mistakes or failures in his policy abroad and at home. Those who judge thus underrate the magnitude of the causes which determine the fate of eminent statesmen. Providence, which imposes so rude a task upon them, does not regard a few weaknesses, failures, or errors with such inexorable rigour as to visit them with a total overthrow. Other great ministers, such as Richelieu, Mazarin, or Walpole, had as great defects as Clarendon, and committed faults at least as serious as his. But they understood the times in which they lived; the views and objects of their policy were in harmony with the wants, the condition, and the general tendency of the public mind. Clarendon, on the contrary, mistook the character of his age; he misconstrued the import of the great events which he had witnessed. He considered what had passed from 1640 to 1660 as a revolt, the suppression of which had left the government nothing to do but to re-establish law and order; he did not perceive that it was a revolution which had not only hurried the English people into fatal disorders, but had stamped a new political character on the country and imposed new rules of conduct on the restored monarchy. Amongst the great results which this revolution had bequeathed to England, Clarendon accepted with sincerity the indispensable concurrence of Parliament in the government of the country, and, with joy, the triumph of Protestantism. But he obstinately rejected and opposed the growing influence of the House of Commons, and could not employ or even understand the means by which it might be made to ensure the safety, and add to the strength, of the monarchy. This was one of those radical mistakes for which the rarest talents or even virtues cannot atone, and which render faults or reverses, otherwise unimportant, fatal to public men.

The honest counsellors of the late king were succeeded by the profligates of the new court. At their head were Buckingham and Shaftesbury; the one licentious, witty, light, and presumptuous, the other ambitious, crafty, and bold; both equally corrupt, and equally versed in the arts of corruption; both ready to go over from the court to the

populace, or from the government to a faction, whenever the apostacy would advance their fortune or gratify their vanity. They undertook to satisfy the Parliament, the dissenters, and all the popular feelings which the rigid and isolated policy of Clarendon had irritated. But the art of governing does not consist solely in anxiety to please or readiness to yield. The rash and immoral successors of Clarendon did not suspect the embarrassments and perils which they were about to bring upon the government and on themselves, by leaning on the House of Commons for their chief support. A popular assembly can only become the habitual instrument of a strong and regular government when it is itself strongly and regularly organized and governed; and this can only be the case when it is divided into great parties, united by common interests and principles, and proceeding in a consistent and disciplined manner, under acknowledged leaders, towards determinate ends. Now, such parties can only be formed and held together among men united by firm and enduring convictions. Faith in principles and fidelity to persons are the indispensable virtues and the vital conditions of great political parties; as great political parties are, in their turn, a condition of free government. Nothing of the kind existed, or was in process of formation, under Charles II., when the ministry, called the Cabal, attempted to govern in concert with the House of Commons and in obedience to its wishes. After so many convulsions and delusions, men (especially those in the regions nearest to power) were a prey to doubt and distrust, to a constant restlessness, and to a selfishness at one time impudently rapacious, at another, prudent even to pusillanimity. The House of Commons was filled with the wrecks of revolutionary parties, but there were no political parties able or worthy to sustain a government. Men like Buckingham and Shaftesbury were equally unable and unworthy to form such parties: they knew only how to gain over partisans for themselves from every camp and by every means. Their policy was shamelessly inconsistent and contradictory. They formed an intimate union between England and Holland, or abandoned Holland to Louis XIV, according as they happened to need the favour of the zealous English protestants or of the most powerful of foreign princes. They granted toleration to dissenters from an apparent respect for the rights of conscience, but, in reality, from complaisance to the king, who wished to protect the catholics; then, under the pressure of

the irritated House of Commons, they solicited the king to sanction the most rigorous measures against both catholics and dissenters. Their policy, whether domestic or foreign, was a series of tentatives and contradictions; their most equitable measures were only means of corruption and deception, insolently adopted and abandoned by turns, and as devoid of consistency as of truth.

The public, whether in or out of parliament, was sometimes the dupe of these stratagems. Nothing can equal the eagerness with which the many believe whatever flatters their passions, and the readiness with which they excuse every vice in the men who subserve them. The profligates of the Cabal sometimes enjoyed a momentary favour; but it was withdrawn almost as soon as given. Their licentious lives, the audacious immorality of their maxims, the versatility of their conduct, and the hollowness of their promises, shocked the conscience of the country, which, in the midst of all its errors, had still a solid groundwork of piety and virtue. It would most assuredly not have stopped short at indignation, had it known that its King, with the connivance of his principal counsellors, had concluded secret treaties with Louis XIV., by which he engaged to declare himself catholic as soon as he could do so with any degree of safety; and had sold, meanwhile, for a few millions, the political independence and the free institutions of his country. England long remained ignorant of these shameful acts; but where a profound distrust prevails, the people, however ignorant, sometimes catch strange glimpses of truth from their presentiments. Though not aware of the degree to which the King's ministers had betrayed and degraded their country, the House of Commons not only withheld its confidence from them, but at length violently attacked them; and they fell under the blows of a power, which, by using it as their instrument, they had themselves augmented, and without having made the smallest progress in organizing political parties in the parliament, or in regulating its action on the government.

Their successor Sir Thomas Osborne, afterwards Earl of Danby, had much more political wisdom, and exercised a greater influence on the development of the parliamentary system in England. Though he came into public life under the auspices of the Cabal, and early took part in some of their bad practices, he differed from them on one essential point—he belonged to the country and not to the court. As he was

himself a Yorkshire gentleman, the country gentlemen of England constituted his party, and the House of Commons was his political sphere. Being an ardent supporter of the cause and prerogative of the Crown, but entirely opposed to its severance from the Parliament, his great object was to form a permanent and compact party in the House of Commons. In furtherance of this he resorted to every variety of means; gaining over the minds of some by arguments, and the votes of others by money. He endeavoured to establish that intimate community of interests between the administration and its adherents, which, by uniting all the various elements of a party in one set of opinions and one line of policy, gives a strength and efficacy to government which nothing else can confer.

Danby understood and shared the national feeling of England, both as to religion and foreign policy. He was anxious for the security of Protestantism and the good understanding of the English government with the states devoted to that cause. He persuaded Charles II. to conclude a peace, and afterwards an alliance, with Holland, and to give his niece Mary in marriage to Prince William of Orange. While thus securing abroad a saviour of the faith and the liberties of his country, he laid at home the foundations of that great party attached to the Crown and the Church which has ever since given such strength to the English monarchy and so powerfully conduced to its stability.

Whilst the Tory party owed its organization to Danby's good sense and ability, his faults, by a fortunate coincidence of opposite results, occasioned the vigorous and salutary development of Whig principles. It is the glory of this party to have owed its origin and the first display of its greatness to its defence of the political liberty and morality of the country. It rose into being under the auspices of generous sentiments and noble principles; and it began to assume its peculiar physiognomy and its imposing character, in its struggles with Danby and his army of Cavaliers, transformed into Tories. These struggles were still confused and disorderly; but it was easy to distinguish in them two great parliamentary parties, aspiring to govern the country upon political principles which, though not radically opposed, were marked by real and important differences.

The conflict, which lasted some years, ended in the fall of Danby and the dissolution of the Long Royalist Parliament,

which for eighteen years had upheld the royal cause with a singular mixture of devotedness, servility, and independence. It was succeeded by a Whig ministry, composed of the leaders of that party, Temple, Russell, Essex, Hollis, Cavendish, and Powlet; and with the aid of a few moderate waverers, such as Halifax and Sunderland, and of Shaftesbury, the daring renegade from the court (but now the favourite of the people), this ministry undertook the task of reforming and conducting the government.

It was a momentous crisis. For the first time, a parliamentary opposition, in spite of the resistance of the crown, was raised to power by public opinion and by the majority in the House of Commons. Would they be able to retain it? Would they be able to satisfy the real wishes of the country, without shaking the foundations of the monarchy, alarmed at their accession to power?

The Whigs did not succeed in solving this problem.

From want of experience, or from the influence of the false political theories which they had inherited from the revolutionary Long Parliament, their notions of their own organization and the conditions of constitutional government were confused, unpractical, wavering, and contradictory. Their prejudices were at once monarchical and republican. They tried to constitute the cabinet on a wide basis, and to render it a sort of intermediate body capable of checking the crown by means of the parliament, and the parliament by means of the crown:—a project so ill conceived that its immediate failure was inevitable. They carried the spirit of opposition into the exercise of power; and while servants of the throne, they were more anxious to restrain than to support its authority.

They lived amongst the remnants of the anarchical factions which had survived the revolution, and incessantly kept up a covert war against the monarchy. Revolutionary habits and passions had not totally disappeared with the republic. The republican party, though nearly annihilated in the higher classes, and too weak, even in the lower, to have any chance of success, still possessed unwearied agitators and implacable conspirators, ready to put their skill and their lives at the service of any one who would afford them a hope of gratifying their turbulent and vindictive passions. The Whigs, if they did not connive at these men, were in constant contact with them, and hoped to secure their services as partisans; but

these professional revolutionists flattered themselves, on the other hand, that they should be able to convert their leaders into instruments. They continually compromised the ministers both with the king and the country, which was loyal in spite of its discontent, and decidedly averse to new revolutions.

To set against these faults in their conduct or these difficulties of their situation, the Whigs had one resource of which they made an ample and deplorable use—concessions to the passions of the multitude. England was at that time possessed by a general and ungovernable terror and hatred of popery. Suspecting on good ground that they were betrayed on this point by their king, the English people were hurried beyond all bounds of reason, justice, or humanity. The political and judicial persecution of the Catholics was, during three years, the joint crime of a people furious in their faith, and a king cowardly in his infidelity. The Whigs as well as the Tories shared in this frenzy or yielded to it. It was moreover their ill luck to attain to power just as the first access of national fury against the Catholics began to subside, and to give place to some reaction in favour of justice and good sense. This reaction was therefore more injurious to them than to their rivals; and they had to sustain all the weight of the concealed anger of the king, who delighted to revenge himself on them for the iniquities which he had not had the courage to prevent.

Nor was their situation as to the foreign affairs of the country less complicated and insecure. Whilst they protested against the king's servile intimacy with the court of France, several of their leaders received favours or pensions from Louis XIV. Some accepted them from corruption (for there were profligates in the popular party as well as in that of the court); others, though men of the highest patriotism and honour, from the chimerical hope of employing the means of influence which they received from a foreign sovereign in securing the liberties of their own country. To seek abroad means of secretly acting on the internal affairs of a country, is a dangerous experiment; the ablest politicians run a great risk of serving the designs of the foreigner rather than their own. The advantages which Louis XIV. derived from his connexion with certain Whig leaders were much greater than those which accrued to them from the secret support they

received from him in effecting the overthrow of Danby and the dissolution of the Cavalier Long Parliament.

It was in the midst of these complicated embarrassments and perils that the Whigs conceived the design of changing the order of succession to the throne, and of setting aside the lawful heir by Act of Parliament. This was to make a revolution as yet uncalled for by any existing and patent necessity; to anticipate remote contingencies, and to act upon conjectures, which, however well founded, were uncertain. The Whigs doubtless thought that in such a matter it was wiser to prevent than to wait; and that it was better to accomplish at once by means of lawful deliberation, what must be effected later by force, and perhaps at the cost of a civil war. This was a very superficial view of the subject, and evinced little knowledge of human nature or the great conditions of social order. To deliberate on a revolution is more profoundly mischievous than to take a part in it; and the political structure of society is more shaken by attacks on its fundamental laws in the name of reason, than by violations of them under the pressure of necessity.

The Whigs required parliament to abolish, at its mere pleasure, and before James II. had begun to reign, the hereditary right of that prince to the crown; that is to say, they required it to alter the foundations of the monarchy, and to substitute its own will for a principle established by the constitution. The political tact of the nation warned it that this would be to destroy the monarchy; the monarchical spirit rapidly revived, and divisions broke out in the cabinet itself. The Whigs lost all their allies among the moderate Tories, and found themselves reduced to the mere strength of their own party. They were also met by an obstacle they had little foreseen—the conscience of Charles II. Selfish as he was, he did not think himself justified in disposing of his brother's rights, and he defended them at all risks. To the honour of the English nation, popular passions yielded to the respect for constituted authorities; the Bill of Exclusion, after passing the House of Commons, was thrown out by the Lords, and no attempt was made to push the thing further or to accomplish the same end by other means. But the question, though postponed, was far from being set at rest. The House of Commons which had voted the exclusion of James II. being dissolved, the bill was proposed and carried anew in

that which succeeded it. Of the two great parties which had gradually arisen in the course of the reign, the Whigs were resolved to get rid of the future king, and the Tories to maintain the monarchy intact. Charles II. had also formed his determination; he dissolved the House of Commons, dismissed the Whigs, made up a ministry consisting exclusively of Tories, and governed for four years without a Parliament. During these four gloomy years, England constantly heard the approaching tempest muttering around her. The Whigs, once more in opposition, conspired for different objects and in different degrees. Some endeavoured to recover power by legal means; others, to force the king, even by insurrection and civil war, if needful, to yield to what they regarded as the right and the will of the nation. Some of the lower and more desperate hangers-on of the party were prepared to get rid of the King and his brother, whom they looked upon as the sole obstacles to the success of their cause, by assassination. These plots, sometimes exaggerated, sometimes misrepresented by an imperfect publicity or by judicial trials conducted with subtle wickedness, threw the country into troubles and distractions of opposite kinds. The conservative party was indignant, and was alarmed for the safety of the throne and the established order of things; the popular party was more and more exasperated at finding all its efforts vain, and its noblest leaders led to the scaffold. The destructive hostility to the monarchy provoked a monarchical reaction equally intense. The charters of the principal corporations, the last rampart of the popular party, were attacked and abolished by form of law. The conspirators, discouraged by their failures and alarmed at their peril, left the country, and went over to Holland to conjure the Prince of Orange to save the Protestant faith and the liberties of England. The two great political results of the recent revolution to which England clung with tenacious attachment, namely, the influence of the parliament on the King's government, and the preponderance of the House of Commons in the parliament, were not only suspended, but endangered. The great religious result, the ascendancy of Protestantism, still remained intact; it was the Church of England herself who invariably supported the crown and anathematized every attempt at resistance. The high Tories, with Rochester at their head, daily rallied more closely round James; overlooking his attachment to the catholic church in their regard for his character of heir to the

monarchy. But there was a third party, composed of moderate Tories and led by Halifax, who opposed violent measures, demanded the convocation of a parliament, and predicted extreme peril in the event of the government persisting in its refusal. Charles hesitated and procrastinated: promising to the high Tories an unshaken perseverance in maintaining his brother's rights; to the moderate party, respect for the constitution of the country; and to the Church, the firm maintenance of the protestant establishment. Perplexed and fatigued, he employed all the address and prudence of which he was master, in eluding the necessity of choosing to which of these promises to adhere. He died before events compelled him to decide; but, having reached the term of his worldly career and the verge of eternity, the anxiety of the dying man overcame the precautions of the king; he rejected all the offers and entreaties of the Anglican bishops, sent for a Benedictine monk who was concealed in his palace, and died in the bosom of the Catholic Church—thus in his last moments confirming his brother in a faith, without the consolations of which Charles found it impossible to die.

During a reign of four years zeal for this faith had exclusive possession of James the Second's mind. His efforts to obtain absolute power were not the result of a strong character and despotic temper, nor of an ardent ambition; they were dictated by a dogged and intractable fanaticism. The infallibility and superiority to all control, which are the fundamental principles of the constitution of the Church of Rome, he regarded as maxims of government, no less than articles of faith. In his narrow and rigid mind, spiritual order was blindly confounded with temporal; and he thought himself entitled to exact from his subjects that absolute submission in the State which he deemed it his own duty to yield in the Church.

From his infancy he had suffered oppression for his faith, and had seen those who shared it subjected to cruel persecutions. On his accession to the throne, he regarded the deliverance of the Catholic Church in England as his peculiar duty and mission, and he was incapable of understanding any other way of effecting her deliverance than by restoring her ascendancy.

Such is the lamentable concatenation of human errors and crimes! They provoke and produce each other in endless series. Instead of recognising and respecting their reciprocal

rights, protestants and catholics could only alternately persecute and enslave each other.

Either in the sincere hope of succeeding, or in the desire of guarding himself from all future reproach, James began by trying to govern according to the constitution. The day on which he ascended the throne, he promised to maintain the established laws of the Church as well as of the State; and this promise he solemnly repeated to the parliament which he shortly after convoked.

Some important though isolated acts, however, soon belied these professions. He continued to levy taxes which had not been voted by Parliament; and whilst he redoubled his severity against the dissenters, with a view to conciliate the Church of England, he began to suspend the execution of the laws against the catholics, and to make serious inroads on the political and religious constitution of the state.

His language was still more alarming than his acts. While professing the legality of his intentions, he continually betrayed a sense of his right to absolute power, and his resolution to enforce it if the country did not gratefully acknowledge his moderation.

Kings and their subjects are equally fond of displaying to each other the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads; the former, in the name of divine right; the latter, in that of the sovereignty of the people. The menace is as insane as it is insolent, since it inevitably enfeebles the powers of the government, or endangers the liberties of the country. The true wisdom and policy of both kings and their subjects are the same; to claim nothing beyond their lawful rights, and to bury in silence the mysteries and the menaces of arbitrary power on the one hand, and of revolution on the other.

James's promises and first acts of constitutional government were received by the country with favour and almost with enthusiasm. The more lively are men's fears, the more eager are their hopes. The Tories had a decided majority in the Parliament. The Church of England strove to hold the King to the engagements he had formed with her, by increased demonstrations of loyalty and devotedness to his person. The dissenters thought they had some chances of toleration and liberty. Good dispositions and evil ones, motives honourable and shameful, conspired to secure to the King the patient, nay almost the servile, submission of the country. At court and in the parliament, the greater number

of the leading men were so sceptical and corrupt, that they were ready to make indefinite sacrifices of their opinions and their honour. In the nation, a feeling of lassitude, which was still profound, concurred with the monarchical spirit and religious discipline to repress any explosion of discontent or alarm. James was no longer young; his two daughters, sole heirs to the throne, were firmly attached to the protestant faith; it was better to endure for a time evils and perils, the term of which was certain, than to incur the risks of new revolutions.

The more violent factions, the conspirators by profession, the men of desperate ambition, and the exiles who had taken refuge in Holland, did not show the same patience and resignation. In spite of the advice of the Prince of Orange, who restrained while he protected them, they attempted two simultaneous insurrections; the one in England, under the Duke of Monmouth, the other in Scotland, under the Duke of Argyle. These risings produced a great agitation in the nation; but though a strong sympathy with the insurgents spread rapidly amongst the lower classes, it did not break out in active demonstrations. While the Tories vigorously aided the King to suppress the rebellion, the Whigs gave it no support. Both these attempts failed, and both their leaders expiated them on the scaffold. Though their fate excited the public commiseration, neither their personal qualities nor their views awakened any strong national sentiment. But an appearance of success is fatal to a weak prince engaged in a struggle with his people. James, triumphant over his enemies and obeyed by his subjects, gave himself up to the vices of his nature. He delighted in the rigid and even cruel exercise of his power, and he found in Jeffreys an undaunted and shameless minister of his vengeance. The inhuman proceedings against the partisans of Argyle and Monmouth, though clothed with the forms of justice, evinced an equal contempt for the guarantees of law and the feelings of humanity; and they excited in the public, whether high or low, whether favourable or hostile to the insurrection, the deepest indignation and disgust. James now gave a free course to his designs. He assailed the Church of England in its vital privileges, and the most faithful of his protestant servants in the inmost recesses of their consciences. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge received orders to place Catholics at the head of Protestant establishments. The king declared

with his own lips to Rochester, that if he did not turn catholic he would be deprived of all his employments. Measures so evidently illegal and extreme found opponents even among the Catholics. These were divided into two parties, the one prudent, the other violent, who carried on a constant struggle for influence over the king. The former pointed out to him the dangers into which he was rushing, the latter, the great object on which his hopes were fixed; thus restraining or stimulating his fanaticism by turns. Nothing, therefore, was wanting that could enlighten or guide James; neither the loyalty and the long patience of the Protestants, nor the moderation and the wise counsels of the more moderate Catholics. But his blind and sincere obstinacy was proof against all representations. He officially raised Father Petre, a Jesuit, to a place in his Privy Council; and he ordered the clergy of the Established Church to read from every pulpit in the kingdom, the declaration by which he abolished, in virtue of his sole power, the acts of Parliament against Dissenters and Catholics. The Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops having refused to execute this order, and having presented a remonstrance to the king, he caused them to be arrested, taken to the Tower, and tried before the Court of King's Bench as authors of a seditious libel.

Just at this time, a son, whose birth, being contrary to the expectations of all England, was regarded with groundless but natural suspicion, was born to James. The dominant faction loudly proclaimed their joy at this event; and betrayed their hope of training the son in their own principles, and of governing him as they had governed his father. There was now no apparent end of the despotism which had hitherto been tolerated in consideration of its short duration.

Still there was no violent outbreak, and the country remained motionless; but its leading men changed their resolutions. The Church of England, goaded to extremity, entered on a system of positive though passive resistance; the political parties, Whigs and Tories, concurred in a more decisive step. The Whigs had been taught by experience that they alone could neither rally the nation nor establish a government. Their conspiracies had been as unsuccessful as their cabinets. They had now the rare wisdom to perceive that they were of themselves insufficient to accomplish their own designs, and that an intimate union with their former adversaries was the only means of securing their success. The Tories, on the

other hand, saw that every principle has its limits, every engagement and every duty its conditions. For forty years they had upheld the maxims of non-resistance to the Crown, and observed a punctilious fidelity to their kings. Placed in new circumstances, and subjected to a new trial, they felt that their country too had a claim on their fidelity; and that they were not bound by consistency to make a servile surrender of their liberties and faith to a prince inaccessible to reason. The most eminent men of both parties, Russell, Sidney, and Cavendish for the Whigs, Danby, Shrewsbury, and Lumley for the Tories, laid aside their divisions and determined to act in concert. Halifax, the leader of the intermediate party, when sounded by them, declined all active participation in their design, but did not dissuade them from it.

On the 30th June, 1688, at the very moment when the solemn acquittal of the Seven Bishops filled London with enthusiastic acclamations, Admiral Herbert, disguised as a common sailor, set out for Holland, bearing to the Prince of Orange a formal invitation to come to the succour of the faith and laws of England, and a solemn engagement to support him at all risks and by every means in their power. These documents were signed by the six leaders of the two great political parties, and by Compton, Bishop of London.

William only awaited this step. "Now or never," said he to his confidant, Dykevelt, when he heard of the trial of the Seven Bishops, and of their inflexible resistance. As soon as he received the message, he announced his intention with a bold and dexterous mixture of frankness and reserve, and publicly prepared to execute it. He did not go, he said, to conquer a kingdom, or to usurp a throne; he went at the request of the English people themselves, to interpose between their king and his subjects, and to protect the laws of England and the Protestant religion from the dangers that threatened them. He discussed the expediency of the undertaking with the States-General of Holland, and asked their opinion and assistance. He informed not only the Protestant princes, who sympathized with him as the champion of their common faith, but the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain, who regarded him as the defender of the European balance of power. Never was enterprise of the kind thus avowed, debated, explained, and justified beforehand. The whole of

Europe knew it, and understood what was impending. Personal ambition and treasonable conspiracy disappeared in the political greatness of the cause and the event. Less than four months after the arrival of the joint message from the Whigs and Tories, William embarked for England at the head of a squadron and an army: bearing with him the secret good wishes of most of the sovereigns of Europe, Protestant or Catholic, and even of Pope Innocent XI., who had conceived a lively resentment at the haughty demeanour of Louis XIV., and a profound contempt for the insane temerity of James II.

James alone neither understood nor believed what was passing. In vain did he receive from Louis XIV. accurate intelligence, and the offer of efficient help; in vain did his own agents at the Hague and at Paris send him accounts of the preparations and the progress of the enterprise. He rejected all proposals, and shut his eyes to all information. He had still so much of English and kingly pride left as to be unwilling to be publicly defended by the soldiers of a foreign king, whose subsidies he had secretly accepted without blushing. His seeming temerity was the offspring of secret fear, and the feeling of his own impotence made him turn away from the aspect or the thought of danger. His presentiments did not deceive him. More than six weeks elapsed between William's landing on the coast of England and his triumphal entry into London. He advanced slowly through the country, awaiting those who would resist, or those who might join him: but no resistance was offered; not an effort was made, not a drop of blood was shed, in defence of James. No less abject in the presence of danger than he had been obstinate in refusing to foresee it, he tried to regain by weakness what he had lost by temerity; he retracted all he had done, granted all he had refused; he restored to the cities their charters, to the universities their privileges, and to the bishops his favour. He dismissed Father Petre from his council, and attempted to negotiate with William. His meanness was as unavailing as his temerity had been impotent. Shut up in his palace, he daily learned some fresh defection of his generals or counsellors. His daughter, the Princess Anne, escaped to the head-quarters of the Prince of Orange. Whitehall had become a solitude, and was likely soon to become a prison. James fled in his turn, but was recognised and brought back to London by the mob. After a few more days passed in use-

less perplexities, he escaped again, and for ever. On the 18th December, 1688, he had hardly quitted London three hours, when six regiments of cavalry, English and Dutch, entered the capital, with colours flying, in the name of the Prince of Orange. William himself, shunning as much by taste as by prudence all appearance of triumph, arrived in the evening of the same day at St. James's Palace; and five weeks afterwards, on the 22nd of January, 1689, a parliament, extraordinarily convoked under the name of a Convention, met at Westminster to sanction and settle the new order of things.

In this assembly, the differences which had been suppressed during the common danger, broke forth anew. The monarchical scruples of the Tories, and the innovating notions of the Whigs, once more manifested themselves in all their force. It was said by the more timid of the former, that the wisest course would be to recall King James, after compelling him to grant fresh guarantees. The more vehement of the Whigs spoke of founding a republic, governed by a council of state, of which the Prince of Orange should be President. Between these extremes floated the moderate opinions, which also were divided and unsettled. Many of the Whigs, who, though they had no intention of overthrowing the monarchy, were still deeply imbued with the maxims of the Long Parliament, wished to depose King James, and to defer offering the crown to William till republican institutions should have been organized under monarchical forms. The Tories, who were warmly attached to the Church of England, demanded that James should be declared incapable of reigning, but that the foundations of the monarchy should be left untouched, and the government placed in the hands of a regency. Others, more bold, agreed with the Whigs that James, by his conduct and his flight, had abdicated; but, under the influence of scruples suggested by their monarchical principles, they maintained that the throne, which could not be vacant for a single moment, descended, by this mere act, to his eldest daughter, the Princess Mary, and that nothing remained to be done but to proclaim her Queen. These various schemes, as soon as they were promulgated, were explained, discussed, and criticised with ardour by the people as well as in the two Houses; the public mind became heated, and parties arrayed themselves against each other; the ambitious unfurled the banner under which they hoped to rise to fortune and distinction; divisions broke out between the Lords and the

Commons; and the Revolution, though hardly accomplished, was already in jeopardy.

But the same rare political good sense which had united the leaders of parties in a common resistance, guided them through the difficulties incident to a new government. They dismissed all absolute theories and all questions of no practical utility; they reduced the acts and the terms by which the new power was to be settled, to what was strictly necessary to give it a solid foundation; and they were only anxious to bring affairs as speedily as possible to a conclusion which might satisfy the higher and middling classes of the country. William, at first by his reserve and afterwards by his firmness, efficiently seconded the wisdom of the party leaders. He left a perfect latitude to every system and every project; betraying neither his wishes nor aversions, and keeping himself aloof from all debates. But when he felt the crisis approaching, he assembled the most considerable men of the two Houses, and declared to them in simple and brief language, which admitted of no reply, that though he was full of respect for the rights and liberties of the Parliament, he, too, had liberties and rights, and would never accept a mutilated power nor a throne on which his wife would be placed above him. This step was decisive: the two Houses came to an agreement; a declaration was adopted, proclaiming the vacancy of the throne, the fundamental rights of the English people, and the elevation of William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, to the throne of England. On the 13th of February, 1689, the official proclamation of the Act of Parliament was hailed with acclamations in all the principal parts of London.

Nor was this rare combination of prudence, union, and power, more than the exigencies of the case demanded; for such is the inherent vice of all revolutions, that even the most lawful, the most necessary, and the most generally approved, causes a profound disturbance in the community which it saves from worse evils, and yields results which are long insecure and precarious.

Hardly more than two or three years had passed when William, the deliverer of England, was already unpopular. His simple but haughty deportment, his cold taciturnity, his distaste for the manners of the English aristocracy (which he took no pains to conceal), the exclusive intimacy and lavish favours which he bestowed on a few old friends who had accompanied him from Holland, all conspired to make him a

stranger, and not an agreeable one, in the midst of his new people. In all that regarded civil and religious liberty he was far more enlightened than the English, and was not at all inclined to be made the instrument of episcopal intolerance or of rival aristocratic parties. He had little respect for the exigencies of constitutional government, and, indeed, did not understand the working of parliamentary parties, which at that time were confused and ill-organized; he was shocked at their selfishness and jealous of their power, and sometimes defended his own with more vigour than discernment. The general policy of Europe was the great, and almost sole object of his thoughts and government. He had aspired to the throne of England mainly that he might have all her strength at his disposal in his struggle against the domination of Louis XIV.; and the protestant passions of the English people powerfully seconded his designs. But William involved England in the affairs and wars of the continent more than was agreeable to the habits, tastes, or interests of her people. She was weary of being engaged in efforts and dangers for distant objects by the prince whom she had invited to free her from intestine dangers; and he, in his turn, was indignant at finding in the people and the parties whom he had delivered on their own soil, so little ardour and devotedness for the great cause to which their safety and their freedom were, in his eyes, so manifestly attached. From these causes arose those misunderstandings, heart-burnings and conflicts between the King and the country which disturbed and shook the new government. William was conscious of his strength, and used it haughtily; he even went so far as to say that he would abdicate and return to Holland, if he were not better understood and more vigorously supported. When the danger became urgent, the Parliament, the political parties throughout the country, the church, and the people felt how necessary William was to them, and made the liveliest demonstrations of attachment to him. But their mutual disgusts soon recurred; the parties returned to their rivalries; the people to their prejudices and their ignorance; the king to his European policy, his war expenditure, and his captious tenacity of power. The hopes of the Jacobites revived; though beaten in Ireland and Scotland, and discovered and condemned in England, they laid fresh plots and renewed their attempts to excite a civil war. Even in William's privy council, James had correspondents who thus endeavoured to secure themselves against pos-

sible contingencies. Notwithstanding the easy success of the revolution, the firm character of the king, and the sincere consent of the country, the government established in 1688 was, during the whole course of this reign, continually assailed and continually tottering.

Similar evils subsisted in the reign of Queen Anne. The Whigs and Tories, more and more widely severed, carried on a furious contest for power. In the European struggle for the Spanish succession, the two parties were at first united in pursuing King William's policy of intervention and continental war: but the Whigs, led partly by a spirit of routine and partly by the intoxication of success, wished to carry this policy far beyond the limits of moderation or expediency; whilst the Tories espoused the cause of peace, which was ardently desired by the people and favoured by the Queen. By the treaty of Utrecht they put an end to the uneasy and precarious situation of Europe. But the Tories being nearly connected with the Jacobites, and the Queen, in spite of her fidelity to protestantism, beginning to feel a revival of attachment to her family, domestic intrigues were mingled with foreign complications, and the banished Stuarts had some reason to imagine that they had yet a chance of recovering the throne. The settlement of 1688 appeared to be once more called in question; but the death of Queen Anne and the peaceful accession of the House of Hanover established it on a solid basis. Under the reigns of George I. and George II. the public mind took another direction; foreign politics ceased to occupy it; the internal administration of the country, the maintenance of peace, questions of finance, colonies, and commerce, and the development and the contests of parliamentary government, became the predominant and absorbing interests of the government and the country. The revolutionary and dynastic questions were not, however, wholly extinct: the English nation had no affection for German princes, who did not speak their language and did not like their habits; who eagerly seized on any pretext to quit the country and to visit their small hereditary state; and who continually involved them in continental squabbles to which the English attached no importance and no interest. The domestic quarrels and the coarse licentiousness of the royal family offended the country. The vacillating rule, the selfish rivalries, the exaggerations and the intrigues of the parliamentary parties, shocked its integrity and its good sense. In

Scotland, Ireland, and even in England, Jacobite insurrections were pertinaciously renewed; but though they always found enthusiastic adherents, they were always repressed, and ceased to excite in the country any vehement fear or antipathy. These continual attacks on the established order of things naturally produced a general indifference and inertness, a disaffection to authority, and a disposition to criticise its conduct; the public seemed to fall away from a power for which it no longer cared. Fifty-seven years after the burst of national enthusiasm which had placed William III. on the throne, the grandson of James II., at the head of a body of Scotch Highlanders, penetrated unresisted into the very heart of England; and people began to ask whether he would not enter London in a few days, as easily as William had done when he drove out this same Pretender's grandfather.

But the fate of England and its government were not left to be determined by a fit of popular ill-humour, the defeat of a few regiments of soldiers, or the daring enterprise of a few factious men. The same social force which, in 1688, had accomplished the Revolution, defended and saved, in 1745, the government which it had founded. As soon as the danger became evident, the enemies of that government were encountered by the strong organization of aristocratic parties, and by the good sense of a people politically disciplined and deeply imbued with the Christian faith. The Whig leaders and many of the Tories considered their honour and their political fortune bound up with this cause. The parties were faithful to their leaders. The middle classes and the public at large forgot their discontents and disgusts, and the small hold of the government on their personal sympathy, and thought only of the welfare of the country and their own true interests. The church and the dissenters were animated by a common loyalty. Opposed by this intelligent union of the aristocracy with the people, and of the political with the religious spirit, the triumph of the Jacobites was as short-lived as it had been sudden. The greatest peril which the newly-constituted monarchy of England ever incurred was also the last. From that time some secret plot, some attempt no sooner conceived than frustrated, has occasionally shown that it still had enemies. It was not till after seventy years of laborious and painful trials that the government established in 1688 overcame the vices inherent in every revolution and acquired undisputed sway in England. In 1760, when

George III. ascended the throne, it was firmly consolidated. By what means and at what cost this great work had been completed, appears from the preceding relation.

A people who can understand and act upon the counsels which God has given it in the past events of its history, is safe in the most dangerous crises of its fate. England had learned from her former trials, that a revolution is an immense and incalculable disorder, which entails on society great evils, great perils, and great crimes; a disorder which a rational people may be compelled to undergo, but which they will dread and repel until it is forced upon them by an imperious necessity. In her new trials, England did not forget this lesson. She endured much, she struggled long, to avoid another revolution; nor did she resign herself to it till she saw no other way of saving her rights, her honour, and her faith. It is the glory of the Revolution of 1688 and the main cause of its success, that it was an act of mere defence and of necessary defence.

Whilst this revolution was defensive in principle, it aimed at precise and limited objects. In great political and social convulsions, a fever of boundless and impious ambition sometimes seizes upon society; men think themselves entitled to lay hands upon everything, and to remodel the world at their will. These vague and presumptuous schemes of human creatures treating the great and complex system in which their place is marked out as if it were a chaos, and striving to exalt themselves into creators, are as impotent as they are insane; the utmost that they can do is, to throw all that they touch into the confusion of their own delirious dreams. England did not fall into this wild error. Instead of aspiring to alter the foundations of society and the destinies of mankind, she asserted and maintained her religion and her positive laws and rights; and did not carry her claims or even her desires beyond the limits which they prescribed. With a singular mixture of magnanimity and discretion, she accomplished a revolution which gave to the country a new head and new guarantees, but which stopped short with the attainment of those objects.

This great change was not brought about by popular risings; but by political parties organized long before the revolution, with a view to the settlement of a regular govern-

ment, and not in a revolutionary spirit. Neither the Tory party, nor that of the Whigs (spite of the revolutionary elements which mingled in it), had been formed for the purpose of overthrowing established institutions. They were parties occupied with constitutional politics, not with conspiracy and revolt. Although they were led by imperious circumstances to change the government of their country, the design was foreign to their character and principles; and they returned with little effort to those habits of order and obedience which they had abandoned for a moment, not from taste or levity, but from necessity.

Nor was the merit or the burthen of the revolution limited to either of the great parties which had so long been opposed in opinion. They brought it about in concert and by mutual concessions. It was imposed on both by a common necessity, and was not, to either, a victory or a defeat. Though watching its approach with widely different sentiments, both saw it to be inevitable, and shared in its accomplishment.

It has often been said in France, and even in England, that the Revolution of 1688 was exclusively aristocratic; that it was planned and achieved by the higher classes for their own advantage, and was not accomplished by the impulse or for the good of the people.

This is a remarkable example, among many others, of the confusion of ideas and the ignorance of facts which so often characterize the judgments passed on great events.

The two political changes effected by the Revolution of 1688 are the most popular to be found in history; it proclaimed and guaranteed, on the one hand, the essential rights common to all citizens, and on the other, the active and effectual participation of the country in its own government. A people so ignorant of its highest interests, as not to know that this is all which it needs, or ought to demand, will never be able to found a government or to maintain its liberties.

Considered from a moral point of view, the Revolution of 1688 had a still more popular character; since it was made in the name and by the force of the religious convictions of the nation, and was designed principally to give them security and ascendancy. In no country, and at no time, were the form and destiny of the government more powerfully influenced by the prevalent faith of the governed.

The Revolution of 1688 was popular in its principles and results, and was aristocratic only in the mode of its execution;

the men of weight and mark in the country by whom it was conceived, prepared, and carried through, being the faithful representatives of the general interests and sentiments. It is the rare felicity of England, that powerful and intimate ties were early formed, and have been perpetuated, among the different classes of society. The aristocracy and the people living amicably, and deriving prosperity from their union, have sustained and controlled each other. The natural leaders of the country have not held themselves aloof from the people, and the people have never wanted leaders. It was more especially in 1688 that England experienced the benefit of this happy peculiarity in her social order. To save her faith, her laws and her liberties, she was reduced to the fearful necessity of a revolution; but she accomplished it by the hands of men disciplined in habits of order and experienced in government, and not by those of revolutionists. The very men who were the authors of the change, contained it within just limits, and established and consolidated the institutions to which it gave birth. The cause of the English people triumphed by the hands of the English aristocracy: this indeed was the great characteristic of the Revolution, and the pledge of its enduring success.

George III. had been seated on the throne sixteen years, when, at fourteen hundred leagues from his capital, more than two millions of his subjects broke the ties which bound them to his throne, declared their independence, and undertook the foundation of a Republic. England was compelled, after a contest of seven years, to recognise the independence of the United States of America, and to treat with them upon equal terms. Sixty-seven years have since elapsed; and, without any violent effort or extraordinary event, these United States, by the mere development of their institutions and of the prosperity which is the natural attendant on peace, have taken an honourable place among great nations. Never was an ascent to greatness at once so rapid, so little costly at its origin, or so little troubled in its progress.

It is not merely to the absence of any powerful rival, or to the boundless space open to their population, that the United States of America have owed this singular good fortune. Their rapid and tranquil rise is not the mere result of such

happy accidents as these, but is in a great degree a consequence of moral causes.

They rose to the position of an independent state under the banner of law and justice. Their revolution, like that of England, was strictly defensive. The guarantees which they claimed and the principles which they asserted were inscribed in their charters. They were the same which the English parliament, with far greater violence and disorder than were now occasioned by the resistance of the colonies, had triumphantly claimed and asserted in the mother-country.

The great and perilous enterprise in which they engaged was not strictly a revolution. Before they could conquer their independence, they had to go through a war with a formidable enemy, and to construct a central government of their own, in the place of the distant power whose yoke they were endeavouring to throw off: but in respect of their local political institutions and their private law, they had no revolution to make. Each of the colonies was already in the enjoyment of free institutions as to its internal affairs; and when it became an independent state, little change was necessary or desirable in the principles and structure of its existing government. Attachment to ancient laws and manners, and affectionate reverence for the past, were the general sentiments of the people. The colonial administration of a distant monarchy, was easily transformed into a republican administration under a federation of states.

Of all forms or modes of government, the republican is unquestionably that to which the general and spontaneous assent of the country is the most indispensable. An absolute monarchy, founded by violence, is conceivable; and indeed such have existed. But a popular government forced upon a people in despite of its sentiments and wishes, is an absurdity at which common sense and justice revolt. In their transition to the republican form of government the Anglo-American colonies had no such difficulty to surmount; it was the full and free choice of the people; and in adopting it, they did but accomplish the national wish, and develope, instead of overturning, their existing institutions.

Nor was the perturbation in the social order greater than that in the political. There was no conflict between different classes, nor any violent transfer of influence from one order of men to another. Though the crown of England had still partisans in the colonies, their attachment to it had no con-

nexion with their position in the social scale. The wealthy and important families were in general the most firmly resolved on the conquest of their independence and the foundation of a new system; and it was under their direction that the people acted, and that those objects were accomplished.

The opinions and feelings of men in regard to religion and morals underwent as slight a revolution as their social condition. The philosophical ideas and the moral and religious scepticism prevalent in the eighteenth century, had obtained some circulation in the United States; but even the minds which they had infected were not thoroughly imbued by them; their fundamental principles and ultimate consequences were not understood or accepted: the moral gravity and the practical good sense of the old Puritans survived in most of the American admirers of the new French philosophy. The mass of the population remained as warmly attached to its religious creed as to its political liberties. Whilst rebelling against the King and the Parliament of England, they were submissive to the will of God and the precepts of the Gospel; and whilst struggling for emancipation, they were governed by the faith which inspired their forefathers, when they sought the New World and founded the communities which were now rising into independent states.

The ideas and passions of the modern partisans of democracy, which now convulse and disorganize society, have an extensive and powerful sway in the United States, and there, as elsewhere, are pregnant with contagious errors and destructive vices. Hitherto they have been controlled and purified by Christianity, and by the sound political traditions, and strong habits of spontaneous obedience to law, which, in the midst of nearly unlimited freedom, govern the population. In spite of the anarchical principles which are boldly proclaimed on this vast theatre, principles of order and conservation maintain their ground, and exercise a powerful influence over society and individuals; their presence and their power are felt, even by the party which emphatically styles itself democratic; insensibly moderating its actions, and often saving it from its own intemperance. To these tutelary principles which presided over its origin, the American revolution owed its success. May Heaven grant that in the midst of the formidable conflict which they have now to sustain, they may continue to guide this powerful people, and to

warn them in time of the precipices which lie so near their path!

Three illustrious men, Cromwell, William III., and Washington, are the prominent and characteristic figures in the history of the critical events which determined the fate of two mighty nations. For extent and force of natural talents, Cromwell perhaps is the most remarkable of the three. His mind was wonderfully inventive, supple, prompt, firm, and perspicacious, and he possessed a vigour of character which no obstacle could daunt, and no conflict weary. He pursued his designs with an ardour as exhaustless as his patience, through the slowest and most tortuous, or the most abrupt and daring ways. He displayed equal ability in winning or ruling men by personal and familiar intercourse; and in organizing or leading an army or a party. He had the instinct of popularity and the gift of authority, and subdued factions with the same audacity with which he let them loose. But, born in the midst of a revolution, and raised to sovereign power by a succession of violent convulsions, his genius, from first to last, was essentially revolutionary; and even when taught by experience the necessity of order and government, he was incapable of either respecting or practising the immutable moral laws which are the only basis of government. Owing to the faults of his nature, or the instability of his position, he wanted regularity and calmness in the exercise of power; had instant recourse to extreme measures, like a man pursued by the dread of mortal dangers, and, by the violence of his remedies, perpetuated or even aggravated the evils which he sought to cure. The establishment of a government is a work which requires a more regular course, and one more conformable to the eternal laws of moral order. Cromwell was able to subjugate the revolution which he had so largely contributed to make, but not to build up a government in the place of that which he had subverted.

Though less powerful than Cromwell by nature, William III. and Washington succeeded in the undertaking in which he had failed; they fixed the destiny and consolidated the institutions of their respective countries. Even in the midst of revolution they never adopted a revolutionary policy. Power gained by anarchical violence generally entails on its possessor the necessity of using despotic violence in its defence.

But these two great men were naturally placed, or placed themselves, in the regular ways and under the permanent conditions of government.

William was an ambitious prince. It is puerile to believe that, up to the moment of the appeal sent to him from London in 1688, he had been insensible to the desire of mounting the throne of England, or ignorant of the schemes which had long been laid for raising him to it. William followed the progress of these schemes step by step; though he took no part in the means, he did not reject the end; and, without directly encouraging, he protected its authors. His ambition was ennobled by the greatness and justice of the cause to which it was attached; the cause of religious liberty and of the balance of power in Europe. Never did man make a vast political design more exclusively the thought and purpose of his life than William did. The work which he accomplished on the field or in the cabinet was his passion; his own aggrandizement was but the means to that end. Whatever were his views on the crown of England, he never attempted to realize them by violence and disorder. To his well-regulated and lofty mind the inherent vice and degrading consequences of such means were obvious and revolting. But when the career was opened to him by England herself, he did not suffer himself to be deterred from entering on it by the scruples of a private man; he wished his cause to prevail, and he wished to reap the honour of the triumph. Rare and glorious mixture of worldly ability and christian faith, of personal ambition and devotion to public ends!

Washington had no ambition; his country wanted him to serve her, and he accepted greatness from a sense of duty rather than from taste; sometimes even with a painful effort. The trials of his public life were bitter to a man who preferred the independence of a private condition and tranquillity of mind to the exercise of power. But he undertook, without hesitation, the task which his country imposed on him, and, in fulfilling it, he made no concessions that could lighten its burthen either to the country or to himself. He was born to govern, though he had no delight in governing; and, with a firmness as unshaken as it was simple, and a sacrifice of popularity the more meritorious as it was not compensated by the pleasures of domination, he told the American people what he believed to be true, and persisted in doing what he thought to be wise. Though the servant of an infant republic,

in which the democratic spirit prevailed, he won the confidence of the people by maintaining their interests in opposition to their inclinations. The policy which he pursued while laying the foundations of a new government, was so moderate yet so rigorous, so prudent yet so independent, that it seemed to belong to the head of an aristocratic Senate ruling over an ancient State. The success with which it was crowned does equal honour to Washington and to his country.

Whether we consider the general destiny of nations, or the lives of the great men whom they have produced; whether we are treating of a monarchy or a republic, an aristocratic or a democratic society, the same light breaks upon us from the facts presented by history: we see that the ultimate success or failure of governments is determined, in the last result, by the same laws; that the Revolutionary Spirit is fatal to the high fortunes which it raises, as well as to those which it throws down; and that the policy which preserves a state from violent revolutions, is also the only policy which can bring a revolution to a successful close.

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LECTURES AND ADDRESSES

IN AID OF

POPULAR EDUCATION;

INCLUDING

A LECTURE ON THE POETRY OF POPE

BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1852.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS collection of LECTURES and ADDRESSES, delivered by the Earl of Carlisle before Mechanics' Institutions and other Societies of a like nature, is published, with his Lordship's permission, by the Committee of the "Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes."

In Yorkshire, this valuable class of institutions has flourished more than in any other part of the kingdom, owing, in a considerable measure, to the existence of a "Union" which now comprises 120 Institutes, containing about 20,000 members. Of that "Union," and of many of the individual Institutes, the Earl of Carlisle has been one of the earliest, most constant, and most generous friends; he gave them his high sanction and active assistance whilst Member for the West Riding, and did not withdraw it after his removal from the Lower to the Upper House of Parliament.

The LECTURES on "The Poetry of Pope" and on his Lordship's "Travels in America" were spontaneously offered by the Noble Earl to the Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society of Leeds, as the central Institution of Yorkshire, and were delivered to crowded and admiring audiences. The manuscript being presented to the Committee of the "Yorkshire Union," they were published in a cheap form, and many thousand copies were circulated among the Institutes of that and the neighbouring counties. They have also been published in various and large impressions in the United States.

The ADDRESSES now collected were delivered, in the order of their appearance, before several Institutions, including, besides Mechanics' Institutes, the Huddersfield College, the Manchester and Sheffield Athenæums, and the associated Sunday Schools of Halifax. They are reprinted from the newspaper reports, taken at the time; but the Noble Author has kindly taken the trouble of correcting them.

In their collected form, these Lectures and Addresses exhibit the zealous efforts of a public man, high in rank and in office, for the intellectual entertainment and moral improvement of the humbler classes of his fellow countrymen. Whilst they inform and delight the reader, may they exercise a yet higher influence; may the example of Lord Carlisle induce many men of eminent station and attainments to lend their aid to the multitudes who are seeking the means of self-improvement; and thus may the different classes of society be bound together in mutual good will, and the whole mass be leavened with knowledge, virtue, and religion!

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LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

LECTURE I.

ON THE POETRY OF POPE.

I HAVE undertaken to read a paper on "The Poetry of Pope." My hearers, however, will be sorely disappointed, and my own purpose will have been singularly misconstrued, if any expectation should exist that I am about to bring any fresh matter or information to the subject with which I am about to deal. Such means of illustration, I trust, may be amply supplied by Mr. Croker, who has announced a new edition of Pope,—a task for which both his ability and his long habits of research appear well to qualify him. As little is it within either my purpose or my power to present you with any novelty of view, or originality of theory, either upon poetry in general, or the poetry of Pope in particular. The task that I have ventured, perhaps rashly, to impose upon myself, has a much more simple, and, I am willing to hope, less personal aim.

It is briefly this. It has seemed to me for a very long time,—I should say from about the period of my own early youth,—that the character and reputation of Pope, as a poet, had sunk, in general cotemporary estimation, considerably below their previous and their proper level. I felt ruffled at this, as an injustice to an author whom my childhood had been taught to admire, and whom the verdict of my maturer reason approved. I lamented this, because I thought that the extent of this depreciation on the one side, and of the preferences which it necessarily produced on the other, must have a tendency to mislead the public taste, and to misdirect the powers of our rising minstrels.

I allow myself the satisfaction of thinking, that there are already manifest some symptoms of that re-action, which, whenever real

merit or essential truth is concerned, will always ensue upon unmerited depression. I remember that it gave me quite a refreshing sensation to find, during my travels in the United States of America, that among some of the most literary and cultivated portions of that great community, (although I would not more implicitly trust to young America than I would to young England upon this point), the reverence for Pope still partook largely of the sounder original faith of the parent land. I fear, however, that there is still enough of heresy extant among us, to justify one who considers himself a true worshipper, who almost bows to the claim of this form of Popish infallibility, in making such efforts as may be within his power to win back any doubtful or hesitating votary to the abandoned shrine.

The attitude, then, in which I appear before you on the present occasion, is this. I look on myself as a counsel, self-constituted it is true, but for whose sincerity the absence of any fee may be considered as a sufficient guarantee; and here, then, in the short space which can be allowed by this Court for the business of the defence, I consider myself bound to put before you such pleas as I may think best calculated to get a verdict from you on my side of the case.

The best plan, which, as it appears to me, I can adopt for disarming any reasonable suspicion on the part of my jurors, (all, I feel sure, candid and enlightened men), as well as for doing justice to my own character as a critic, is to state frankly what I do not claim for my client, the late Alexander Pope. I do not, then, pretend to place him on the very highest pedestal of poetry, among the few foremost of the tuneful monarchs and lawgivers of mankind. Confining ourselves to our own country, I do not, of course, ask you to put him on a level with the universal, undisputed, unassailable, supremacy of Shakspeare — nor with Milton, of whom Mr. Macaulay has lately thus beautifully spoken: —

"A mightier spirit, unsubdued by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around, a song so sublime and so holy, that it could not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal beings whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

I fancy that some might wish to make a further reserve for the

gentle fancy of Spenser, though the obsolete character of much of his phraseology, and the tediousness inseparable from all forms of sustained allegory, must, I apprehend, in these days, very considerably contract the number of his readers. Nay, I can quite allow for the preference being given to Pope's more immediate predecessor, Dryden, whose compositions, though certainly less finished and complete, undoubtedly exhibit a more nervous vein of argumentative power, and a greater variety of musical rhythm. When I have mentioned these august names, I have mentioned all, writing in the English tongue, who, in my humble apprehension, can possibly be classed before Pope.

I may observe, that in this estimate I appear to be confirmed by the present Commissioners of Fine Arts, who, in selecting the Poets from whose works subjects for six vacant spaces in the new Palace of Westminster were to be executed by living artists, named Chaucer, (who by his antiquity as well as his merits was properly appointed to lead the line of English bards), Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and Pope.

Though I conceive, and you will readily concur, that the case I am endeavouring to make good must be mainly established by my client's own precise words, — and the anticipated pleasure of quoting them to attentive ears has been, perhaps, my chief inducement to undertake the office which I am now fulfilling, — yet I consider it will not be out of place for the object I have in view, especially before an audience of a nation which much delights in, and is indeed much ruled by, precedent, if I should quote a few approved authorities, (had time permitted I might have availed myself of a great number), merely for the purpose of showing that if you should be pleased to side with me in this issue, we shall find ourselves in company of which we shall have no need to be ashamed.

I shall also thus furnish a proof of what I have stated above, that I am not straining after originality or novelty of remark; indeed, I feel that I shall make way in proportion as the testimony I adduce proceeds from lips more trustworthy than my own.

What says Savage, a poet himself of irregular but no mean genius? He thus speaks of Pope: —

> "Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
> As elegance polite, as power elate,

Profound as reason, and as justice clear,
Soft as persuasion, yet as truth severe,
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete:
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equalled by his muse."

Part of this commendation, I must admit, appears even to me overstrained. Some of Pope's compositions are marred by occasional coarseness and indelicacy, and his mind and character, I fear it must be allowed, were at times disfigured by envy, resentment, and littleness. Compared, however, with most of his predecessors of the reign of Charles II., and with many of his own cotemporaries, both his muse and his life may have been deemed decent and severe. He seems himself, at all events, to have indulged in this estimate of the tenor of his own productions: —

"Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one honest man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear."

I return to my authorities.

I do not quote Bishop Warburton, as he was the avowed apologist, as well as executor and editor, of Pope.

Dr. Joseph Warton, who wrote an essay on the genius and writings of Pope, chiefly with a view of proving what I have admitted above, that he ought not to be ranked in the highest class of poets, and who appears to wish, as I certainly do not, to have a hit at him whenever he can, concedes, however, thus much to him: —

"In the species of poetry wherein Pope excelled, he is superior to all mankind, and I only say that this species of poetry is not the most excellent one of the art. He is the great poet of reason, the first of ethical authors in verse."

Dr. Johnson, in his well-known and most agreeable "Life of Pope," says thus: —

"Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense;" and then, "Pope had likewise genius, a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating,

always aspiring, in its widest searches longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher."

And at the close of the masterly contrast which he draws between Dryden and Pope, he thus sums it up: —

"If the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing; if of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope is the heat more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it; Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight."

Mason, also a poet and very accomplished man, who had done so much in editing and illustrating the works of another most eminent and admirable master of his art (I refer to Gray), has shown what an exalted estimate he had formed of Pope, in the passage where he reproaches him for the undue praise which he had lavished on the famous Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke: —

"Call we the shade of Pope from that blest bower,
Where throned he sits with many a tuneful sage;
Ask, if he ne'er repents that luckless hour,
When St. John's name illumined glory's page.

Ask, if the wretch who dared his honour stain,
Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deserved the wreath that Marlboro' failed to gain,
The deathless meed, he only could bestow?"

George, Lord Lyttelton, another poet himself, calls him "The sweetest and most elegant of English poets, the severest chastiser of vice, and the most persuasive teacher of wisdom."

How speaks Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and "The Battle of the Baltic"? If any one is entitled to speak of what true poetry is, that right will not be denied to Thomas Campbell. He calls Pope "a genuine poet," and says with true discrimination: —

"The public ear was long fatigued with repetitions of his manner; but if we place ourselves in the situation of those to whom his brilliancy, succinctness, and animation were wholly new, we cannot wonder at their being captivated to the fondest admiration."

I will only further cite from the poets whom many of us remember in our own day, one still more illustrious name. The fervid, wayward, irregular, muse of Lord Byron, presented the strongest

points of contrast with the measured, even, highly-trained, smoothly-polished, temperament of Pope. What did Lord Byron think of Pope? He terms him, "The most perfect and harmonious of poets — he, who, having no fault, has had reason made his reproach. It is this very harmony which has raised the vulgar and atrocious cant against him — (Lord Byron was fond of using strong language): — because his versification is perfect, it is assumed that it is his only perfection; because his truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no invention; and because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he has no genius. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of that crowd of schools and upstarts who pretend to rival or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should line trunks."

There is another and more general testimony to the reputation, at least, if not to the actual merits of Pope, which may be here mentioned; this is, the extent to which his lines are quoted as familiar maxims and illustrations of the daily incidents of life, and the common meanings of men, — quoted often, probably, by persons who have little knowledge or recollection where the words are to be found. I am inclined to believe that, in this respect, — and it is one not to be considered slightingly, — he would be found to occupy the second place, next, of course, to the universal Shakspeare himself. Allow me to cite a few instances.

When there has been a pleasant party of people, either in a convivial or intellectual view — I wish we might think it of our meeting this evening — we say that it has been —

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

How often are we warned — I have sometimes even heard the warning addressed to Mechanics' Institutes, that —

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

How often reminded,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Or, with nearly the same meaning,

"Who taught the useful science, to be good."

There is a couplet which I ought to carry in my own recollection —

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

It is an apt illustration of the office of hospitality,

"Welcome the coming, speed the going guest."

How familiar is the instruction,

"To look, through Nature, up to Nature's God."

As rules with reference to composition,—

"The last and greatest art — the art to blot."
"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;"

And then as to the best mode of conveying the instruction,—

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not."

There is the celebrated definition of wit,—

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

Do you want to illustrate the importance of early education? You observe —

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Do you wish to characterise ambition somewhat favourably? You call it,

"The glorious fault of angels and of gods."

Or describing a great conqueror,—

"A mighty hunter, and his prey was man."

Do you seek the safest rule for architecture or gardening?

"Consult the genius of the place in all;"

Or, with exquisite good sense,

"'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense."

Are you tempted to say any thing rather severe to your wife or daughter, when she insists on a party of pleasure, or an expensive dress? You tell her,

"That every woman is at heart a rake."

And then if you wish to excuse your own submission, you plead —

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

How often are we inclined to echo the truth —

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

And this too, —

"That gentle dulness often loves a joke."

Who has not felt this to be true?—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest."

When an orator, or a Parliamentary candidate — in which last capacity I have often appeared before some of you — wishes to rail at absolute governments, he talks of —

"The monstrous faith of many made for one."

Then there are two maxims, one in politics and one in religion, which have both been extensively found fault with; but the very amount of censure proves what alone I am now attempting to establish, not the truth or justice of Pope's words, but their great vogue and currency —

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

It is now time to judge Pope from his own works, by which, of course, his place in the estimate of posterity must finally stand.

I shall pass hurriedly by his earlier compositions. He tells us himself of the precocity of his genius:

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

But his very youthful productions, on the whole, appear to be more remarkable for their dates than their intrinsic merits. He wrote his "Pastorals" at sixteen. Independently of the age at which they were written, they appear to me trivial, forced, out of keeping with the English soil and life to which they are avowedly assigned. One piece of praise is justly their due: after the pub-

lication of these verses by a youth—we may call him a boy—of sixteen, I do not see why a rugged or inharmonious English verse need ever again have been written; and what is more, I believe very few such have been written. Mr. Macaulay says on this point, "From the time when the 'Pastorals' appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass, and, before long, all artists were on a level." It was surely better that this level should be one upon which the reader could travel smoothly along, without jolts or stumbles.

In the short poem of the "Messiah," I do justice to the stately flow of verse upon the highest of human themes. Both Dr. Johnson and Dr. Warton give it a decided preference over the "Pollio" of Virgil, which is concerned with topics of close and wonderful similarity. I do not know how far they are right, but I feel quite sure that both the "Pollio" of Virgil and the "Messiah" of Pope fall immeasurably below the prose translation of Isaiah in our Bibles.

"Windsor Forest" appears to be on the whole a cold production. It contains some good lines on the poet Earl of Surrey —

> "Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
> Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance"—

an extremely pretty account of the flight and plumage of a pheasant, a very poetical list of the tributaries of the Thames, and some well-sounding verses on the Peace of Utrecht, then recently concluded, from which in the early part of this year I was induced to quote some lines which I thought very apposite to the proposed Exhibition of Industry of All Nations, at London, in 1851:—

> "The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
> Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
> Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
> And seas but join the regions they divide;
> Earth's distant ends our glories shall behold,
> And the new world launch forth to meet the old."

The Odes written by Pope are decidedly of an inferior caste. I need not say how inferior to the immortal "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," by Dryden, who preceded — or how inferior to Gray or Campbell, who have followed him. The Ode, perhaps, of every species of poetical composition, was the most alien to the genius

of Pope; its character is rapt, vehement, abrupt; his is composed, polished, methodical; his haunt would not be the mountain top or the foaming cataract, but the smooth parterre and the gilded saloon. You may prefer one bent of mind, as you would one form of scenery; the question with which I now invite you to deal is, not in what style Pope wrote, but in the style which he chose, and for which his nature best fitted him, how far he excelled.

Among the very youthful productions of Pope, there were also some adaptations from Chaucer, Ovid, and one or two more ancient authors; in point of execution they are only distinguished by their smooth versification, and the matter of them ought to have forbidden the attempt.

In speaking as I have done of many of Pope's earlier compositions, however I may assume myself to be a devoted admirer — partisan, if you should so please to term it — I conceive that I have at least shown that hitherto I am no indiscriminate praiser, who thinks that everything which proceeds from his favourite must be perfect. On the contrary, though his facility in writing verses was almost precocious, the complete mastery of his art seems to have been gradually and laboriously developed. "So regular my rage," was the description which he has himself applied to his own poetry. It was not so much "the pomp and prodigality of heaven," which have been allotted to a few; it was rather, in the edifice of song which he has reared, that nicety of detail, and that completeness of finish, where every stroke of the hammer tells, and every nail holds its exact place.

His early friend and admirer, Walsh, seems accurately to have discerned the path of excellence which was open for him, when he told him that there was one way in which he might excel any of his predecessors, which was by correctness, for, though we had before him several great poets, we could boast of none that were perfectly correct. Pope justified the advice; and if correctness is not the highest praise to which a poet can aspire, it is no mean distinction to show how an author can be almost faultlessly correct, and almost as invariably the reverse of all that is tame, mean, or flat.

There come, however, among compositions which in any one else would most strictly be called early, a few which will not bear to be dismissed with such a hasty or superficial notice. The "Essay on Criticism" was written when he was twenty or twenty-one years

old, and as such it appears a positive marvel. But he had now entered a field on which he was quite a master — the domain of good sense and of good taste, applied to the current literature of [illegible] and the common topics of life.

Very soon after, however, as if to show that, if he had willed it, he could have exercised as full a mastery over the region of light fancy and sportive imagery, as of sober reflection and practical wisdom, he wrote what is termed a heroi-comic poem, the Rape of the Lock. Dr. Johnson calls this the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry, though I do not think the word ludicrous a happy epithet of the Doctor's; Dr. Warton calls it the best satire extant; and we are told that Pope himself considered the intermixture of the machinery of the Sylphs with the action of the story, as the most successful exertion of his art. As my business to-night is more with Pope on the whole as a poet, than with the details and the conduct of his single poems, I must not suffer myself to linger on the details of this delicious work. It is so finished and nicely fitted together that it would scarcely answer to separate any isolated passages from the context; besides, exquisite as the entire poem is, yet, the subject being professedly trivial, any single extract might appear deficient in importance and dignity. The whole is as sparkling as the jewelled cross upon the bosom of the heroine, —

> "On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore,
> Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore."

It is as stimulating as the pinch of snuff he so compactly describes,

> "The pungent grains of titillating dust."

But there was one other chord of the poetic lyre which Pope, still young in years, had yet to show his power to strike, and it is the most thrilling in the whole compass of song — the poetry of the passions and the heart. To this class I assign the Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, and the ever memorable Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard. A few words will suffice here for the Elegy; its moral tendency cannot be defended, as it appears, incidentally at least, to excuse and consecrate suicide. In its execution it combines in a high degree poetic diction with pathetic feeling. The concluding lines are most touching: —

"Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more."

I must pause somewhat longer on the Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard. I ought, however, before I give vent to the full glow of panegyric, to make two admissions; one, that a sensitive delicacy would have avoided the subject; the other, that the matter is not original, but is supplied in great degree by the actual letters of the distinguished and unfortunate pair who gave their names to the epistle. Where the adaptation, however, is so consummate, this makes a very slight deduction from the merit of the author. The poem is not long, but in point of execution it appears to me one of the most faultless of human compositions; every thought is passion, and every line is music. The struggle between aspiring piety and forbidden love forms its basis, and the scenery and accessaries of monastic life and the Roman Catholic ritual furnish a back-ground highly congenial, solemn, and picturesque.

I must endeavour to justify my panegyric by a few quotations. The commendation of letter-writing is well known.

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

I give the description of the Convent founded by Abelard:—

"You rais'd these hallowed walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;

No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited heaven;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise."

There is the same scene coloured by Eloisa's own state of mind:—

"But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods."

This is surely eminently poetical and expressive.

Let me give the description of her first acquaintance with Abelard:—

"Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic mind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heaven listened while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue."

In that beautiful line, the force of human passion seems to obtain the mastery over the concerns of another life; but I will close my extracts from this poem with the wishes she forms for their last meeting, in which piety appears finally to predominate over passion:—

"Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day.
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no — in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallowed taper *trembling* in thy hand.

(You remark all the force in that word "trembling:" in the next line, observe how the words "present" and "lifted" carry on the drama of the scene):—

> *Present* the cross before my *lifted* eye,
> Teach me at once, and learn of me to die;
> Ah then, thy once-loved Eloisa see,
> It will be then no crime to gaze on me.

(That is, I think, a highly impassioned and pathetic line.)

> See from my cheek the transient roses fly.

("Transient," in the literal meaning of the word, passing off.)

> See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
> Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
> And ev'n my Abelard be loved no more.
> O death, all eloquent! you only prove,
> What dust we doat on when 'tis man we love."

It would be a strange omission in an estimate of the poetical achievements of Pope, to make no mention of his translation of Homer, though the fact of its being a translation, and its length, would both rather put it beyond the limits of my present criticism. Dr. Johnson calls his Iliad, and I am inclined to believe with no more than perfect truth, the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen. The main objection alleged against it is, that being a professed translation of Homer, it is not Homeric,—that it is full of grace and sparkle, but misses the unmatched simplicity and majesty of that great father of verse,—that, if I may so express myself, it has not the twang of Homer. All this, I think, must be admitted; by some the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and old ballads like Chevy Chase, have been thought to convey a better notion of this Homeric twang than can be gathered from all the polished couplets of Pope. Cowper (an honoured name) tried a more literal version in blank verse, which certainly may be said to represent more closely at least the simplicity of the original. Let us, however, come to the practical test—as Lord Byron has asked concerning these two translations, "Who can ever read Cowper, and who will ever lay down Pope, except for the original? As a child I first read Pope's Homer with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford, and children are not the worst judges of

their own language." It is no mean praise that it is the channel which has conveyed the knowledge of Homer to the general English public,—not to our scholars, of course. Though it is far less to the purpose how I felt about this as a child, than how Lord Byron felt, I too remember the days (I fear, indeed, that the anecdote will savour of egotism, but I must not mind the imputation of egotism, if it illustrates my author,) when I used to learn Pope's Iliad by heart behind a screen, while I was supposed to be engaged on lessons of more direct usefulness; and I fancy that I was under the strange hallucination at the time that I had got by heart the four first books. I do not mention this as a profitable example, but in order to show the degree in which this translation was calculated to gain the mastery over the youthful mind.

All the poems of Pope, to which I have already referred, belong to that period of life which, in all ordinary cases, would be called youth. I believe that they must have been nearly altogether completed before he was thirty. Those which I may further have to quote from (in doing which I shall hardly think it necessary to observe so much separate order between the different poems as heretofore), were the fruits of his matured years and settled powers. They henceforth fall under one class of composition, that which treats of men, their manners, and their morals; they are comprised under the titles of satires and moral essays. He himself speaks of the bent which his genius now adopted,

> "That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
> But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song."

Upon which I again feel happy to find myself in full acquiescence with Lord Byron, who says, "He should have written, *rose* to truth. In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly subjects must be moral truth."

Lord Bolingbroke and Bishop Atterbury, certainly no mean judges of intellectual merit, declared that the strength of Pope's genius lay eminently and peculiarly in satire. What shall I, then, single out as an illustration of his satiric vein? The character of Lord Hervey, under the name of Sporus, is cited by Lord Byron as a specimen of his rich fancy, (generally, but most erroneously, assumed to be the quality in which Pope was chiefly deficient,) and with this specimen of fancy Lord Byron defied all his own cotemporaries to compete. That it does manifest injustice at least to the

abilities of Lord Hervey, will be acknowledged by all who have read his very entertaining memoirs lately published; but moreover, able and brilliant as it is, it is too disagreeable to repeat. Let me quote, then, his famous character of Addison, who had given offence to him, whether with good reason or not it is no part of my present purpose, nor would it be in my power, to decide. Pope thought that Addison had treated him slightingly and superciliously, and I believe took specially amiss the kind of notice he had bestowed upon the Rape of the Lock. He speaks of him under the name of Atticus; you will remark the consummate skill with which he first does justice to his genius, and then detracts from its lustre. It is also a great proof of the cleverness of the satire, that, sincere as our respect is both for the genius and character of Addison, it is impossible to go through this piece of dissection without believing that it must have touched upon some points of real soreness.

"Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!"

Then I will take the character of the able, versatile, and unprincipled Duke of Wharton: —

"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Tho' wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.

(This couplet has been applied to the celebrated Mr. Sheridan, and does not ill suit the author of the speeches on Warren Hastings's trial, and the School for Scandal.)

Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart,
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."

I have given the characters of two men; fairness demands that at least I should give you one of a woman. I take that of Chloe; most of us will feel that we have known people, to whom some parts of it at least might fit:—

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
'With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
'Say what does Chloe want?' She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest:
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel! but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent!—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies."

Having thus attempted to do justice to Pope's powers of satire, I must not omit to mention what I consider to be another of his felicities almost of an opposite character, though I have perceived with pleasure since I noted this topic, that I have been anticipated in the same line of remark by the late Mr. Hazlitt; I say with pleasure, because that ingenious person was one of the guides and favourites of a school the most opposed in theory and practice to that of Pope; I allude to the extreme tact, skill, and delicacy with which he conveys a compliment, and frequently embodies in one pregnant line or couplet a complete panegyric of the character he wishes to distinguish. Let me instance this by a few examples. Sometimes the compliment appears merely to be thrown out almost as it were by chance to illustrate his meaning. So of the Duke of Chandos, whom at another time he is supposed to have intended to ridicule under the character of Timon—

"Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight."

Then of Lord Cornbury—

"Would ye be blest? despise low joys, low gains,
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains."

Of General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia—

"One driv'n by strong benevolence of soul
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole."

These have reference to manly virtues; sometimes there is the same oblique reference to female claims;

> "Hence Beauty, waking all her tints, supplies,
> An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes."

At other times the eulogium is more direct. Take that fine application to Lord Cobham of the effect of man's ruling passion, developing itself in death, which he has been pursuing through a number of instances,—the man of pleasure, the miser, the glutton, the courtier, the coquette, all, for the most part, under circumstances derogatory to the pride of human nature, when he thus sums them up —

> "And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath
> Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
> Such, in these moments, as in all the past,
> 'Oh, save my country, Heav'n!' shall be your last."

How beautiful is the couplet to Dr. Arbuthnot, his physician and friend —

> "Friend of my life! which did not you prolong,
> The world had wanted many an idle song."

How ingenious that to the famous Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, on being desired to write some lines in an album with his pencil —

> "Accept a miracle instead of wit,
> See two *dull* lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

How happy is the allusion to Lord Peterborough, who made a brilliant campaign in Spain within a wonderfully short time. He represents him as assisting to lay out his grounds —

> "And he whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines
> Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
> Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
> Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."

He always speaks of Murray, the great Lord Mansfield, with pride and affection. It is true, that one of the worst lines he ever wrote is about him, the second in this couplet —

> "Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
> So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords."

An instance how much delicacy it requires to introduce with effect familiar names and things; sometimes it tells with great force; here it is disastrously prosaic; we almost forgive it, however, when he turns from the Palace of Westminster to the Abbey opposite —

> "Where Murray, long enough his country's pride,
> Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde."

He again alludes to the aptitude for poetical composition which Murray had exhibited, and also to the talent for epigram which he assumes that the great orator Pulteney would have displayed if he had not been engrossed by politics.

> "How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boast;
> How many Martials were in Pulteney lost."

These were for the most part his political friends, but when he mentions Sir Robert Walpole, to whom his friends, more than himself, were virulently opposed, how respectful and tender is the reproach, how adroit and insinuating the praise —

> "Seen him I have, but in his happier hour,
> Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for power, —
> Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

I might adduce many other instances; I might quote at full length the noble epistle to Lord Oxford, but I will sum up this topic with that striking passage in which, while he enumerates the persons who encouraged and fostered his earlier productions, he presents us with a gallery of illustrious portraits, sometimes conveys by a single word an insight into their whole character, and concludes the distinguished catalogue with the name of that St. John whom he uniformly regarded with feelings little short of idolatry, and which, however misplaced and ill-grounded, have even in themselves something of the poetical attribute —

> "But why then publish? Granville the polite,
> And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write;
> Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
> And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays.

(Observe how the gentle and amiable Congreve "loved," and the caustic and cynical Swift "endured.")

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,

(said to have been the ordinary symptom of Bishop Atterbury being pleased; then comes the swelling climax,)

And St. John's self, great Dryden's friend before,
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy the studies, when by these approv'd,
Happier the author, when by these belov'd."

I feel that I ought not entirely to omit all mention of the long satiric poem of the Dunciad, upon which Pope evidently bestowed much care and labour; but it is throughout disfigured by great ill-nature, and by a pervading run of unpleasant and unsavoury images. There is much spirit in the account of the young high-born Dunce, who makes, what is called, the Grand Tour —

"Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too;"

and tells how he

"Judicious drank, and, greatly daring, dined."

There is a luscious kind of burlesque softness in these lines,

"To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines;
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales;
To lands of singing and of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves."

One of the most distinguishing excellencies of Pope is the vividness which he imparts to all the pictures he presents to the mind, and which he attains by always making use of the very most appropriate terms which the matter admits. This, in conjunction with his wonderful power of compression, which he has probably carried further than any one before or since, gives a terseness and completeness to all he says, in which he is unrivalled. As instances of this perfect picture painting, I would refer you, as I must not indefinitely indulge in long citations, to the descriptions, all in the same Epistle on Riches, of the Miser's House, the Man of Ross's charities, and of the death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham:

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies — alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!"

If any should object that this is all very finished and elaborate, but it is very minute—only miniature painting after all, what do you say to this one couplet on the operations of the Deity?

"Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds."

I would beg any of the detractors of Pope to furnish me with another couple of lines from any author whatever, which encloses so much sublimity of meaning within such compressed limits, and such precise terms.

I must cite another passage, in which he ventures on the same exalted theme, with somewhat more enlargement; it would be impossible, however, for you to hear it, and bring against it any charge of diffuseness:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

(There is a couplet indeed.)

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all."

Let me invite your attention to the few following lines on the

apportionment of separate instincts or qualities to different animals, and be good enough to observe how the single words clench the whole argument. They are as descriptive as the bars of Haydn's music in the oratorio of the Creation :—

> "What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
> The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
> Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
> And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
> Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
> To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
> The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
> Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

What a couplet again is that! It is only about a spider; but I guarantee its immortality.

If I set down the Terse, the Accurate, the Complete, the pungency of the Satiric point, the felicity of the well-turned Compliment, as the distinctive features of Pope's poetical excellence, it should not escape us that there are occasions when he reaches a high degree of moral energy and ardour. I have purposely excluded from our present consideration all scrutiny and dissection of Pope's real inner character. I am aware, that, taking it in the most favourable light, it can only be regarded as formed of mixed and imperfect elements; but I cannot refuse to myself the belief that when the Poet speaks in such strains as the following, they in some degree reflect and embody the spirit of the Man. I quote from his animated description of the triumph of vice:—

> "Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more;
> Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
> Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
> In golden chains the willing world she draws,
> And her's the Gospel is, and her's the laws;
> Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
> And sees pale virtue carted in her stead.
> Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
> Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
> Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
> His flag inverted trails along the ground!"

And, again with more special reference to himself,

"Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see,
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Let envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flatt'ry sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine."

My limits, more than my materials, warn me that I must desist. As, however, with reference to the single object which I have all along had in view, I think it more politic that I should let the words of Pope, rather than my own, leave the last echoes on your ear, I should like to conclude this address with his own concluding lines to perhaps the most important and highly-wrought of his poems, the "Essay on Man." They appear to me calculated to leave an appropriate impression of that orderly and graceful muse, whose attractions I have, feebly I know and inadequately, but with the honesty and warmth of a thorough sincerity, endeavoured to place before you; if I mistake not, you will trace in them, as in his works at large, the same perfect propriety of expression, the same refined simplicity of idea, the same chastened felicity of imagery, all animated and warmed by that feeling of devotion for Bolingbroke, which pervaded his poetry and his life:

"Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!

And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, elegant with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend, —
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Show'd erring pride, whatever is, is right;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know."

Gentlemen of the jury, that is my case.

LECTURE II.

TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

It may be known to some of those whom I have the pleasure to see around me, that when circumstances to which I need not further allude, occasioned a breach, temporary indeed, and soon repaired, in my connection with the West Riding of Yorkshire,—when, as the phrase goes, some of your neighbours, and probably of yourselves, had given me leave to go upon my travels,—I thought I could make no better use of this involuntary leisure than by acquiring some personal knowledge of the United States of America. I accordingly embarked in the autumn of the year 1841, and spent about one whole year in North America, having within that period passed nearly over the length and breadth of the Republic, trod at least the soil of twenty-two out of the twenty-six States of which the Union was then composed, and paid short visits to the Queen's dominions in Canada, and to the Island of Cuba. I determined to keep a journal during my travels, and only at the end of them to decide what should become of it when it was completed. I found it was written in too hurried and desultory a manner, and was too much confined to my own daily proceedings, to make it of interest to the public at large. Still more strongly I felt that, after having been received with uniform civility and attention, nay, I may say, with real warmth and openness of heart, I should not wish, even where I had nothing but what was most favourable to communicate, immediately to exhibit myself as an inquisitive observer of the interior life to which I had been admitted; and this very feeling would probably have disqualified me for the office of an impartial critic. Now, however, that above eight years have elapsed since my return, in turning over the pages then written, it has seemed to me allowable to endeavour, for a purpose like the present, to convey a few of the leading impressions which I derived from the surface of nature and society as they exhibited themselves in the New World.

It must follow necessarily from such limits as could be allowed

to me on an occasion of this kind, that any account which I can put together from materials so vast and so crowded, must be the merest superficial skimming of the subject that can be conceived. All I can answer for is, that it shall be faithful to the feelings excited at the moment, and perfectly honest as far as it goes. I must premise one point with reference to what I have just now glanced at — the use of individual names. I came in contact with several of the public men, the historical men they will be, of the American Republic. I shall think myself at liberty occasionally to depart in their instance from the rule of strict abstinence which I have otherwise prescribed to myself, and to treat them as public property, so long as I say nothing to their disadvantage. On the other hand, the public men of the United States are not created faultless beings, any more than the public men of other countries; it must not, therefore, be considered when I mention with pleasure anything which redounds to their credit, that I am intending to present you with their full and complete portraits.

It was on the 21st day of October, upon a bright crisp morning, that the *Columbia* steam-packet, upon which I was a passenger, turned the lighthouse outside the harbour of Boston. The whole effect of the scene was cheerful and pleasing; the bay is studded with small islands, bare of trees, but generally crowned with some sparkling white building, frequently some public establishment. The town rises well from the water, and the shipping and the docks wore the look of prosperous commerce. As I stood by some American friends acquired during the voyage, and heard them point out the familiar villages, and villas, and institutions, with patriotic pleasure, I could not altogether repress some slight but not grudging envy of those who were to bring so long a voyage to an end in their own country, amidst their own family, within their own homes. I am not aware I ever again experienced, during my whole American sojourn, the peculiar feeling of the stranger. It was, indeed, dispelled at the moment, when their flag ship, the *Columbus*, gave our *Columbia* a distinguished, and, I thought, touching reception; the crew manned the yards, cheered, and then the band played, first, "God Save the Queen," and then "Yankee Doodle." I spent altogether, at two different intervals, about a month in Boston.

I look back with fond recollection to its well-built streets — the swelling dome of its State-house — the pleasant walks on what is

termed the Common — a park, in fact, of moderate size, in the centre of the city, where I made my first acquaintance with the bright winter sunsets of America, and the peculiar transparent green and opal tints which stripe the skies around them — the long wooden causeways across the inner harbour, which rather recalled St. Petersburgh to my recollection — the newly-erected granite obelisk on a neighbouring height, which certainly had no affinity with St. Petersburgh, as it was to mark the spot, sacred to an American, of the battle of Bunker's Hill — the old elm tree, at the suburban university of Cambridge, beneath which Washington drew his sword in order to take the command of the national army — the shaded walks and glades of Mount Auburn, the beautiful cemetery of Boston, to which none that we yet have can be compared, but which I trust before long our Chadwicks and Paxtons may enable us to imitate, and perhaps to excel. These are some of my external recollections of Boston; but there are some fonder still, of the most refined and animated social intercourse—of hospitalities which it seemed impossible to exhaust—of friendships which I trust can never be effaced. Boston appears to me, certainly, on the whole, the American town in which an Englishman of cultivated and literary tastes, or of philanthropic pursuits, would feel himself most at home. The residence here was rendered peculiarly agreeable to me by a friendship with one of its inhabitants, which I had previously made in England; he hardly yet comes within my rule of exception, but I do not give up the notion of his becoming one of the historical men of his country. However, it is quite open for me to mention some of those with whom, mainly through his introduction, I here became acquainted. There was Mr. Justice Story, whose reputation and authority as a commentator and expounder of law stand high wherever law is known or honoured, and who was, what at least is more generally attractive, one of the most generous and single-hearted of men. He was an enthusiastic admirer of this country, especially of its lawyers; how he would kindle up and flow on if he touched upon Lord Hardwick or Lord Mansfield — "Sir," as an American always begins, "on the prairies of Illinois, this day Lord Mansfield administers the law of commerce." He had also a very exalted opinion of the judgments of Lord Stowell, which his own studies and practice had lead him thoroughly to appreciate; and I may permit myself to say that he had formed a high estimate of the judicial powers of Lord Cottenham.

I must admit one thing—when he was in the room few others could get in a word; but it was impossible to resent this, for he talked evidently not to bear down others, but because he could not help it. Then there was Dr. Channing. I could not hear him preach, as his physical powers were nearly exhausted; but on one or two occasions I was admitted to his house. You found a fragile frame, and a dry manner, but you soon felt that you were in a presence in which nothing that was impure, base, or selfish, could breathe at ease. There was the painter, Alston, a man of real genius, who suffices to prove that the domain of the fine arts, though certainly not hitherto the most congenial to the American soil, may be successfully brought, to use their current phrase, into annexation with it. These, alas! have, since my visit, all been taken away. In the more immediate department of letters there are happily several who yet remain—Mr. Bancroft, the able and accomplished historian of his own country—Mr. Ticknor, who has displayed the resources of a well-stored and accomplished mind in his recent work on the literature of Spain—Mr. Longfellow, with whose feeling and graceful poetry many must be acquainted—Mr. Emerson, who has been heard and admired in this country—and I crown my list with Mr. Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Mexico, and of Peru, with respect to whom, during the visit he paid to England in the past summer, I had the satisfaction of witnessing how all that was most eminent in this country confirmed the high estimate I had myself formed of his head, and the higher one of his heart.

The public institutions of Boston are admirably conducted. The Public or Common Schools there, as I believe in New England generally, are supported by a general rate, to which all contribute, and all may profit by. I am not naturally now disposed to discuss the question, how far this system would bear being transplanted and engrafted on our polity; but it would be uncandid if I did not state that the universality of the instruction, and the excellence of what fell under my own observation, presented to my mind some mortifying points of contrast with what we have hitherto effected at home. It is well known that a large proportion of the more wealthy and cultivated part of the society of Boston belong to the Unitarian persuasion; but a considerable number of the middle classes, and especially of the rural population of New England, comprising the six Northern States of the Union, still retain much

of the Puritan tenets and habits of their immediate ancestors,—their Pilgrim Fathers.

Before I leave Boston, let me add one observation on a lighter topic. I lodged at the Tremont Hotel, which was admirably conducted, like very many of those imposing establishments in the chief cities of the Union. Here I learnt that one is apt to receive false impressions at first; I was struck with the clean, orderly, agile appearance of the waiters. "The Americans beat us hollow in waiters," was my inner thought; on inquiring I found that of the twenty-five waiters in the house, four were English and twenty-one Irish. I could not help wishing that a large number of the Irish might come and be waiters for a little while.

Within three or four days of my landing I grew impatient to see the falls of Niagara, without loss of time; if any sudden event should have summoned me home, I felt how much I should have grudged crossing the Atlantic without having been at Niagara; and I also wished to look upon the autumn tints of the American forests, before the leaves, already beginning to fall, had entirely disappeared. The Western Railway, which appeared to me the best constructed that I saw in America, took me to Albany, a distance of 200 miles. The railway carriages, always there called cars, consist of long rooms, rather like a dining-room of a steam-packet, with a stove inside, often a most desirable addition in the American winter; and you can change your seat or walk about as you choose. They are generally rougher than our railways, and the whole getting-up of the line is of a ruder and cheaper character; they do not impede the view as much as with us, as they make no scruple of dashing across or alongside of the main street in the towns or villages through which they pass. But I ought to remark about this as about every thing else, that the work of progress and transformation goes on with such enormous rapidity, that the interval of eight years since my visit will probably have made a large portion of my remarks thoroughly obsolete.

The New England country through which we passed looks cheerful, interspersed with frequent villages and numerous churches, bearing the mark at the same time of the long winter and barren soil with which the stout Puritan blood of Britain has so successfully contended; indeed, the only staple productions of a district which supplies seamen for all the Union, and ships over all the world, are said to be ice and granite.

Albany is the capital of the state of New York, — the Empire State, as its inhabitants love to call it, and it is a name which it deserves, as fairly as our own old Yorkshire would deserve to be called the Empire County of England. It is rather an imposing town, rising straight above the Hudson river, gay with some gilded domes, and many white marble columns, only they are too frequently appended to houses of very staring red brick. From Albany to Utica, the railroad follows the stream of the Mohawk, which recalls the name of the early Indian dwellers in that bright valley, still retaining its swelling outline of wood-covered hills, but gay with prosperous villages and busy cultivation. I was perhaps still more struck the next evening, though it was a more level country, where the railway passes in the midst of the uncleared or clearing forest, and suddenly bursts out of a pine glade or cedar swamp into the heart of some town, probably four, three, or two years old, with tall white houses, well-lighted shops, billiard-rooms, &c.; and emerging, as we did, from the dark shadows into the full moonlight, the wooden spires, domes, and porticoes of the infant cities looked every bit as if they had been hewn out of the marble quarries of Carrara. I am aware that it is not the received opinion; but there is something both in the outward aspect of this region and the general state of society accompanying it, which to me seemed eminently poetical. What can be more striking or stirring, despite the occasional rudeness of the forms, than all this enterprise, energy, and life welling up in the desert? At the towns of Syracuse, of Auburn, and of Rochester, I experienced the sort of feeling which takes away one's breath; the process seemed actually going on before one's eyes, and one hardly knows whether to think it as grand as the Iliad, or as quaint as a harlequin farce. I will quote the words I wrote down at the time: —

"The moment is not come for me yet, if it ever should come, to make me feel myself warranted in forming speculations upon far results, upon guarantees for future endurance and stability; all that I can now do is to look and to marvel at what is before my eyes. I do not think I am deficient in relish for antiquity and association: I know that I am English, not in a pig-headed adhesion to everything there, but in heart to its last throb. Yet I cannot be unmoved or callous to the soarings of Young America, in such legitimate and laudable directions too; and I feel that it is already not the least bright, and may be the most enduring, title of

my country to the homage of mankind, that she has produced such a people. May God employ them both for his own high glory!"

I am bound here in candour to state that I think what I first saw in America was, with little exception, the best of its kind; such was the society of Boston — such was the energy of progress in the western portion of the State of New York.

At Rochester, an odd coincidence occurred to me, striking enough I think to be mentioned, though it only concerned myself. After the arrival of the railway carriage, and the usual copious meal of tea and meat that ensues, I had been walking about the town, which dates only from 1812, and then contained 20,000 inhabitants, and as I was returning to the hotel, I saw the word Theatre written up. Wishing to see everything in a new country, I climbed up some steep stairs into what was little better than a garret, where I found a rude theatre, and ruder audience, consisting chiefly of boys, who took delight in pelting one another. There was something, however, at which I had a right to feel surprised. In a playhouse of strollers, at a town nearly five hundred miles in the interior of America, which, thirty years before, had no existence, thus coming in by the merest chance, I saw upon the drop-scene the most accurate representation of my own house, Naworth Castle, in Cumberland.

A great improvement has recently occurred in the nomenclature of this district; formerly a too classical surveyor of the State of New York had christened — I used the wrong term, had heathenised, to make a new one, — all the young towns and villages by the singularly inapplicable titles of Utica, Ithaca, Palmyra, Rome: they are now reverting to the far more appropriate, and, I should say, more harmonious Indian names, indigenous to the soil, such as Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga.

I thought my arrival at Niagara very interesting. We had come to Lockport, where there is a chain of magnificent locks, on the Erie Canal, one of the great public works of America, and which has done much to enrich this Empire State of New York. The surplus of the receipts has enabled it to execute a variety of other public works. We arrived too late for the usual public conveyance. The proprietor of the stage-coach agreed to give me, with one or two other Englishmen, a lumber waggon to convey us to the falls. The Colonel, for he was one, as I found the drivers

of the coaches often were, drove his team of four horses himself. I generally found the stage-coach driving in the United States indescribably rough, but the drivers very adroit in their steerage, and always calling their horses by their names, and addressing them as reasonable beings, to which they seemed quite to respond. Altogether, the strangeness of the vehicle, the cloudless beauty of the night, the moonlight streaming through the forest glades, the meeting a party of the Tuscarora Indians, who still have a settlement here, the first hearing the noise of Niagara about seven miles off, and the growing excitement of the nearer approach, gave to the whole drive a most stirring and enjoyable character. When I arrived at the hotel, the Cataract House, I would not anticipate by any moonlight glimpses the full disclosures of the coming day, but reserved my first visit for the clear light and freshened feelings of the morning.

I staid five days at Niagara on that occasion; I visited it again twice, having travelled several thousands of miles in each interval. I have thus looked upon it in the late autumn, in the early spring, and in the full summer. Mrs. Butler, in her charming work on America, when she comes to Niagara, says only, "Who can describe that sight?" and, with these words, finishes her book. There is not merely the difficulty of finding adequate words, but there is a simplicity and absence, as I should say, of incidents in the scenery, or, at least, so entire a subordination of them to the main great spectacle, that attempts at description would seem inapplicable as well as impotent. Nevertheless, I have undertaken, however inadequately, the attempt to place before you the impressions which I actually derived from the most prominent objects that I saw in America. How, then, can I wholly omit Niagara? The first view neither in the least disappointed, or surprised, but it wholly satisfied me. I felt it to be complete, and that nothing could go beyond it: volume, majesty, might, are the first ideas which it conveys: on nearer and more familiar inspection, I appreciated other attributes and beauties—the emerald crest—the seas of spray—the rainbow wreaths. Pictures and panoramas had given me a correct apprehension of the form and outline; but they fail, for the same reason as language would, to impart an idea of the whole effect, which is not picturesque, though it is sublime; there is also the technical drawback in painting of

the continuous mass of white, and the line of the summit of the Fall is as smooth and even as a common mill-dam. Do not imagine, however, that the effect could be improved by being more picturesque; just as there are several trivial and unsightly buildings on the banks, but Niagara can be no more spoiled than it can be improved. You would, when on the spot, no more think of complaining that Niagara was not picturesque, than you would remark in the shock and clang of battle that a trumpet sounded out of tune. Living at Niagara was not like ordinary life; its not over loud but constant solemn roar has in itself a mysterious sound: is not the highest voice to which the Universe can ever listen compared by inspiration to the sound of many waters? The whole of existence there has a dreamy but not a frivolous impress; you feel that you are not in the common world, but in its sublimest temple.

I naturally left such a place and such a life with keen regret, but I was already the last visitor of the year, and the hotels were about to close. I was told that I had already been too late for the best tints of autumn (or fall, as the Americans picturesquely term that season), and that they were at no time so vivid that year as was usual; I saw, however, great richness and variety of hue; I think the bright soft yellow of the sugar maple, and the dun red of the black oak, were the most remarkable. These and the beech, the white cedar, the hemlock spruce, the hickory, with occasionally the chesnut and walnut, seemed the prevailing trees in all this district. I can well imagine a person being disappointed in the American Forest; trees, such as those at Wentworth and Castle Howard (may I say?) seem the exception, and not the rule. The mass of them run entirely to height, and are too thick together, and there is a great deal too much dead fir; still there is a great charm and freshness in the American forest, derived partly perhaps from association, when you look through the thick tracery of its virgin glades.

On my going back I paid two visits at country houses; one to an old gentleman, Mr. Wadsworth, most distinguished in appearance, manner, and understanding, who had settled where I found him, fifty years before, when he had not a white neighbour within thirty miles, or a flour mill within fifty; he lived entirely surrounded by Indians, who have now disappeared. On some occasion, there had been a review of a corps of militia. A neigh-

bouring Indian Chief had been present, and was observed to be very dejected; Mr. Wadsworth went up to him, and offered refreshment, which was usually very acceptable, but he declined it. Upon being pressed to say what was the matter, he answered with a deep sigh, pointing to the east, "You are the rising sun"—then to the west, "We are the setting." The face of the country is now, indeed, changed; a small flourishing town, the capital of the county, stretches from the gate; and the house overlooks one of the richest and best cultivated tracts in America, the valley of the Gennessee. I fancy that quotations of the price of Gennessee wheat are familiar to the frequenters of our corn markets. My host was one of the comparatively few persons in the United States who have tenants under them holding farms; among them I found three Yorkshiremen from my own neighbourhood, one of whom showed me what he called the *gainest* way to the house, which I recognised as a genuine Yorkshire term; he told me that his landlord was the first nobleman in the country, which is also clearly not an Americanism. While on this topic I may mention that, on another occasion, I was taken to drink tea at a farmer's house in New England. We had been regaled most hospitably, when the farmer took the friend who had brought me aside, and asked what part of England Lord Morpeth came from? "From Yorkshire, I believe," said my friend. "Well, I should not have thought that from his manner of talking," was the reply.

My other visit was to Mr. Van Buren, who had been the last President of the United States, and who, I suspect, shrewdly reckoned on being the next. It seemed, indeed, at that time to be the general expectation among his own, the Democratic, or, as they were then commonly called, the Loco-foco party. He was at that time living on his farm of Kinderhook; the house was modest and extremely well ordered, and nothing could exceed the courtesy or fullness of his conversation. He abounded in anecdotes of all the public men of his country. In his dining-room were pictures of Jefferson and General Jackson, the great objects of his political devotion. On my return through Albany, I had an interview with Mr. Seward, then for the second time Governor of the State of New York. I find that I noted at the time, that he was the first person I had met who did not speak slightingly of the Abolitionists; he thought they were gradually gaining ground. He had already acted a spirited part on points connected with slavery, especially

in a contest with the legislature of Virginia concerning the delivery of fugitive slaves.

I approached the city of New York by the Hudson. The whole course of that river from Albany, as seen from the decks of the countless steamers that ply along it, is singularly beautiful, especially where it forces a passage through the barriers of the Highlands, which, however, afford no features of rugged grandeur like our friends in Scotland; but though the forms are steep and well-defined, their rich green outlines of waving wood, inclosing, in smooth many-curved reaches, the sail-covered bosom of the stately river, present nothing but soft and smiling images. I then took up my winter quarters at New York. I thought this, the commercial and fashionable, though not the political, capital of the Union, a very brilliant city. To give the best idea of it, I should describe it as something of a fusion between Liverpool and Paris — crowded quays, long perspectives of vessels and masts, bustling streets, gay shops, tall white houses, and a clear brilliant sky overhead. There is an absence of solidity in the general appearance, but in some of the new buildings they are successfully availing themselves of their ample resources in white marble and granite. At the point of the Battery, where the long thoroughfare of Broadway, extending some miles, pushes its green fringe into the wide harbour, with its glancing waters and graceful shipping, and the limber, long raking masts, which look so different from our own, and the soft swelling outline of the receding shores, New York has a special character and beauty of its own. I spent about a month here very pleasantly; the society appeared to me on the whole to have a less solid and really refined character than that of Boston, but there is more of animation, gaiety, and sparkle in the daily life. In point of hospitality, neither could outdo the other.

Keeping to my rule of only mentioning names which already belong to fame, I may thus distinguish the late Chancellor Kent, whose commentaries are well known to professional readers: he had been obliged, by what I think the very unwise law of the State of New York, to retire from his high legal office at the premature age of sixty, and there I found him at seventy-eight, full of animation and racy vigour, which, combined with great simplicity, made his conversation most agreeable.—Washington Irving, a well-known name both to American and English ears, whose nature appears as gentle and genial as his works—I cannot well give higher praise:

—Mr. Bryant, in high repute as a poet, and others. I had the pleasure of making acquaintance with many of the families of those who had been the foremost men in their country, Hamiltons, Jays, Livingstones. I lodged at the Astor House, a large hotel conducted upon a splendid scale; and I cannot refrain from one, I fear rather sensual, allusion to the oyster cellars of New York; in no part of the world have I ever seen places of refreshment as attractive — every one seems to eat oysters all day long. What signifies more, the public institutions and schools are extremely well conducted. The churches of the different denominations are very numerous and well filled. It is my wish to touch very lightly upon any point which among us, among even some of us now here, may be matter of controversy; I, however, honestly think that the experience of the United States does not as yet enable them to decide on either side the argument between the Established and Voluntary systems in religion: take the towns by themselves, and I think the voluntary principle appears fully adequate to satisfy all religious exigencies; then it must be remembered that the class which makes the main difficulty elsewhere, scarcely if at all exists in America; it is the blessed privilege of the United States, and it is one which goes very far to counterbalance any drawbacks at which I may have to hint, that they really have not, as a class, any poor among them. A real beggar is what you never see. On the other hand, over their immense tracts of territory, the voluntary system has not sufficed to produce sufficient religious accommodation; it may, however, be truly questioned, whether any establishment would be equal to that function. This is, however, one among the many questions which the republican experience of America has not yet solved. As matters stand at present, indifference to religion cannot be fairly laid to her charge; probably religious extremes are pushed farther than elsewhere; there certainly is a breadth and universality of religious liberty which I do not regard without some degree of envy.

Upon my progress southward, I made a comparatively short halt at Philadelphia. This fair city has not the animation of New York, but it is eminently well built, neat, and clean beyond parallel. The streets are all at right angles with each other, and bear the names of the different trees of the country; the houses are of red brick, and mostly have white marble steps and silver knockers, all looking bright and shining under the effect of copious

and perpetual washing. It still looks like a town constructed by Quakers, who were its original founders; but by Quakers who had become rather dandified. The waterworks established here are deservedly celebrated; each house can have as much water as it likes, within and without, at every moment, for about 18*s.* a year. I hope our towns will be emulous of this great advantage. I think it right to say that in our general arrangements for health and cleanliness we appear to me very much to excel the Americans, and our people look infinitely healthier, stouter, rosier, jollier; the greater proportion of Americans with whom you converse would be apt to tell you they were dyspeptic, whether principally from the dry quality of their atmosphere, the comparatively little exercise which they take, or the rapidity with which they accomplish their meals, I will not take upon myself to pronounce. There is one point of advantage which they turn to account, especially in all their new towns, which is, that their immense command of space enables them to isolate almost every house, and thus secure an ambient atmosphere for ventilation. In my first walk through Philadelphia I passed the glittering white marble portico of the United States Bank, which, after the recent crash it had sustained, made me think of whited sepulchres. Near it was a pile, with a respectable old English appearance, of far nobler association; this was the State House, where the Declaration of American Independence was signed, — one of the most pregnant acts of which history bears record. It contains a picture of William Penn and a statue of Washington. While I was there, a sailor from the State of Maine, with a very frank and jaunty air, burst into the room, and in a glow of ardent patriotism inquired, "Is this the room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed?" When he found that I was an Englishman, he seemed, with real good breeding, to be afraid that he had grated on my feelings, and told me that in the year 1814 our flag had waved over the two greatest capitals of the world, Washington and Paris. I looked with much interest at the great Model Prison of the separate system. I was favourably impressed with all that met the eye, but I refrain from entering upon the vexed question of comparison between this and the silent and other systems, as I feel how much the solution must depend upon ever recurring experience. The poor-house, like that at New York, is built and administered on a very costly scale, and also has a great proportion

of foreigners as inmates, and of the foreigners a great proportion Irish. This seems to enhance the munificence of the provision for destitution; at the same time, it is not to be forgotten that the foreign labour is an article of nearly essential necessity to the progress of the country. On the only Sunday which I sent in Philadelphia, I went to a church which was not wanting in associations; the communion plate had been given by Queen Anne, and I sat in the pew of General Washington. I was told by some one that his distinguished cotemporary, Chief Justice Marshall, said of him, that, in contradiction to what was often thought, he was a man of decided genius, but he was such a personification of wisdom, that he never put anything forward which the occasion did not absolutely require. It seemed to me that there was at Philadelphia a greater separation and exclusiveness in society, more resemblance to what would be called a fashionable class in European cities, than I had found in America elsewhere.

My next brief pause was at Baltimore. At a halt on the railroad on the way thither, I heard a conductor or guard say to a negro, "I cannot let you go, for you are a SLAVE." This was my first intimation that I had crossed the border which divides Freedom from Slavery. I quote from the entry which I made upon noting these words that evening: — "Declaration of Independence which I read yesterday — pillar of Washington which I have looked on to-day — what are ye?"

I must now give myself some little vent. It was a subject which I felt during my whole sojourn in America, as I feel it still, to be paramount in interest to every other. It was one on which I intended and endeavoured to observe a sound discretion; we have not ourselves long enough washed off the stain to give us the right to rail at those whom we had originally inoculated with the pest; and a stranger abundantly experiencing hospitality could not with any propriety interfere wantonly upon the most delicate and difficult point of another nation's policy. I could not, however, fail often and deeply to feel, in the progress of my intercourse with many in that country — "Come not, my soul, into their secret; to their counsel, my honour, be not thou united." At the same time, I wished never to make any compromise of my opinion. I made it a point to pay special respect to the leading Abolitionists — those who had laboured or suffered in the cause — when I came within reach of them; at Boston, I committed the more overt act

of attending the annual anti-slavery fair, by which I believe some thought I unduly committed myself. I was much struck in the distinguished and agreeable companies which I had the good fortune to frequent, with a few honourable exceptions, at the tone of disparagement, contempt, and anger, with which the Abolitionists were mentioned; just as any patrician company, in this country, would talk of a Socialist, or a Red Republican. I am, of course, now speaking of the free Northern States; in the South an Abolitionist could not be known to exist. My impression is, that in the interval since my visit, the dislike, the anger, has remained, and may, probably, have been heightened, but that the feeling of slight, of ignoring (to use a current phrase) their very existence, must have been sensibly checked. There were some who told me that they made it the business of their lives to superintend the passage of the runaway slaves through the free States; they reckoned, at that time, that about one thousand yearly escaped into Canada. I doubt whether the enactment and operation of the Fugitive Slave Bill will damp the ardour of their exertions. It may be easy to speak discreetly and plausibly about the paramount duty of not contravening the law; but how would you feel, my countrymen, if a fugitive was at your feet and the man-hunter at the door? I admit that the majesty of the law is on one side; but the long, deep misery of a whole human life is on the other. What you ought to feel is fervent gratitude to the Power which has averted from your shores and hearths this fearful trial, and, let me add, a heartfelt sympathy with those who are sustaining it.

At Baltimore I thought there was a more picturesque disposition of ground than in any other city of the Union: it is built on swelling eminences, commanding views of the widening Chesapeake, a noble arm of the sea. There are an unusual number of public monuments for an American town, and hence it has been christened the Monumental City. I found the same hospitality which had greeted me everywhere, and the good living seemed to me carried to its greatest height; they have in perfection the terrapin, a kind of land tortoise, and the canvass-back duck, a most unrivalled bird in any country. With reference to the topic I have lately touched upon, a Slave-holders' Convention was being held at the time of my visit for the State of Maryland. They had been led to adopt this step by their apprehensions both of the increase of the free coloured population, and what they termed their

demoralising action on the slaves. The language, as reported, did not seem to have been very violent, but they very nearly subjected to lynch-law a man whom they suspected to be a reporter for an abolitionist newspaper. I dined with the daughter of Charles Carroll, who, when signing the Declaration of Independence, was told by a bystander that he would incur no danger, as there were so many of the same name — "of Carrollton," he added to his name, and I think it is the only one upon the document which has any appendage. Being thus nobly fathered, it is rather curious that this venerable lady should have been the mother of three English peeresses. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore was one of the company; the assumption of that title does not appear in any degree to discompose the serenity of the Great Republic.

From Baltimore I transferred myself to Washington, the seat of government and capital of the American Union. I never saw so strange a place; it affords the strongest contrast to the regularity, compactness, neatness, and animation of the Atlantic cities I had hitherto visited. It is spread over a very large space, in this way justifying the expression of some one who wished to pay it a compliment, but did not know very well what attribute to select, so he termed it a "city of magnificent distances," over which it extends, or rather sprawls; it looks as if it had rained houses at random, or like half a dozen indifferent villages scattered over a goose common. Here and there, as if to heighten the contrast with the meanness of the rest, there are some very handsome public buildings; and the American Capitol, the meeting-place of the legislature and the seat of empire, though not exempt from architectural defects, towers proudly on a steep ascent, commanding the subject town and the course of the broad Potomac, which makes the only redeeming feature of the natural landscape. In short, while almost every other place which I saw in America gives the impression of life and progress, Washington not only appears stagnant, but retrograde. No busy commerce circulates in its streets; no brilliant shops diversify its mean ranges of ill-built houses; but very few equipages move along its wide, splashy, dreary avenues. I saw it, too, in the prime of its season, during the sitting of Congress. When it is not sitting, the members of the legislature and officers of the government dispose themselves over the breadth of the Union, and leave the capital to the clerks of the public offices, and

— does it not seem profanation to say it? — the *Slaves*, who are still permitted to inhabit what should rightly be the Metropolis of Freedom. It is at least gratifying to know that, in the last session of Congress, the slave-trade has been abolished in the district of Columbia, the small portion of territory immediately annexed to Washington. When they are here, the members of Congress are mostly packed together in large and very inferior boarding-houses, a great portion of them not bringing their wives and families over the immense distances they have to traverse; hence it also happens that Washington will appear to the stranger not merely one of the least thriving but also the least hospitable of American cities. I spent nearly a month there, and it was the only place in which I (what is termed) kept house, that is, I resided in private lodgings, and found my own food, a method of life, however, which, in the long run, has more comfort and independence than that of the huge hotels. It was a contrast, however, to the large armies of waiters to which I had grown accustomed, to have no one in the house but an old woman and a negro boy, the first of whom my English servant characterised as cross, and the second as stupid. I believe it was the policy of the founders of the Republic to place the seat of government where it would not be liable to be distracted by the turmoil of commerce, or over-awed by the violence of mobs; we have heard very lately of speculations to remove the seat of the French Government from Paris. Another cause which has probably contributed to check any designs for the external improvement and development of Washington, must have been the doubt how far in a nation which is extending its boundaries westward at so prodigious a rate, it will be desirable or possible long to retain as the seat of government a spot which will have become so little central.

What gave most interest to my stay at Washington naturally was the opportunity of attending the sittings of Congress. The interior of the Capitol is imposing, as well as the exterior; in the centre hall there were five large pictures, illustrating the prominent points of American history, which must be more agreeable to American than to British eyes. There is also a fine colossal statue of Washington, who is universally and not unduly called the father of his country. The chamber where the Senate meets is handsome and convenient. The general aspect of the assembly, which (as is well known) shares largely both in the legislative and executive powers

of the constitution, is grave and decorous. The House of Representatives, the more popular branch of the government, returned by universal suffrage, assemble in a chamber of very imposing appearance, arranged rather as a theatre, in shape like the arc of a bow, but it is the worst room for hearing I ever was in: we hear of complaints occasionally of our Houses of Parliament, old and new, but they are faultless in comparison. In parts of the House it is impossible to hear any body, in others it answers all the purposes of a whispering gallery, and I have heard members carry on a continuous dialogue while a debate was storming around them. Both in the Senate and the House every member has a most commodious arm-chair, a desk for his papers, and a spitting-box, to which he does not always confine himself. I came very often, and it was impossible to surpass the attention I received; some member's seat in the body of the House was always given to me, and I was at liberty to remain there during the whole of the debate, listen to what was going on, or write my letters, as I chose. The palpable distinction between them and our House of Commons I should say to be this, we are more noisy, and they are more disorderly. They do not cheer, they do not cough, but constantly several are speaking at a time, and they evince a contemptuous disregard for the decisions of their Speaker. They have no recognized leaders of the different parties, the members of Government not being allowed to have seats in either House of Congress, and the respective parties do not occupy distinct quarters in the Chamber, so that you may often hear a furious wrangle being carried on between two nearly contiguous members. While I was at Washington, the question of slavery, or at least of points connected with slavery, gave the chief colour and animation to the discussions in the House of Representatives. Old Mr. Adams, the ex-president of the United States, occupied, without doubt, the most prominent position; he presented a very striking appearance, standing up erect at the age of 73, having once filled the highest post attainable by an American citizen, with trembling hands and eager eyes, in defence of the right of petition, — the right to petition against the continuance of slavery in the district of Columbia—with a majority of the House usually deciding against him, and a portion of it lashed into noise and storm. I thought it was very near being, and to some extent it was, quite a sublime position, but it rather detracted from the grandeur of the effect at least, that his own excitement was so great as to pitch his voice almost into a screech,

and to make him more disorderly than all the rest. He put one in mind of a fine old game-cock, and occasionally showed great energy and power of sarcasm. I had certainly an opportunity of forming my opinion, as I sat through a speech of his that lasted three days; but then it is fair to mention that the actual sittings hardly last above three hours a day — about four dinner is ready, and they go away for the day, differing much herein from our practice; and on this occasion they frequently allowed Mr. Adams to sit down to rest. All the time I believe he was not himself for the discontinuance of slavery, even in the district of Columbia, but he contended that the constitution had accorded the free right of petition.* One morning he presented a petition for the dissolution of the Union, which raised a great tempest. Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, a fine and graceful speaker, moved a vote of censure upon him. Another member, whom I need not name, the ablest and fiercest champion whom I heard on the southern or slave-holder side, made a most savage onslaught on Mr. Adams; then up got that "old man eloquent," and no one could have reproached him with not understanding how to speak even daggers. His brave but somewhat troublous spirit has passed from the scenes upon which he played so conspicuous a part, but he has left behind him some words of fire, the sparks of which are not yet extinct. Nothing came of all this stir; I used to meet Mr. Adams at dinner while it went on, very calm and undisturbed. After seeing and hearing what takes place in some of these sittings, one is tempted to think that the Union must break up next morning; but the flame appeared generally to smoulder almost as quickly as it ignited. The debates in the Senate, during the same period, were dignified, business-like, and not very lively; so it may be judged which House had most attraction for the passing traveller. I heard Mr. Clay in the Senate once, but every one told me that he was labouring under feebleness and exhaustion, so that I could only perceive the great charm in the tones of his voice. I think this most attractive quality was still more perceivable in private intercourse, and I certainly never met any public man, either in his country or in mine, always excepting Mr. Canning, who exercised such

* I have lately met with a curious proof that this very eminent man was not exempt from the usual susceptibility of his countrymen on the subject of colour. In a letter to the accomplished American actor, Mr. Hackett, he says, that the moral of the tragedy of Othello is to show how improper it is to mix white blood with black.

evident fascination over the minds and affections of his friends and followers, as Henry Clay. I thought his society most attractive, easy, simple, and genial, with great natural dignity. If his countrymen made better men presidents, I should applaud their virtue in resisting the spell of his eloquence and attractions; when the actual list is considered, my respect for the discernment elicited by universal suffrage does not stand at a very high point. Another great man, Daniel Webster, I could not hear in either House of Congress, because he then filled, as he does now, the high office of Secretary of State; but it is quite enough to look on his jutting dark brow, and cavernous eyes, and massive forehead, to be assured that they are the abode of as much, if not more, intellectual power than any head you perhaps ever remarked. For many, if not for all reasons, I am well content that he should be again at the head of the American Cabinet, for I feel sure that while he is even intensely American, he has an enlightened love of peace, and a cordial sympathy with the fortunes and glories of the old, as well as the new, Anglo-Saxon stock. The late Mr. Calhoun, who impressed most of those who were thrown in his way with a high opinion of his ability, his honesty, and, I may add, his impracticability, I had not the good fortune to hear in public, or meet in private society. It is well known that his attachment to the maintenance of slavery went so far as to lead him to declare that real freedom could not be maintained without it. Among those who at that time contributed both to the credit and gaiety of the society of Washington, I cannot forbear adding the name of Mr. Legare, then the Attorney-general of the Union, now unhappily, like too many of those whom I have had occasion to mention, no longer living. He appeared to me the best scholar, and the most generally accomplished man, I met in all the Union. I may feel biassed in his favour, for I find among my entries, "Mr. Legare spoke to-night of Pope as he ought."

I have not mentioned what might be thought of a very prominent object at Washington — the President of the United States. He resides for his term of office at a substantial plain building, called the White House. Mr. Tyler filled the office when I was there, and appeared a simple, unaffected person. Washington is the head quarters of another branch of the Constitution, which works perhaps with less of friction and censure than any other — the Supreme Court of Judicature. The large federal questions between State

and State give great weight and interest to its proceedings. I heard an interesting cause between the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania; it was an action to try the constitutional validity of an Act of the State of Pennsylvania, which gave a trial by jury to the fugitive slave. How this subject pursued and pervaded every thing! It was argued with great ability on both sides; it was ultimately ruled against the power of the free states to pass such an act; and the recent Fugitive Slave Law may probably have arisen out of some such debateable questions of right; at all events, it has entirely swept away the intervention of a jury.

The last day of my abode at Washington was spent becomingly at Mount Vernon, the residence, and now the grave, of Washington. It is well placed on a wooded hill above the noble Potomac, here a mile and a half broad. The tomb is a sad affair for such a man; it has an inscription upon it denoting that it was erected by John Strutters, marble mason! It is placed under a glaring red building, something between a coach-house and a cage. The Senate once procured the consent of the family to have it removed to the Capitol, when a bricklayer, a labourer, and a cart arrived to take it off one morning, at which their indignation naturally rose. There are few things remarkable in the house, except the key of the Bastille sent by General Lafayette to General Washington, and a sword given to him by Frederick the Great, with this address, "From the Oldest General of the age to the Best." I was gratified to see a print from my picture of the Three Maries. I wonder if it ever excited the interest and the piety of Washington?

I made a rapid journey, by steamboat and railroad, through the States of Virginia and North Carolina; the country wore a universal impress of exhaustion, desertion, slavery. It appears to be one of the trials for the cupidity of man, that slavery, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, has a certain degree of adaptation, not, I trust, in the mercy of God, a necessary adaptation, to the culture of fertile soils in hot climates; but in sterile or exhausted soils, where the energy of man must be called out to overcome difficulties, it is evident that slavery has no elastic spring or restorative power.

Richmond, the capital of Virginia, has a certain resemblance in position to its namesake in Surrey. I saw the local legislature in session; it was very full of coarse-looking farmers from the western portion of the state: it struck me that the acute town lawyers must manage matters much as they choose. I never saw

a country so hopeless as all that I passed through in North Carolina — a flat, sandy waste of pines, with scarcely a habitation. I spent a fortnight at Charleston, the capital of her more energetic sister, South Carolina. This town and state may be looked upon as the head-quarters of the slave-holding interest; and repeatedly, when they have thought the policy of the North too encroaching, either upon questions relating to what they term their peculiar institutions, which is their euphonious description of slavery, or, when we should feel a juster sympathy with them, upon questions relating to the protection of the northern manufactures in opposition to a liberal commercial policy, they have not only held the very highest tone in favour of a dissolution of the Union, but have proceeded to overt acts of resistance. I am bound to say that I spent my time there very pleasantly; there was much gaiety, and unbounded hospitality. I have made no disguise of what my opinions upon slavery were, are, and ever must be; but it would be uncandid to deny that the planter in the Southern States has much more in his manner and mode of intercourse that resembles the English country gentleman than any other class of his countrymen; he is more easy, companionable, fond of country life, and out-of-door pursuits. I went with a remarkably agreeable party to spend a day at the rice plantation of one of their chief proprietors; he had the credit of being an excellent manager, and his negroes, young and old, seemed well taken care of and looked after; he repelled the idea—not of educating them—that is highly penal by the law of the State, but of letting them have any religious instruction. I was told by others that there was considerable improvement in this respect. Many whom I met entertained no doubt that slavery would subsist among them for ever; others were inclined to think that it would wear out. While I was willing not to shut my eyes to any of the more favourable external symptoms or mitigations of slavery, other indications could not come across my path without producing deep repugnance. On the very first night of my arrival, I heard the deep sound of a curfew bell: on inquiry I was told, that after it had sounded every night at about nine o'clock, no coloured person, slave or *free* — mark that — might be seen in the streets. One morning, accordingly, I saw a great crowd of coloured persons in the street, and I found they were waiting to see a large number of their colour, who had been taken up the night before on their return from a ball, escorted in their ball dresses from the

Gaol to the Court-house. Indeed, it was almost principally with relation to the free blacks that the anomalous and indefensible working of the system appeared there to develop itself. I was told that the slaves themselves looked down upon the free blacks, and called them rubbish. I must not omit to state that I saw one slave auction in the open street, arising from the insolvency of the previous owner: a crowd stood round the platform, on which sat the auctioneer, and beside him were placed in succession the lots of from one to five negroes. The families seemed to be all put up together, but I imagine they must often be separated; they comprised infants and all ages. As far as I could judge, they exhibited great indifference to their changing destiny. I heard the auctioneer tell one old man, whom I could have hardly distinguished from a white person, that he had been bought by a good master. One could not help shuddering at the future lot of those who were not the subjects of this congratulation.

I went into the Head Court of Justice at Charleston, and found seven persons present; five of them were judges, one was the lawyer addressing them, the other was the opposing counsel, who was walking up and down the room. I attended a meeting of the convention of the Episcopal Church of South Carolina; whether it may be for encouragement or warning to those who wish for the introduction or revival of such synods at home, I mention the point then under discussion; it was how far it was proper to show deference for the opinion of the Bishop.

In point of neatness, cleanliness, and order, the slave-holding States appeared to stand in about the same relation to the free, as Ireland does to England; every thing appears slovenly, ill-arranged, incomplete; windows do not shut, doors do not fasten; there is a superabundance of hands to do every thing, and little is thoroughly done. The country round Charleston for scores, and I believe hundreds of miles, is perfectly flat, and full of swamps, but there I had the first indications of the real genius of the south, in the white houses lined with verandahs, the broad-leaved deep green magnolias and wild orange trees in the gardens, the large yellow jessamine and palmeto in the hedges, and the pendant streamers of grey moss on the under-branches of the rich evergreen live oak, which supplies unrivalled timber for ship-building.

I left Charleston in a small American mail-packet, for the island of Cuba. I must not dwell on the voyage, which, from our being much becalmed, lasted twelve days, double its due; we were long

off the low flat coasts of Georgia and Florida, and I felt inclined to say with Goldsmith —

"And wild Altama echoed to our woe."

On the 14th of March we passed under the impregnable rock of the Castle, called the Moro, and, answering the challenge from its terraced battlements, we found ourselves in the unrivalled harbour of the Havana. How enchanting, to the senses at least, were the three weeks I spent in Cuba! How my memory turns to its picturesque forms and balmy skies. During my whole stay, the thermometer scarcely varied from 76° to 78° in the shade. I am disposed to wonder that these regions are not more resorted to by our countrymen for enjoyment of life, and escape from death. Nothing was ever so unlike either Europe or America as the Havana; at least I had never been in Spain, the mother country, which I suppose it most resembles. The courts of the gleaming white houses have a Moorish look, the interiors are much covered with arabesques, and on the outside towards the street they have immense open spaces for windows, in which they generally find it superfluous to put any glass; the carriages are called Volantès, and look as if they had been intended to carry Don Quixote. Then how delicious it used to be, late in the evening, under a moonlight we can scarcely imagine, to sit in the square called the Place of Arms, where in a space flanked by some gleaming palm trees, and four small fountains, a gay crowd listened to excellent music from a Spanish military band. It is certainly the handsomest town I saw in the New World, and gives a great idea of the luxury and splendour of Spain in her palmy days. The billiard rooms and ice-saloons streamed with light; the great theatre is as large and brilliant as almost any in Europe. Again, how full of interest were some visits I paid in the interior, both to Spanish and American households. I cannot condense my impressions of the scenery better than by repeating some short stanzas which with such influences around me I could not help perpetrating. I hope that while they bear witness to the intoxicating effects of the landscape and the climate, they do not wholly leave out of view the attendant moral.

Ye tropic forests of unfading green,
Where the palm tapers, and the orange glows,
Where the light bamboo weaves her feathery screen,
And her tall shade the matchless seyba throws:

Ye cloudless ethers of unchanging blue,
Save as its rich varieties give way,
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,
The burnished azure of your perfect day.

Yet tell me not my native skies are bleak,
That, flushed with liquid wealth, no cane-fields wave;
For Virtue pines, and Manhood dares not speak,
And Nature's glories brighten round the Slave.

Among the country houses I visited was the sugar estate of one of the chief Creole nobles of the island—(I do not know whether my hearers will be aware that the proper meaning of a Creole is a person of European descent born in America)—I was treated there with the most refined and courteous hospitality; and what a view it was from the terrace of golden cane-fields, and fringing woods, and azure sea! The treatment of the domestic slaves appeared kind and affectionate, and all the negro children on the estate repeated their catechism to the Priest, and were then brought in to dance and romp in the drawing-room. Generally there does not appear to be the same amount of repulsion between the white and coloured races as in the United States, and there is the pleasant spectacle of their being mixed together in the churches. Still the crying, conclusive fact remains, that the average negro population died off in ten years, and had to be recruited by continuous importations, which are so many breaches of the solemn treaties between Spain and us. On one coffee estate which I visited—(and generally the coffee cultivation is far lighter than that of the sugar cane)—a still darker shade was thrown upon the system, as I was told from a most authentic source that there was great difficulty in preventing mothers from killing their offspring. General Valdez, who was Captain-general of the island during my visit, is thought to have exerted himself honestly in putting down the slave trade. I believe it has been as much encouraged as ever under some of his successors. The politics of Cuba are rather delicate ground to tread upon just now, and are likely to be continually shifting; it appeared to me that all the component parties held each other in check, like the people who are all prevented from killing each other in the farce of the Critic. The despotism and exclusiveness of the Mother country were complete; every one gave the same picture of the

corruption and demoralization which pervaded every department of administration and justice. The Creoles are prevented from rising against this system, from dread of the negroes rising against them, over and above the large Spanish force always kept on foot there; the Americans, who have got possession of a large proportion of the estates, do not like to hazard any attempt at annexation, without at least adequate aid from other quarters, as they would have to deal with the Spanish army, some of the Creoles, and all the Negroes: and the Negroes, the most deeply wronged party of any, would bring down on themselves in case of any general rising amongst them, the Spaniards, Creoles, Americans within, and Americans without. May the providence of God reserve for these enchanting shores more worthy destinies then they have ever yet enjoyed!

I availed myself of the magnificent accommodation of one of our West India line-of-packet steamers, which deposited us at the mouth of the Mississippi. I repined at the course of the vessel, receding from the sun, and at first I thought everything looked dingy, after the skies and vegetation of the tropics. I missed especially the palm, the cocoa, and the seyba, but there was still the orange tree, and, what they have not in Cuba, the magnolia, a forest tree in full blossom: the sugar plantations of Louisiana seemed kept in very trim order: we passed the ground made memorable by the victory of General Jackson over the English, and soon drew up among the numerous tiers of masts and steam-boats that line the crescent outline of New Orleans.

The good I have to say of New Orleans must be chiefly confined to the St. Charles Hotel, which is the most splendid of its kind that I saw even in the United States. When it is at its full complement 560 dine there every day—350 of whom sleep in the house; there are 160 servants, 7 French cooks; all the waiters, whites—Irish, English, French, German, and American: the very intelligent proprietor of the hotel told me he thought the Irish made the best; he has them altogether every day at noon, when they go through a regular drill, and rehearse the service of a dinner. Nothing can be more distinct than the appearance of the American and French portions of the town; the American is laid out in broad streets, high houses, and large stores; the French in narrow streets, which suits a warm climate better perhaps, and a great proportion of one-storied houses, which they thought a better security against

hurricanes. I spent my time not unpleasantly, particularly two days at the plantation of an opulent proprietor, where the slaves seemed the subject of much thoughtful attention as far as their physical condition is concerned: the weather at this season,—the middle of April, — was delicious, but it is the last place in the world I should choose for a residence. For long periods the climate is most noxious to human life; it is the occasional haunt of the yellow fever, the river runs at a higher level than the town, and the putrid swamp is ever ready to ooze through the thin layer of rank soil above it; and, worse than any merely natural malaria, the dregs of the worst type of the French and American character, notwithstanding the more wholesome elements by which their influence is undoubtedly tempered, impart a moral taint to the social atmosphere.

Though in my journey henceforward I passed over immense spaces, and saw great varieties of scenes and men, yet as it became now more of a matter of real travelling, and did not show me so much of the inner social life, it will be a relief to you to hear, especially after the lengthened trespass I have already made on your attention, that I shall get over the remaining ground far more rapidly. I went from New Orleans to Louisville, on board the *Henry Clay* steamer, 1500 miles, which lasted six days; the first 1100 miles were on the Mississippi. It is impossible to be on the "Father of Waters," as I believe the name denotes, without some emotion; its breadth hardly appears so imposing as that of many far inferior streams; at New Orleans it must be under three-quarters of a mile, but its width rather paradoxically increases as you recede from its mouth; its colour is that of a murky, pulpy, yellowish mud, but still its full, deep, brimming volume pleases, chiefly, I suppose, from the knowledge that thus it rolls on for 5000 miles, and waters a valley capable of feeding the world; there is little break of outline, but the continuous parallel lines of forest are partially dotted, first by the sugar fields of Louisiana, then by the cotton enclosures of the states of Mississippi and Tennessee, then by the rich meadows of Kentucky. For the last 400 miles we left the sovereign river, and struck up the Ohio, christened by the French the "Beautiful River," and deserving the name, from the swelling wooded slopes which fringe its current; its soft native name of Ohio means "the gently flowing." Louisville is a flourishing town. Thence I dived into the interior of Kentucky, and paid a visit of

two or three days to Mr. Clay, at his country residence of Ashland. The qualities which rivet the Senate and captivate his adherents, seemed to me both heightened and softened by his frank, courteous, simple intercourse. He lives with his family in a modest house, among fields of deep red soil and the most luxuriant grass, growing under very thriving and varied timber, the oak, sycamore, locust tree, cedar, and that beautiful ornament of American woods, the sugar maple. He likes showing some English cattle. His countrymen seem to be in the habit of calling upon him without any kind of previous introduction. Slavery, generally mild in the pastoral state of Kentucky, was certainly seen here in its least repulsive guise; Mr. Clay's own negro servant, Charles, was much devoted to him; he took him with him on a tour into Canada, and when some abolitionists there wanted him to leave his master, "Not if you were to give me both your Provinces," was the reply.

My next halt was at the White Sulphur Springs in the western portion of Virginia. The season had not yet commenced, early in May, so I was in sole possession of the place. One of my southern friends had kindly placed a delightful little cottage at my disposal, and I enjoyed in the highest degree the unwonted repose in the solitude of virgin forests, and the recesses of the green Alleghanies. Here were my brief Farewell lines to the small temple-like cupola over the bright sulphur well from which I used to drink many times in the day:—

Hail dome! whose unpresuming circle guards
Virginia's flowing fountain: still may health
Hover above thy crystal urn, and bring
To cheeks unus'd their bloom! may Beauty still
Sit on thy billowy swell of wooded hills,
And deep ravines of verdure; may the axe,
Improvement's necessary pioneer,
Mid forest solitudes, still gently pierce,
Not bare their leafy bowers! This votive lay,
Like wreath of old on thy white columns hung,
Albeit of scentless flowers from foreign soil,
Scorn not, and bid the Pilgrim pass in peace.

I had, at this time, much travelling in the stage coaches, and I found it amusing to sit by the different coachmen, who were generally youths from the Eastern States, pushing their way in life, and

full of fresh and racy talk. One said to me, lamenting the amount of debt which the State through which we were travelling had incurred, "I suppose your State has no debt," — a compliment I could not quite appropriate. Another, who probably came from New York, where they do not like to use the word Master in speaking of their employers, but prefer an old Dutch name, Boss, said to me, "I suppose the Queen is your Boss now."

I again turned my face to the West, and passed Cincinnati, which, together with all that I saw of the State of Ohio, seemed to me the part of the Union where, if obliged to make the choice, I should like best to fix my abode. It has a great share of all the civilization and appliances of the old settled States of the East, with the richer soil, the softer climate, the fresher spring of life, which distinguish the West. It had besides to me the great attraction of being the first Free State which I reached on my return from the region of slavery; and the contrast in the appearance of prosperity and progress is just what a friend of freedom would always wish it to be. One of my visitors at Cincinnati told me he remembered when the town only contained a few log cabins; when I was there it had 50,000 inhabitants. I shall not easily forget an evening view from a neighbouring hill, over loamy cornfields, wooded knolls, and even some vineyards, just where the Miami River discharges its gentle stream into the ample Ohio. I crossed the States of Indiana and Illinois, — looked for the first time on the wide level and waving grass of a prairie — stopped a short time at St. Louis, once a French station, now the flourishing capital of the State of Missouri. I passed the greatest confluence of rivers on the face of our globe, where the Mississippi and Missouri blend their giant currents: the whole river ought properly to have gone by the name of the Missouri, as it is by far the most considerable stream, its previous course before the junction exceeding the entire course of the Mississippi, both before and after it; it is the Missouri, too, which imparts its colour to the united stream, and for two or three miles you distinguish its ochre-coloured waters as they line the hitherto clear current of the Upper Mississippi. At Jacksonville, in Illinois, I was told a large colony of Yorkshiremen were settled; and I was the more easily induced to believe it, as it seemed to me about the most thriving and best cultivated neighbourhood I had seen. I embarked at Chicago, on the great lakes: but here I must desist from pursuing

my devious wanderings on those large inland seas, and on the opposite shore of Canada. Many thousands of miles have I steamed away over Lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie, Ontario, the Rideau Canal, the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers; some of these I traversed twice, and they supplied some of the most interesting and picturesque features of my long journeyings. I should have scrupled in any case to touch upon the politics of Canada, and, indeed, my pauses at any fixed spot were too short to qualify me for the attempt, even if it had been desirable. It is a magnificent region, especially its western portion, — happy in climate, soil, and scenery. I will, however, only attempt to dash off two slight sketches from my Canadian recollections.

Here is the first. I stood in a terraced garden on the summit of a high promontory, running with a steep angle into the basin made by the river St. Lawrence, of which it is no exaggeration to say that the water is as clear, bright, and, above all, green as any emerald; here, upon I believe the most imperial site in the world, stand the citadel and city of Quebec. The shipping was lying in great quantity close under the rocky steep, and was dotted for a considerable way along the shining river. In front was the island of Orleans, well-shaped and full-peopled; ridge upon ridge beyond, ending with Cape Tourment, descended on the river; the shore on either side gleamed with white villages, and the town below seemed to climb, or almost leap, up the straight precipice, broken with high convent-roofs and glittering tinned spires. The flag of England waved upon the highest bastion that crowned the rock; the band of the Queen's Guards was playing in the garden; the clearest blue of western skies was above my head; and, rising above the whole glowing scene, was the commemorative pillar to that General Wolfe, who on this spot transferred to us Englishmen, by his own victory and death, and with the loss of forty-five men, the mastery of a Continent.

The only other scene I will attempt to sketch shall be in the centre of Lake Huron, on one of its countless islands. I am justified in using that epithet, since, not long ago, our Government ordered a survey to be made of the islands; they counted 40,000, and then gave it up, and some of these were of no contemptible size, one of them being ninety miles long. I was one of a party which, at that time, went annually up the lake to attend an encampment of many thousand Indians, and make a distribution of

presents among them. About sunset, our flotilla of seven canoes, manned well by Indian and French Canadian crews, drew up, some of the rowers cheering the end of the day's work with snatches of a Canadian boat-song. We disembarked on some rocky islet which, as probably as not, had never felt the feet of man before. In a few moments the utter solitude had become a scene of bustle and business, carried on by the sudden population of some sixty souls; tents had been pitched in which we were to sleep; small trees had been cut for fuel; fires had been lighted, round which the motley crews were preparing the evening meal; some were bathing in the transparent little bays, some standing on a jutting piece of cliff, fishing; and here and there an Indian in the water, motionless, watching with an intent gaze, a spear in his hand ready to dart on his prey beneath. A large oil-cloth had been spread for our party on a convenient ledge of rock; hot pea-soup, hot fish, the chase of the day, and large cold rounds of beef, showed that, though we were in the desert, we did not fare like anchorites; and the summer moon rose on the scattered fires, and the gay bivouac, and the snatches of song and chorus that from time to time woke the unaccustomed echoes of Lake Huron.

Entering the United States again, I made a rapid journey by Lakes Champlain and George, by Ticonderoga and Saratoga,—historic names; spent four very delightful days in most attractive society in a New England village, revived the beauteous impressions of the Hudson, and, taking leave of friends not soon to be forgotten, on the quay of New York, left the hospitable shore.

You will have perceived that in these desultory notes I have not attempted to pronounce any formal judgment upon the American people, or the great experiment they are conducting in the face of the world. The extreme diversity of habits, manners, opinions, feelings, race, and origin, in the several parts of the wide extent of country I traversed, would render the difficulty, great in any case, of such an undertaking, still more subtle and complicated. The striking contrasts in such a shifting and variegated aspect of society, make me feel that any such general and dashing summary could only be attempted after the fashion of a passage which I have always much admired in Gibbon, where, wishing to give a fair view of the poetical character of Claudian, he sums up separately his merits and defects, and leaves his reader to strike the just balance. In some such mode it might be stated, that

North America, viewed at first with respect to her natural surface, exhibits a series of scenery, various, rich, and, in some of its features, unparalleled; though she cannot, on the whole, equal Europe in her mountain elevations, how infinitely does she surpass her in rivers, estuaries, and lakes! This variegated surface of earth and water is seen under a sky warm, soft, and balmy in some — clear, blue, and brilliant in all its latitudes, with a transparency of atmosphere which Italy does not reach, with varieties of forest-growth and foliage unknown to Europe, and with a splendour of views in autumn before which painting must despair. With respect to the moral aspect, I naturally feel the difficulty of any succinct or comprehensive summary infinitely heightened. The feature which is the most obvious, and probably the most enviable, is the nearly entire absence, certainly of the appearance, and, in a great degree, of the reality of poverty; in no part of the world, I imagine, is there so much general ease and comfort among the great bulk of the people, and a gushing abundance struck me as the prominent characteristic of the land. It is not easy to describe how far this consideration goes to brighten the face of nature, and give room for its undisturbed enjoyment. Within a mere span of time, as compared with the general growth and progress of nations, the industry, at once steady and persevering, of the inhabitants, has cleared enormous tracts of forest, reared among their untrodden glades spacious and stately cities, opened new highways through the swamp and the desert, covered their unequalled rivers with fleets of steam-boats and craft of every form, given an extension to canals beyond all previous experience, and filled land and water with hardy miracles of successful enterprise. The traveller, wafted with marvellous ease by steam-boats and railways over prodigious spaces, cannot but indulge in what may appear a more superficial satisfaction at the accommodation he meets with in the hotels of the principal cities, which are regulated on a scale, and with a splendour and even cleanliness which he will find scarcely rivalled in the capitals of Europe. However absorbed in the pursuits of business, agriculture and trade, the citizens of these young republics may be, and though it would seem to be their obvious vocation in life to cultivate almost boundless wastes, and connect almost interminable distances, circles are nevertheless to be found among them which, in point of refined and agreeable intercourse, of literary taste, and general

accomplishment, it would be difficult for the same capitals of the elder world to surpass; the Bench and Bar, as well as other professions, can boast both of the solid and brilliant qualities by which they are adorned; and while much occurs in Congress that must be deemed rough and unseemly, the chords of high and generous feeling are frequently struck within its walls to accents of noble eloquence; in the universal fluency of their public speaking, they undoubtedly surpass ourselves. In rural life, I doubt whether the world can produce more examples of quiet simplicity and prosperous content than would be found, I might say most prominently, in the embowered villages of New England, or the sunny valleys of Pennsylvania. I am sure that I am not wanting in respect for our own operative classes; but neither can I conceal from myself that the appearance of the female factory population of Lowell presents some points of favourable contrast. Among the more opulent portion of society, an idle man without regular profession or fixed pursuit is the exception which excites observation and surprise. The purity of the female character stands deservedly high, and society has been deemed by some to be rendered less agreeable by the rigid devotion of the young married women to their households and nurseries. It is something to have travelled nearly over the whole extent of the Union without having encountered a single specimen either of servility or incivility of manner; by the last I intend to denote intentional rudeness. Elections may seem the universal business, topic, and passion of life, but they are, at least with but few exceptions, carried on without any approach to tumult, rudeness, or disorder; those which I happened to see were the most sedate, unimpassioned processes I can imagine. In the Free States, at least, the people at large bear an active, and, I believe, on the whole, a useful part in all the concerns of internal government and practical daily life; men of all classes, and especially of the more wealthy and instructed, take a zealous share in almost every pursuit of usefulness and philanthropy; they visit the hospitals and asylums; they attend the daily instructions of the schools; they give lectures at Lyceums and Institutes. I am glad to think that I may be treading in their foot-steps on this occasion. I have already mentioned with just praise, the universal diffusion and excellent quality of popular education, as established especially in the States of New England, the powerful Empire State of New York,

and, I may add, the prosperous and aspiring State of Ohio. Without venturing to weigh the preponderating recommendations or deficiencies of the Voluntary System, I may fairly ask, what other communities are so amply supplied with the facilities of public worship for all their members? The towns, old and young, bristle with churches; they are almost always well filled; the Sabbath, in the Eastern and Northern States at least, is scrupulously observed; and with the most unbounded freedom of conscience, and a nearly complete absence of polemical strife and bitterness, there is apparently a close unity of feeling and practice in rendering homage to God.

Though it would appear difficult, and must certainly be ungracious, to paint the reverse side of such a country and such a people, a severe observer would not be long at fault. With respect to their scenery itself, while he could not deny that within its vast expanse it contained at times both sublimity and beauty, he might establish against it a charge of monotony, to which the immense continuities of the same surfaces, whether of hill, valley, wood, lake, or river — the straight unbroken skirt of forest, the entire absence of single trees, the square parellelograms of the cleared spaces, the uniform line of zig-zag fences, the staring squareness of the new wooden houses, all powerfully contribute. In regard to climate, without dwelling on such partial influences as the malària which desolates the stunted pine-barrens of North Carolina, and banishes every white native of South Carolina from their rice-plains during the entire summer, the hot damps which festoon the trees on the southern coast with a funereal drapery of grey moss, the yellow fever which decimates the Quays of New Orleans, and the feverish agues which line the banks of the Mississippi, it would be impossible to deny the violent alternations of temperature which have a more general prevalence; and it is certain that much fewer robust forms and ruddy complexions are to be seen than in our own more even latitudes. Passing from the physical to the moral atmosphere, amidst all the vaunted equality of the American freemen, there seemed to be a more implicit deference to custom, a more passive submission to what is assumed to be the public opinion of the day or hour, than would be paralleled in many aristocratic or even despotic communities. This quiet acquiescence in the prevailing tone, this complete abnegation of individual sentiment, is naturally most perceptible in the domain of politics; but

I thought that it also in no inconsiderable degree pervaded the social circle, biassed the decisions of the judicial bench, and even infected the solemn teachings of the pulpit. To this source may probably in some measure be traced the remarkable similarity in the manners, deportment, conversation, and tone of feeling, which has so generally struck travellers from abroad in American society. Who that has seen, can ever forget the slow and melancholy silence of the couples who walk arm-in-arm to the tables of the great hotels, or of the unsocial groups who gather round the greasy meals of the steam-boats, lap up the five minutes' meal, come like shadows, so depart? One of their able public men made an observation to me, which struck me as pungent, and perhaps true, that it was probably the country in which there was less misery and less happiness than in any other of the world. There are other points of manners on which I am not inclined to dilate, but to which it would at least require time to be reconciled: I may just intimate that their native plant of tobacco lies at the root of much that we might think objectionable. However necessary and laudable the general devotion to habits of industry and the practical business of life may be, and though there are families and circles in which no grace, no charm, no accomplishment, are wanting, yet it cannot be denied, that among the nation at large, the empire of dollars, cents, and material interests, holds a very preponderating sway, and that art and all its train of humanities exercise at present but an enfeebled and restricted influence. If we ascend from social to political life, and from manners to institutions, we should find that the endless cycles of electioneering preparations and contests, although they may be carried on for the most part without the riotous turbulence, or overt bribery, by which they are sometimes but too notoriously disgraced among ourselves, still leave no intermission for repose in the public mind; enter into all the relations of existence; subordinate to themselves every other question of internal and foreign policy; lead their public men—I will not say their best, but the average of them—to pander to the worst prejudices, the meanest tastes, the most malignant resentments of the people; at each change of administration incite the new rulers to carry the spirit of proscription into every department of the public service, from the Minister at a great foreign court, to the post-master of some half-barbarous out-post, — thus tending to render those whose functions ought to withdraw them

the most completely from party influences the most unscrupulous partisans; and would make large masses welcome war and even acquiesce in ruin, if it appeared that they could thus counteract the antagonist tactics, humiliate the rival leader, or remotely influence the election of the next President. It is already painfully felt that as far as the universal choice of the people was relied on to secure for the highest office of the state the most commanding ability or the most signal merit, it may be pronounced to have failed. There may be less habitual and actual noise in Congress than in our own Parliament, but the time of the House of Representatives, not without cost to the constituent body which pays for their services, is continuously taken up, when not engrossed by a speech of some days' duration, with wrangles upon points of order and angry recriminations; the language used in debate has occasionally sounded the lowest depths of coarse and virulent acrimony, and the floor of the Legislative Hall has actually been the scene of violent personal rencounter. The manners of the barely civilized West, where it has been known that counsel challenge judges on the Bench, and Members of the Legislature fire off rifles at the Speaker as he sits in the chair, would appear to be gradually invading the very inner shrine of the Constitution. Having done justice to the strictness and purity of morals which distinguish many of the more settled portions of the continent, it cannot be concealed that the reckless notions and habits of the vagrant pioneers of the West, evinced as these are by the practices of gambling, drinking, and licentiousness, by an habitual disregard of the Sabbath, and by more constant swearing than I ever heard any where else, fearfully disfigure that great valley of the Mississippi, destined inevitably, at no distant day, to be the preponderating section of the entire Union. It is at this day impossible to go into any society especially of the older and more thoughtful men, some of whom may themselves have borne an eminent part in the earlier struggles and service of the commonwealth, without hearing the degeneracy of modern times, and the downward tendency of all things, despondingly insisted upon. At the period of my visit, besides the numerous instances of individual bankruptcy and insolvency, not, alas, peculiar to the New World, the doctrine of repudiation, officially promulgated by sovereign States, had given an unpleasing confirmation to what is perhaps a prevailing tendency among retired politicians. I have reserved for the last topic of

be omitted, but, in addition to this, more of a practical character, as well as of a comprehensive range, should be given to the customary methods of instruction. I rejoice to perceive in the plan and the very fundamental constitution of this establishment, a full admission of the principle, — of the indispensable principle, in my view, — that all acquirements should be grounded on a religious basis; and I am equally impressed with the urgency, that in any new system aiming at general utility, placed not merely in such districts as that to which I have adverted, but subsisting in such times as those we live in, its benefits should not be fenced in by any exclusive barriers, or founded upon any denominational tests. I do not mean to depreciate the immense importance of our own conscientious convictions; but while I would never discountenance adherence to our own sense of right and duty, I would most strongly recommend the establishment of such institutions, as, without wounding the susceptibilities of the individual conscience, will give the fullest participation of their common benefits to all who may be disposed to enjoy them; and, indeed, I feel no surprise, from knowing those by whom this Institution was mainly founded, and upon looking round me, as at this day, upon many by whom it is still upheld and fostered, that I can trace in the constitution and character of this establishment no deviation from the great principles of religious freedom. Depend upon it, there is no more fitting and genial shelter under which all sound and useful studies, and ornamental accomplishments, can thrive and spread, protecting them alike from the chilling and nipping blight of indifference, and from the blasting breath of bigotry; and tempering habits of independence and self-relying thought with profound humility for that which is supreme, and with tenderness and reverence for the conscientious convictions of others.

I should now just wish, with your kind allowance, to address one or two words of sympathy and counsel to the younger portion of the audience, to those who are the peculiar subjects of the exhibition of this morning. I feel that I may spare all congratulation to the actual receivers of the prizes — to the victors in the lettered ring. The palm that has been assigned to them in the face of an interested and applauding auditory, must be quite sufficient reward in itself, and they will not want any words of mine to enhance it. What I want all, whether successful or unsuccessful competitors to remember, is, that the acquisition of knowledge is its own chief

reward. It is to be valued mainly not for the light in which it exhibits us before others, or the position in which it places us in society, but for what it makes us in ourselves—susceptible of what is beautiful, pursuers of what is useful, practisers of what is right, masters of ourselves, and beyond and above the reach of circumstances. In this attempt to enumerate the proper and best results which can be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, I intend to include all its branches—from the highest and most indispensable, to what are considered the more practical and common-place, or the mere subsidiary and ornamental. None of them, in their several spheres and degrees, ought to be overlooked or slighted. When I allude to high and spiritual matters as the most indispensable, I hope I sufficiently indicate my own meaning. Take away the higher truths, and the most practical pursuits are but labour in vain, and the most graceful acquirements are but fading wreaths hung round empty bowers. But in just subordination to these, I am very glad to observe that considerable attention is bestowed upon what are called classical studies, the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and others. Perhaps you will think that in this observation I am betraying some of the prepossessions or prejudices connected with my own early education, to which I before adverted; but I am most deeply persuaded, that a knowledge and acquaintance with the immortal works contained in those languages,—not, however, I admit, to be too exclusively, or encroachingly, or universally insisted upon,—tend more, perhaps, than any thing else, to train the judgment in composition and criticism, to refine and educate the general taste, and to give at once vigour and grace to literature and to thought; not to mention the never failing sources of refreshment and delight which they secure to their individual votaries. If I do not refer so pointedly to what may be considered the more useful and practical branches of study, whether you include the knowledge of modern languages, the mastery of all resources of arithmetic, and the rudiments of the leading sciences, it is not from underrating their great and prominent importance, but because their advantages, though immense, are of a more obvious character. They come home almost to all our pursuits and occupations, and cross us in almost every path of life. Well, then, my young friends, if you will allow me to turn myself to you,—when the motives for diligent application are so varied and important, when the returns to it are so sure and so

promising,—for though we hear very often of bad bargains and ruinous speculations, yet I feel sure, however long your life may be, you will hardly, in the course of it, ever meet with a man who will tell you that he regrets the time which he has spent in the acquisition of knowledge, or repents of having become a scholar,—resolve now, if you never did so before, not to lose those precious hours, the weight of which may be prized in gold, while they have the speed and lightness of feathers; and most of all, I wish you to prize beyond all other acquisitions — beyond the acquisition of learning, however solid, or the mastery of accomplishments, however brilliant; prize before them all, the formation of individual character, the building up of moral habits, the whole pervading discipline of duty. Join docility and teachableness in your studies to that independence and resolution of will, which will enable you to apply and to appropriate to yourselves the teachings of others' wisdom, and the lessons of your own experience; so that when the time shall come for your leaving the friendly shelter of this institution, and for launching out your small barks into the wide and stormy sea of life, you may not only carry with you those honourable certificates of approval of your past exertions and conduct, which I have had the satisfaction of delivering to two of your number this day, but you may go forth into the busy arena of the world, and there, whatever may be your special calling,—in literature and art, in science or in business, amidst public avocations or among family connections,—you may at last, one and all of you, be fitted and prepared to play the part of useful Christian citizens.

I would now only gently remind even those who have so honourably come forward in support of this institution, that while they desire to promote the cause of a creditable and liberal education amongst those members of society for whom it is calculated, they must not forget, that in these times it is most indispensable to the welfare and even to the salvation of the country at large, that the benefits of education should not be confined to any particular class of persons; but that they should be extended to every species of occupation, and to every department of society. Given already to the nobles, to the merchants, to the master manufacturers, they ought not to be withheld from the mechanic, the labourer, and the cottager. You have made ample and splendid provision in order to meet the exigencies of those that are, comparatively speaking, in easier circumstances, and in so doing you have done most wisely,

and most well. May those classes enjoy and appropriate the advantages thus held out to them; may we hear of your sons giving themselves up with ardour to all the studies of this place; may they delight in the sublime lay of Homer, and the faultless line of Virgil; may they obtain a proficiency in every polite and graceful accomplishment, or wing their adventurous flight through the highest realms of science! But while they do all this, be it our care also to provide that, if you will, a plainer, but still a sound and substantial, nourishment shall be afforded to the bulk of the nation, to those who make the pith and marrow of our people. See that it is put within their reach; see that it offers itself to their notice; see that it wooes their acceptance; even let it be pressed upon them, though they should at first sight seem unwilling to take advantage of it. While you support Academies and Colleges, give your assistance and your countenance also to working mens' classes, and to Mechanics' Institutes. While you amply uphold the credit of Huddersfield College, promote also the prosperity of the day-school, and the Sunday-school. Let education be provided for the heirs of poverty and the children of toil, as a genial relaxation from the weary hours of labour; let it be provided for them as a solid and sustaining nurture for the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual cravings of their nature. And let me give this parting exhortation to you,—that within the whole range of your several spheres, according to the best of your abilities, you should promote the united cause of a free conscience and a universal education.

YORKSHIRE UNION OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

(*Wakefield, May*, 1844.)

It has so happened, that although I have long been most fully alive to the great utility and advantage of the institutions which generally go by the name of Mechanics' Institutes, this is the very first time at which I have been able to attend the regular proceedings of a Mechanics' Institution within the county of York. To the members, indeed, of these Institutes, to the great body of the mechanics of the West Riding of Yorkshire, I may flatter myself

that I am not wholly a stranger; many of us have met upon other occasions, and upon a different stage; but however important such occasions may have been, and however interesting or lofty the themes which belonged to those other theatres of action, a gathering like that of this evening has one evident superiority; it embraces no topics of difference, it marshals us into no opposite ranks of party or denomination, it has nothing to do with conflict; all it has to do with is co-operation. I look upon Mechanics' Institutes as both a creation and a type of the days in which we live; the influences of which they were born, and of which they breathe, are wholly of modern growth. The time was when, in the immediate neighbourhood of the place where we are now met, the opposing armies of the rival Roses were drawn up in menacing array, and soon mixed in murderous conflict; but now, gentlemen, instead of such a competition between us and our good brethren of Lancaster, the objects of our rivalry are, the number and excellence of our respective Mechanics' Institutes; this is, you will agree with me, a far better sight to exhibit in the eyes of heaven and the world than the brawls between the troopers of Warwick and the retainers of Clifford, when Baron was hewing at Baron, and Franklin hacking at Franklin. These revolting scenes, however, have left no other memorial than the exquisite little chapel on the bridge which spans your now peaceful Calder, raised to make propitiation for the souls of the slaughtered; and the days of the Barons have become the days of Mechanics' Institutes. Not that the one came in immediate succession to the other. After what may be especially called the feudal era, there came gradually the days of industry and enterprise, of the stout labourer, and ingenious artificer, and busy trader, and active merchant; nor can we say that their day is yet over, nor must we wish it to be over. No; by the activity of our enterprise and the energy of our industry we have raised a population so vast, and reared a dominion so mighty, that we cannot stop, even if we would; and the wealth which may have once been only considered as the glittering prize of ambition, has become a condition and a necessity even of our national existence. But within a period of almost the youngest life amongst us, new influences have been brought to bear, especially, on the working and industrious classes of the community; a new spirit has been breathed into the dry frame of trade and enterprise; and the education, and the accompanying knowledge,

which formerly only graced, and that sometimes very superficially, the more privileged and opulent members of the community in the warehouse and counting-house, have now struck their kindly roots deeper down, and visited the mechanic at his workshop, and the weaver at his loom. Instead of merely impregnating the upper layers of the mass, they have penetrated, and warmed, and vivified the whole body beneath. In the process of this, I will not say, revolution, because the word sometimes conveys the idea of something violent, formidable, and convulsive; but of this great social recovery, this gradual and genial progress, Mechanics' Institutes and similar institutions have borne a conspicuous and most creditable part, and in the furtherance of Mechanics' Institutes, as in other good things, the men of Yorkshire may claim a very honourable share. Why, they produced from among them Dr. Birkbeck, who I believe may be justly considered their original founder; and they honoured, in the election of Lord Brougham, one of their most efficient patrons and supporters. I say nothing of those who are now prominently engaged in this good field of action. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that I witness such a meeting as this, which, to say nothing of its more ornamental portion, comprises not only so goodly an assembly of the members and mechanics of this fair city of Wakefield, but shows, by the number of representatives and delegates which it has brought together from other similar bodies within the Riding, that there is a sort of corporate life among you, not perhaps equally vivacious and mettlesome in all the limbs, but still ready to feel sympathy, and to communicate energy; to assist the struggles of the weak, and to applaud the success of the strong. May this wholesome and precious rivalry long continue, in which, while it will be an honour to be first, it will yet be a pleasure to be outstripped! In truth, the circumstances of this great district ought to command the general prevalence and hearty support of institutions of this character; you have here the large accumulation of great masses of people; you have a great diversity and keen competition of employments, exciting ingenuity, and stimulating discovery; the nature of your occupations is such as to call for all that can be procured in the way of refreshment and relaxation. In your busy and engrossing occupations, toiling at your daily task, and for your daily bread, you may certainly be without those opportunities and aids to advancement in study or in discovery which belong to studious ease, or to learned leisure; but

it is not from these quarters that the most brilliant contributions to human advancement have been always made; it was not from these classes that Watt, or Brindley, or Fulton, or Burns, or Chantrey, came. In my travels on the great continent of North America, I chanced to fall in with a blacksmith in one of the interior States, who, while he most assiduously performed all the requirements of his calling, accomplished the mastery of, so as to be perfectly able to read, about fifty languages. I have just put down an extract which was made from the journal of this blacksmith linguist; it is a diary of his daily business for five days taken by chance in the course of the year. The extract is from the commonplace book of Elihu Burritt, in 1838. "June 5th. Read fifty lines of Hebrew, thirty-seven of Celtic; six hours of forging. June 6th. Read thirty-seven lines of Hebrew, forty of Celtic; six hours of forging. June 7th. Read sixty lines of Hebrew, sixty lines of Celtic, fifty-four pages of French, twenty names of stars; five hours of forging. June 8th. Read fifty-one lines of Hebrew, fifty lines of Celtic, forty pages of French, fifteen names of stars; eight hours of forging. June 10th (Sunday). 100 lines of Hebrew, eighty-five pages of French, four services at church, Bible-class at noon." For many days he was unwell, and sometimes worked twelve hours at the forge; so that it seems that he did not come within the Ten-hours bill. Now, lest you should be tempted to think that the concerns of his handicraft interfered with or were prejudicial to his course of study, I shall subjoin a remark which was made with respect to him by Mr. Combe, the eminent phrenologist, who travelled in America, and who gave the greatest attention to the developments of the human head, and to the conditions of human health. Mr. Combe says: "One thing is obvious, that the necessity for forging saved this student's life; if he had not been forced by necessity to labour, he would in all probability have devoted himself so incessantly to his books, that he would have ruined his health, and been carried to a premature grave." So you perceive that work may not only be no drawback but even an assistance to the most intense literary labour: the patient achievements of well-directed industry, and the heaven-kindled flame of genius, are confined to no order of our fellow-men, and are denied to none. The Mechanics' Institute is quite as likely as the country churchyard to produce,

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

But then, if it does produce them, it is much more likely to discover them, develop them, and to give them to mankind ; if we do produce them, we will not keep our Miltons "mute and inglorious," as they were in the churchyard. As for our "village Hampdens," I do not know what we can do with them. I hope I say it without offence to a very excellent and kind-hearted neighbour of yours, I do not know what else we can do with them than send them to protect Heath Common against its threatened inclosure. For these reasons, as well as for many more that have been often better said, I do hope that all whom I now address, and all whom my words may in any way reach, will continue and extend their support of all Mechanics' Institutes within their neighbourhood and influence. They will do well to attend to all suggestions respecting improved methods and enlarged means for instruction and enjoyment which the progress of time and the increased attention given to the whole subject will be continually supplying. I need not caution you not to make your proceedings too frivolous, or occasions either for idle dissipation or boisterous clamour; but neither would I have you make them too grave and stiff. You may generally mix the acquisition of sound knowledge and rational improvement with social enjoyment, with occasional merry-making, with all that lights a smile on the brow of care, throws a spell over the weariness of labour, or promotes mutual good will and neighbourly heartiness; nor need I add, that, although in the remarks which I have made I have confined myself to what seemed the direct object of these institutions, that is, the promotion of useful knowledge and the pursuit of rational enjoyment, I might remind you that, while all kinds of knowledge are useful, there is one, and perhaps only one, which is absolutely needful; and while of all knowledge we are told that it shall vanish away, of Christianity we know that it never faileth.

LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

(*February*, 1845.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

Even without the very friendly introduction of your chairman (Mr. E. Baines), I should have felt that I did not present myself

before you as an absolute stranger. When I have come before you, it has generally been under the pressure of some exciting topics of the moment, and also at periods when I could not hope to chime in with the unanimous feeling of all who might hear me. On the occasion of our present meeting, though our topics are not deficient in interest or in dignity, yet I am happy to feel that they are calm, conciliating, and combining; and that not one person whom I have the pleasure to address, probably, will find any opinion of his ruffled by any counter-sentiment which I may have to offer. That the constitution and purpose of your society—the object and spirit which has brought together this intelligent and genial assembly—exactly falls in with all my sympathies, and stirs up all my warmest interest, it will be almost superfluous in me to declare. If I wanted testimony to the value of such institutions, I do not think that it could have been borne in a more interesting or striking manner than in the address which you have just heard from your late honorary secretary, Mr. Kitson, who, in addition to the happy and encouraging results which he has observed in others, tells you, with all the force and warmth of his own consciousness and his own gratitude, that if it had not been for the Mechanics' Institution, he probably would not have stood before you in the same honourable position, and in the same creditable sphere of society, which he now fills. I should feel the utility and importance of such an institution in any place whatsoever; but I feel them most abundantly in this busy city, in this populous district, in this stirring hive of industry and enterprise, amid these bristling stacks of chimneys, this roaring clatter of wheels, this ceaseless hum of tongues, this wear and tear of human life. Do not think that in any of the expressions that I have used I mean to depreciate the dignity of labour, or to rob it of any of its well-won honours. On the contrary, when your chairman was talking just now of temples erected by the pagan population of Rome to Virtue and to Honour, I cannot help feeling that if I had lived in the old times of mythology, almost the first power to which I should have been willing to pay divine honours would have been Labour. Indeed, of all the heathen gods and goddesses, by far the most creditable character seems to me to have been Vulcan, who went hammering on in his sooty forge, while the rest of them either indulged themselves in idle dissipation, or were engaged in slaughtering the unhappy mortals supposed to be subject to their

caprice. If I wanted to cite a testimony and an evidence of the magic power of labour, and of the mode in which it can alter the whole surface, and transmute the entire substance, of the matter on which it acts, I think I might adduce as my proof the contrast of the times when your forefathers met to transact the business of the year under the old oak of Skyrack, or when the cloth market of Leeds was held upon the bridge, and the clothiers exposed their goods upon its battlements; and of these our own times, when every hill and valley teem with life and occupation; when the moorland is turned into hamlets, and every hamlet has become a town, large and important in itself; and the rustic lanes of olden times are transformed into crowded thoroughfares and busy markets, where the interchanges of a wide-spread commerce are being passed and repassed in their perpetual current; where the fleeces of the Elbe, or the Crimea, or Australia, are mixed up with our home-grown "noils and shorts;" and whence the products of your looms and your workshops are sent forth to clothe the freed inhabitants of the West India Islands, or the countless hordes of the farthest China. I am, indeed, far from belonging to that fond, and, as I think, rather foolish school, which is always looking wistfully back to the past, and thinking that our sires had a better job of it than ourselves. I am, indeed, far from questioning that this school comprises many very able and amiable men. At the same time, I own that "Young England" has rather too much of Old England for me. I cordially believe that, on the whole, this is the time, and this is the country, to live in. When I say this, I am far from meaning that all is just as it should be. I know that there is much which is amiss, and which needs to be set right. There are our dwellings,—sewerage,—the supply of water, of air, of light,—improvement in education, both in quantity and quality. Above all, there is a deep, stagnant mass of poverty, which needs to be moved, and sifted, and uplifted. But still, making all due allowance for these real and unquestionable drawbacks, I believe that there never was a community like that which an eminent and lamented writer, the late Dr. Arnold, termed "this kingly commonwealth of England," —there never was a period like the present, which afforded more food for every appetite of manly intellect, and more scope for every exercise of active virtue. I believe there is scarcely anything which might not be attained, if we could only one and all of us determine to rise up to what we might be; if it could only be felt

thoroughly by every one of us, no matter how humble his place, or how contracted his sphere, that each one has his own appointed work and mission,—not, assuredly, by indulging in any puffed-up opinion of his own capacity, and endeavouring to escape from his natural place or his allotted business, but by constant and conscientious perseverance, in which he might do much, very much, to smooth all the troubled elements of the daily life around him, and to aid the general welfare and advancement of his species. I believe that there is nothing at once so ambitious, and yet so humble, as duty; and it is the true, the practical, the Christian philosophy to endeavour rightly to apportion and attemper the ambition and the humility. It is because I believe that labour affords the main occasion and chief exercise-ground of duty, and because I see what labour has already done, and stretch my eyes forward to the yet greater things which it has to do in the world, that I said that if I had lived in the olden times, I should have been ready to build temples and altars in its name. But when I give this merited praise to labour, I believe, at the same time, that, with a view to the interests of labour itself, with a view to its vigorous, and permanent, and cheerful exercise, we ought not to exact too excessive and engrossing a service; but that breaks and relaxations are desirable, and salutary, and even necessary, to its own proper development and support. It is, therefore, that I love to read occasionally of the expeditions made by the Monster trains which convey large numbers far away from the smoke and confinement of their own streets and shops, to see whatever may be worthy of note, upon the many points of that great net-work of railways by which we are in the process of being surrounded,—to the crowded quays of Liverpool or the gothic aisles of York; and I should not repine—let me say it with the peace of Mr. Wordsworth—if a protracted line of railway should, on some sunny afternoon, carry a large bevy of the tradesmen of Leeds to the soft margin of Windermere or Ullswater. It is on the same ground that it has given me peculiar pleasure to have the privilege of witnessing and sharing the celebration of this evening, in the midst of such a community as I have already adverted to, and in the presence of such a company as that which I now see around me. It has, indeed, fallen to my lot often to be present at what are termed fashionable amusements in various quarters of the globe, and I have always found that they are pretty

much the same thing wherever in the world it might be—whether amongst the courtier circles of St. Petersburgh, or the republican dandies of New York. I do not mean to assume any very severe or moralizing tone with respect to the attempts of people to amuse or enliven themselves, but I must say that I have generally found these very polished amusements to be rather listless, unmeaning, and unsatisfying things, where people seemed to come because they had nothing better to do, and to find it a great relief when it was time to go away. But an assembly like this, confined to no class or walk in life, comprising very many of what are termed the middle and labouring classes of society, those who keep the business of daily life really going, brought and kept together by no other tie than the love of knowledge, the wish to attain it and to communicate it, to acquire for themselves and to dispense to others the reciprocal benefits of instruction and advancement—this, to say nothing of its being more useful and more ennobling, seems to me a far fresher, livelier, heartier thing, than the high-flying entertainments I have adverted to,—the morning battue or the midnight polka. The constitution of your society seems to me to embrace all the objects which it must have been designed to accomplish. I am glad to hear from the lips of your respected chairman that it has lately been growing by hundreds, and I hope the time is coming when it is to increase by thousands. The purposes which it effects seem to me to supply a suitable and harmless relaxation to the strain of daily toil, and a pleasant variety and stimulus to what is, perhaps, even worse than the strain and severity of toil, the sameness of habitual routine. The mechanic or the operative, shut up during the day within the precincts of the shop, or with his ear dulled with the recurring sound of his shuttle, may here learn something of that Nature from the personal observation of which he is, in a great measure, debarred; and something of the past history of his country, to whose wealth and power his industry and enterprise make no mean contribution; or something of the links which attach him to higher and more enduring destinies. The delivery of oral lectures and the communication of original papers appear to me to be a most valuable supplement to the hoarded treasures of past wisdom and genius which are stored in the volumes of your libraries. On looking over your report, I was greatly struck with the interesting subjects which formed the materials of the lectures and

papers which have been read and delivered during the last year; and I now rejoice to find that your chairman himself shortly meditates to give you a history of the invention of that art of printing, which, in its maturity, has been so honourably illustrated by the name he bears. If I had to choose one of the most encouraging and gratifying circumstances of the times in which we live,—if I were asked the feature in them upon which I should be inclined to dwell with most of complacency and hope, I should not select even the expansion of commerce, or the revival of trade, little as I should be disposed, anywhere, and least of all in this neighbourhood, or this society, to undervalue the numberless direct or indirect advantages connected with these considerations; nor yet the increase of our naval force, though I concur in the probable expediency of such a step; nor still the wisdom of any of the provisions of the recent budget, for which I trust I may be allowed to do justice even to a political opponent: but it would be the manifest increase and development of that kindly and considerate spirit, which in so many quarters and in so many directions seems to be guiding many of the wealthier and more educated classes to improve, cheer, and elevate the condition, to consult the present comfort—and the abiding welfare of their worse-provided and destitute brethren. I do not seek to attach an exaggerated or undue importance to any single measure or undertaking of the sort—public libraries in one place, public laundries in another, public walks and parks in a third. I know that wisdom is not always inseparably to be found even in a library, and that health cannot be commanded in every case, even by the Hydropathic establishment of Ben Rhydding. But I believe all these measures to be useful as auxiliaries; I believe them to be conceived in a right spirit, and to be directed with a proper aim. I know that the mass of penury and wretchedness which occasionally may fester in your streets and wound the eye of day, or else shrink to pine and perish in the shade—and I am sorry to observe that the recent experience of some of you bears witness to these dark truths—I know that this unsightly and gloomy mass cannot be raised by any single wrench of the lever, or be moved by the prowess of a single arm; but if a persevering, and discerning, and conscientious benevolence will keep itself fixed to the work,—if it will stretch out its many and far-reaching hands, loaded with the supplies for all the necessities of mankind—food for their hunger, medicine for their sickness, air and light for their dwellings, culture and instruction for their ignorance, relaxation

for their long weary spells of toil, the vigour and buoyancy that wait upon that blessed thing called progress, there is nothing that I would despair of, from the efforts of the enlightened sagacity of our day, ministering the charity of the Gospel. I do not wish to arrogate too high or solemn a character for our present proceedings, or for the gathering of to-night, but I believe them to be subsidiary to the graver duties and sterner business of life. Looked upon in that light, I believe such meetings and such institutions to be conducive to sound information, to refined accomplishment, to social enjoyment, to mental and to moral progress; and thus esteeming them, I have no hesitation in giving, and in commending to your favourable acceptance, "Prosperity to the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society."

SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE.

Halifax, June, 1846.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I am extremely obliged to you for the great kindness and warmth of your welcome to me. I must state to you, that I come before you, at present, in rather a chance or haphazard manner, and it was a very sudden thought my finding myself able to be here at all; so that I am by no means able to address you in anything like a prepared or premeditated harangue. But knowing that you were to meet this evening, and having been favoured with an invitation to be present on the occasion, I could not forego the sincere gratification which it gives me to find myself among such an assembly, upon such an occasion, and at the close of such an exhibition as we have beheld this morning. I was very sorry indeed to be prevented by an inevitable engagement from witnessing more of that interesting and elevating spectacle than I did, as I only came in at what may be called the tail of it; but I did see enough, and I did hear enough, to convey impressions which I feel assured will remain to the end of my life. I have, indeed before, had occasion to be present, and even to be a speaker, in that same noble area, the Piece-hall of this town; but then it was upon occasions which took place amidst the maddle of electioneering bustle and the din of political excitement. I confess, that it was a very pleasant and

a very soothing contrast to be present in that same space, upon an occasion when all who are brought together seem to breathe the same atmosphere of good will, of harmony, and of love; and I felt sure that no more precious and acceptable offering could arise to the skies than the hymn which came from so many thousands of artless youthful lips, and the homage that I hope ascended to the same quarter from hearts upon which the passions and vices of the world have as yet been able to infix no stain. But, gentlemen, glad as I was to be present at the assembly of young children this morning, and amply as I participated in all the emotions which that exhibition was calculated to convey, I feel I pay a debt of still more strict justice and obligation by coming this evening among the instructors and teachers of those children, — among those who not only teach the infant notes to join in the hymn of praise, but those whose higher and still nobler endeavour it is to instruct the youthful mind and to improve the youthful heart. Such, my friends — whether men or women — such is your praiseworthy and noble endeavour; and I have long felt convinced, both from what I have observed, and still more from what I have been able to collect and learn from others, that it is scarcely possible to overrate the real solid and practical good which is conferred upon our common country by its Sabbath school teachers. There may be those who come forward more prominently and more noisily in the service of their species, in the busy and tumultuous scenes in which my lot is cast. When I resort to the great metropolis of this empire, I see crowds of people, some of them plunged in the giddy round of dissipation and the frivolous routine of fashion, — some of them striving, one after another, upon the ladder of ambition, and all engrossed in an absorbing course, whether of pleasure or of business. I will not deny, that it is the bounden duty and proper vocation of many to mix in those scenes, to bear their part in the strife of the political arena, and endeavour to do what good they can to their country and to their kind, in the various walks of public and political life: but those aims and those labours, however necessary in themselves, however laudable when properly pursued and duly superintended, are but too often mixed with the promptings of selfishness and vanity, and with the desire of personal aggrandisement. But no such drawback seems to me to present itself when we consider the exertions of the common Sunday school teachers, when we consider those exertions which it is your habit and your pleasure soberly, and quietly, and un-

ostentatiously to carry on in your several districts and neighbourhoods, very often unmarked by society at large, very often without meeting the praise of your fellows, sometimes even encountering their obloquy, sometimes provoking their ridicule; sometimes being questioned how you can be weak and foolish enough to take so much pains about what does not concern you, and about what does not profit you; about that which does not actually put any money in the purse, which does not bring any grist, as they say, to the mill, — and with no other incitement but the sense of duty which you feel, in your own consciences, and the experience of the good, which, day by day, week by week, and year by year, is manifesting itself around you; for you best know— you, the instructresses and instructors of the Sabbath schools, best know, both what amount of real and practical good they are calculated to effect in this country, — and I will say in this county, situated and circumstanced as it is, and especially in so busy a manufacturing neighbourhood as this; or, rather, you best can feel what a void, what a cruel loss would be felt, if by any sudden calamity your ministrations could be closed, or the Sabbath schools of this active district shut up and abandoned. I know it must be often irksome to you; I am willing to suppose that you will not have been influenced by that weak and unprincipled scoffing to which I have just alluded; I know that you will think, when the path of duty is plain before you, it is your duty to tread it. But I feel that very often it is no common sacrifice you are called upon to make. I know what a life of toil, of exertion, and of watchfulness must be the lot of many of you. I know that many of you have to labour the whole week long in your warehouses, at your counters, in your shops, in your mills, in your factories, and in your quarries; and I can well conceive, that when the seventh day comes, especially after you have given its due portion to the services of the sanctuary,— I well know what a temptation there must be before you, either to enjoy those beauties of nature, and those pleasant walks with which this neighbourhood so eminently abounds, or to spend more time in the family circle and by the family fireside, and thus to rest in comparative inactivity altogether. But you forego these claims; you are willing to make the seventh day also, —I will not say a day of toil, but a day at least where love is labour; for you feel what an awful thing it would be to see the infant and young population of these crowded districts growing up them-

selves subjected to wearing and harassing toil, often debarred from the opportunities of education, often destitute of a father's care and a mother's love, exposed to all the temptations of evil association and bad companionship,—you know what a desolating and awful thing it would be if this youthful population should grow up without any knowledge of the duty they owe to their neighbour, without any instruction in the faith which is to make them wise unto salvation and bring them to their God; and when I looked at that interesting crowd before us to-day, of those who, though now small in stature and weak in strength, are yet to furnish the skill and sinews which are to continue the wondrous processes of British manufacturing ingenuity and enterprise, and who are to bequeath the riches of English industry and augment the glories of the British name, when you, their teachers, are silent in your graves, I could not help breathing a fervent aspiration in my heart that when the time shall come for them to emerge into manhood, and they shall meet the crosses and be exposed to the temptations of this weary and wicked world—when for instance the invitation of the drunkard shall be sounding in their ears, or when the call to dissipation shall be spreading all its allurements before them,—the recollections and impression of the Piece Hall at Halifax might come upon their minds, that the infant hymn they had raised in the days of their youth might yet ring freshly in their ears, and that they might determine to abide by the better inspiration of their youth which you did so much to keep straight and active in the path of duty, in the ways of virtue, and in conformity to the will of God. It does not become one such as I am to offer anything in the way of advice or suggestion to such a meeting as the present, especially as I am quite ignorant whether there is the least occasion for it. But in considering the subject of Sabbath schools, it sometimes comes to my mind, that whereas the young people are themselves exposed to a great deal of toil and hard work during the week, and necessarily must undergo a considerable degree of lassitude, some degree of caution should be observed, lest the pleasing ideas which I should always wish to see attached to the Sabbath might be interfered with, and that too much confinement, too much keeping within doors, too much of what is called commonplace school work, should not be exacted from them. I know that the circumstances of their position in life, I know that the circumstances of this district, render it absolutely imperative,

render it an unspeakable blessing, that Sunday schools should exist, should be encouraged, and should be increased; and it is because I wish them well, and it is because I wish you well in the charge you have so nobly undertaken of them, that I came here to-night. But still, one and all, I should wish you to remember that the string ought not to be strained too tight, that a proper degree of rest, relaxation, and of innocent amusements appropriate to the Sabbath, should not be interfered with, and that the young should be enabled to associate it with ideas of enjoyment, and of calm and peaceful happiness. In what follows, I feel sure you have no need of being admonished by me or by anybody else; but I should be very sorry if in Sunday school teaching there was any of that degree of harshness or of crossness which sometimes will occur even among the most meritorious professors of week-day education. Let nothing occur on the Sunday which shall not convey an idea of love, and be connected with thoughts of peace and pleasantness. There was another most agreeable feature in the meeting of this morning, and that was the number and variety of the different denominations which it brought together. I always think religious differences — though I believe, at least in our day, they are likely to be inevitable — are among the most unpleasant and distressing features of the times, and anything to promote religious sympathy, religious concord, and religious harmony, I hail, even independently of its own recommendation and merits, with added cordiality. I do not say anything to tempt you to undervalue the respective differences which you have severally been led conscientiously to adopt. I know how much that is valuable depends upon a strict and steadfast and undeviating compliance with our own inborn sense of truth. But separate opinions may have separate spheres of action, just as in the concerns of that delightful art, which I believe you must have largely practised, from the proof and evidence I heard of it this day — I mean the art of music: one voice is a bass, another is a tenor, and there are various other learned names for them, all proving that separate voices have their distinct and separate offices. When parties are called upon to sing a solo or a duo, they make a distinction of parts, but then there is nothing to prevent all those united voices joining in that common chorus of praise and adoration with which the hymn concludes; and in that way I wish you to maintain your separate differences. Maintain them where you are bound to do so, in your own consci-

ences, in your own chapels, in your own cottages, but not so as to refuse to join in that common hymn of praise and adoration which all people in this world are surely intended to send up together to their common Creator and their common Redeemer. Now I have only to renew the expression of the very sincere sympathy which I feel with your objects, the very unfeigned admiration I entertain of the zeal and activity and self-denying love with which you pursue them. I know that the common awards of fame are usually bestowed upon persons and pursuits I think far less deserving of them. They are often given, in the first place and principally, to reward the destroyers and desolators of mankind, — those who spread carnage through peaceful realms, and visit with slaughter unoffending tribes of our species. But, my friends, my sisters, and my brothers, if you will allow me to call you so, you may not have the votes of senators and of Parliaments bearing your names, they may not appear in newspapers or in gazettes, but still, trust me, your labour is not lost, your reward insures itself. It is written in the approving sense of your own consciences; it is written in the gratitude, and, still more, in the improvement of the rising generation who are springing up to life and strength, and I hope to usefulness and to virtue, around you; it is written, above all, in the records of those awards which are to fix our fate in eternity, for I need not remind you by whom it is said — "He that doeth this to the least of these little ones doeth it unto me." I can add nothing to such encouragements. I most gratefully thank you for the kind attention you have now bestowed upon me. I accept with pleasure the signs you gave that you received and did not reject the relationship which I claimed with you.

YORKSHIRE UNION OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

Huddersfield, June, 1846.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Having been promoted by you to the honours of the chair, I have, in the first instance, to return my thanks to you for the invitation and permission to fill it, and to express to you the very lively pleasure which it gives me to meet you upon so agreeable and auspicious an occasion as the present. This, indeed, is not the first

time at which I have had the gratification of occupying a similar post at a meeting of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. I think it is now two years ago since I discharged the same office at the anniversary meeting then held in Wakefield. Then, gentlemen, I occupied what might be termed a private position; I was not then connected as a representative with the large constituency of the Riding in which we are now met. Since that occasion, I hope you will allow me to say, that I feel I have been regularly and legitimately qualified to fill the office which I now hold. I wish I could consider myself qualified in all respects, for I fear, as often happens to the chairmen of public meetings, that I am perhaps less accurately acquainted with the subject matter of which I have to speak than almost any of those by whom I am surrounded. I have not been able, from want of opportunity, perhaps from want of proper industry, to make myself so well acquainted as I should have wished to have been with the various operations and transactions of the separate Mechanics' Institutions in this Riding and in this county; and, therefore, I can only hope that those who will have to follow me will be able, as, indeed, I am confident they will, to supply all the deficiencies which must necessarily be found in my method of discharging the duties of the place I now fill. I had not even the privilege of attending the meeting of this morning. Therefore your chairman feels himself in the scarcely dignified position of having but little to say to you about the proper business of the meeting. But I know enough of Mechanics' Institutes, — I know enough of the good they are calculated to effect, — I know enough of the good they have effected, — I know enough of the encouragement which has been given them in this county, — and nowhere, perhaps, in a more marked degree than in the town of Huddersfield, in which we are now met, — to be able to express my full sympathy in the success of the cause which has brought us together this evening, and to join my exhortation to all the others that will be addressed to you, to give to these institutions every encouragement and support in your power. It is a rule most properly laid down at these anniversary meetings, that topics of a nature which might excite difference of opinion, and which divide the community into separate demarcations — such as questions of political interest — should be excluded from our consideration; and I am sure, for one, I heartily wish that many of those who may be considered my political opponents

may be numbered among those now present, in order to join their efforts with those of my political friends in promoting an object destined to secure the common good of all. There is, however, one matter which has much occupied public attention of late, to which I cannot help briefly adverting — not for the sake of considering its political bearing, not for the sake of eliciting any opinion respecting it from any person who may be now present — but only in so far as I think it is properly and naturally connected with the specific business of the evening. The subject to which I allude is the question of the Corn Laws. And why do I make mention of that? Because, without adverting more at length to what is now passing around us, I trust that if we are justified in considering that this large question is settled — that this great controversy is cleared off, and has left an open stage, I trust I am then justified in recalling to your recollection, that there may be other questions eminently deserving of your attention, lying beyond it, and that even this question of the food of the people ought not to absorb all the legitimate benevolence — all the manly effort which may be stirring among you. I am sure that I shall be the very last person to underrate the importance of that great subject to which I have thus briefly ventured to allude. But it must be confessed, that, important as it is, it primarily at least is a question which refers to our material wants — to the body's food — to the body's growth — to the body's being. Now, bear in mind that the body, though it is much, — though it is that without which there can be nothing else, yet still it is not all — it is not the most important — it is not the most enduring — it is not the most divine part of man's nature. We may be right in our opinion that a repeal of the Corn Laws would not only bring more wheat for the food of man, but that it would bring more oats for horses, more maize for cattle, more provender for pigs. Well, that would be enough for them — the body's food would be enough for them. But men who think and reason — men who speak and argue — men who can form themselves into societies, and can receive and impart instruction, and can enrol themselves as members of Mechanics' Institutes, know that they require more than the bread that groweth stale, and more than the meat that perisheth. What may not be effected by the physical skill and ingenuity of man? His lips may utter, and his ears may drink in, all the modulations of sound and of melody; his eye may

dispose the most ingenious intricacies of the most delicate patterns, and regulate the assortments of the most striking and splendid colours; his hand may mould the breathing brass or the speaking marble; and, above all, his mind may apply the wisdom of the past for the instruction of the future; it may solve the highest questions of science and philosophy; it may unfold the countless mysteries, the peerless beauties of nature, or it may people time and space with the most radiant creations of the fancy. Well, then, after we have provided for the body its coarser, though indispensable nourishment, I hope that additional care and additional knowledge will be brought into play to provide for those higher requirements to which I have just adverted. When Leagues and Legislatures have done all that in them lies to provide the body's food, I hope you will feel that your next great object is more completely to educate the mind, more thoroughly to elevate the soul. We shall then expect Lord John Russell to write one of his pithy letters against the evils of ignorance, which are still more mischievous, and still more fatal, than those evils of destitution, of fever, and of mortality, which he so feelingly denounced. We shall expect Sir Robert Peel to bring in his Bills, and to carry them too, with the same stout will which has lately signalised him, for the introduction of a system for the general education of the people. And we shall expect our Cobdens and our Brights to do battle for free trade in slates and primers, for cheap arithmetic, cheap chemistry, cheap geography, cheap astronomy, for learning for the many, and literature for the millions. Now, among the undertakings and institutions which have been most successful in promoting the instruction and enlightenment of the mass of the people, Mechanics' Institutes have occupied a prominent and distinguished place. I believe it was a Yorkshireman, the late Dr. Birkbeck, who was the first pioneer in introducing Mechanics' Institutes; and I think it must be confessed that, in Yorkshire, these noble and praiseworthy institutions, to this day, have found a congenial soil. I find, from the official records which have been presented at the regular meeting of the union, that twenty-nine institutions in this county were, before this day, connected with the union; and that twenty of these institutions contained an aggregate of 5594 members. I find that twenty-three other institutions applied, and I am happy to say, what is better than applying, they have to-day been admitted into the Union.

These twenty-three institutes number 3440 members. The aggregate of the number of members of Mechanics' Institutes in Yorkshire, connected with the Union, now amounts to above 9000 persons. There is a further gratifying circumstance, that the increase of members has, in the short space of two years, been one-fourth. Comparing the number of members with the number of the gross population of the districts in which the institutions are founded, it appears that one in every fifty-four persons is a member of one of the Mechanics' Institutes, while in some of the smaller towns — I may mention Pateley bridge and Ackworth — one in every seventeen of the inhabitants is a member of a Mechanics' Institute. Why should the larger towns not take a lesson from their smaller contemporaries? Then I find that various methods are adopted in these institutions. One locality finds that one system suits its operations better, while another seems better suited to a different atmosphere. But one great benefit and advantage of this union, and of this annual gathering, is, that it admits the several members to compare notes with each other, — to find what has succeeded in one place, and what has failed in another, — what is attracting members in one district, and what is repelling them in another, — what tends, in one place, to give a serious and practical character to the operations of the institutes, while, in another, anything which may be looked upon as of a more frivolous or derogatory character may, in its turn, be avoided. I am happy to find that, in all these institutions, several schemes most advantageous and most profitable have been established. In some of them there are all the varieties, while in others one or two obtained a greater vogue. I find that, in thirty-eight institutions, there are libraries which have 38,000 volumes, with an issue, in one year, of 173,000 volumes, made to 7900 members. With respect to evening classes, they seem to me to be one of the most profitable, and one of the most unobjectionable modes of operation which these institutes can assume. One third of the members of the associated institutes are, in the evening classes, receiving instruction in the various branches of knowledge. Eighteen of the institutions have given 235 lectures during the past year; twenty others have given 150; and the whole thirty-eight institutions have given nearly four hundred lectures during that period. In some towns and cities there are young and kindred institutions which go under the names of "Youths' Guardian Societies,"

"Mutual Instruction Associations," and "Mutual Improvement Societies;" and I would respectfully advise the members of Mechanics' Institutions not to feel any jealousy or grudge of these kindred societies, if they should exist in any town, and should, on the first sight, be thought to detract from the apparent numbers of the Institute itself. , Depend upon it, that in this, as in higher matters, all that are not against us are with us ; all that are seeking the same object — that are seeking to refine and elevate the taste, the intellect, and the soul, are most useful adjuncts and allies to Mechanics' Institutes, whatever name they may bear. Then I think that the members of these Institutes have exercised much wise discretion in not confining their branches of occupation to the severer sciences — to the drier, if they are the loftier, branches of learning, but have included within their range the domain of the fine arts, and some of the more polite accomplishments. I find that in many of these institutes there are drawing classes. At Halifax, there is an Art-Union for the pupils of the drawing classes, which is thrown open to the town ; and in Huddersfield and Leeds, Schools of Design have been established in connection with the Mechanics' Institutes. Now, I rejoice extremely that this should be the case ; and I would hold out this example to general imitation, because it seems to me that the delightful arts of drawing and of painting, provided they do not withdraw those who pursue them from those occupations which are necessary for them to follow, are pursuits which not only contribute to enlarge and exalt the taste, but it seems to me that an improved and inventive facility of design must tend greatly to promote the special pursuits of which such districts and such towns as these are the theatre. Where is it so much called for to make yourselves instructed in all the witcheries of design and in all the wonders of colour, as for the use of those looms, the products of which must arrest the giddy caprice of fashion, and captivate the fastidious glance of beauty? Where is it so proper to elicit all the combinations and inventions of the fancy as in that town which is the mart of the fancy trade? I do not mean that you ought to attempt to transfer to your tweeds, to your lastings, to your cassimeres, to your waistcoats, and to your trousers, the matchless outlines of a Raphael, or the glowing tints of a Titian, any more than I should expect that lectures given on the art of poetry should turn out so many ready-made Miltons and

Shakspeares, or lectures on astronomy so many Newtons and Herschels. But I entertain the conviction that a sound knowledge and appreciation of the principles of science will make you appreciate more rightly the real force of truth and reason, and also that a sound knowledge and appreciation of art will tend to fix in your mind, and to bring out in the products of your hands, the indelible stamps of proportion and of beauty. Then I find that in some of the Institutes there are classes for acquiring a competent knowledge of modern languages: and this seems to me to be a pursuit highly desirable in this age, in this country, and in this district. Why, the carriers and agents in the highways of commerce are, in some sense, the citizens of every clime, and are free of every community; and why should not our young men be able to drive their bargains, whether it be for the fleeces of Spain or for the oils of Italy, in the harmonious and soft tongues of those regions? I do not know whether my excellent friend, your worthy President, Mr. Schwann, would expect me to apply the same epithets precisely to his native tongue, but I am sure you all must be alive to the importance of rivetting, as closely as possible, the ties between the people of this country and the great German family. I also observe that in other of the Institutes there are classes set apart for acquiring a knowledge of the principle and practice of singing; and this, I think, in its place, is a very good pursuit too. I believe that the West Riding of Yorkshire has long been famous for its warblers. You will recollect that it is said that

> "The man that hath not music in his soul
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

And so I believe that to sing gaily, cheerily, and in tune from the heart, it is almost necessary to have a good conscience. The graver pursuits, the severer walks of knowledge, carry their own recommendation with them. They must recommend themselves to all intelligent and inquiring minds; and, believe me, those who have pursued them in earnest—those who have dived most deeply into them, find that they bring with them their own reward. I do not feel it necessary, in addition to what I have said, to guard myself against attaching to knowledge, to science, to art, to fancy, and to genius, any undue or exaggerated value; I know that good and acceptable as they all are, yet there are better things even than these — things more important for man's happiness, and for

man's virtue. I know that all you can ever read, and all you can ever learn, must fall short of a good temper and a good conscience. By a good temper I mean such a temper as will make you willing workmen, kind husbands, and affectionate fathers; and I will add — for I learn with great pleasure that some of the institutes have adopted the valuable and powerful aid of female association and help, — such a temper as will make you considerate wives and conscientious mothers; and by a good conscience, I mean such a conscience as will make you and keep you good Christians and good citizens. Well, gentlemen, by the side and in comparison with such attributes and qualities as these, I willingly admit to you, that the loftiest soarings of the intellect, and the brightest imaginations of the fancy, are poor and valueless. But surely it is a very vulgar and a very stupid error, to neglect or to repel anything that is good, because there may be something better. We are not apt to refuse a shilling, because we should think it still better to have a sovereign. We know that a shilling added to a sovereign will make a guinea; and so will knowledge enhance even the true value of virtue; and knowledge, like the shilling, very often tends to make up the whole sum of man's real sovereign virtue. And so, Ladies and Gentlemen, whom I am happy to look upon as the combined friends, and patrons, and members of Mechanics' Institutes, I trust that you will add to your knowledge, virtue; and that, in fostering and extending the range of these institutions, you will do what in you lies to make the toiling, heaving, straining mass of the population — too likely to be led astray, — too likely to be corrupted by evil associations and bad companionship, if left without the softening and elevating influences of taste and knowledge, — a cultivated, an educated, and if so, all the more probably, a contented and a virtuous people.

BRADFORD MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

October 6th, 1846.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I believe that it now becomes part of my pleasing duty to open the proceedings of this evening, and in doing so I cannot refrain from observing at the commencement that I believe, though I have in

several instances been in the town of Bradford, upon occasions of political excitement and upon the eve of contested elections, yet that it has never fallen to my lot before to visit Bradford on what I may be allowed to call a purely social occasion. And I have felt, that considering what the importance of this town and district is, and the conspicuous place which it fills in the manufacturing history of our country, its being in fact the seat and capital of one of the principal branches of our manufactures, the worsted manufacture of the country, and its having exhibited, perhaps, a more striking and prodigious growth than any other town whatever within the limits of the kingdom,— having, as I am told, from the beginning of the century, when it scarcely amounted to 5000 inhabitants, now risen to the ample dimensions of 100,000,—and, remembering further that it has been my agreeable duty to attend in other towns in your neighbourhood, having been at Huddersfield, at Halifax, at Leeds, and at Wakefield, upon occasions not in any way connected with politics, — I did feel glad that the time was at last come when Bradford was no longer to be an exception to that rule. In a town circumstanced as this is, among all the toiling, struggling, panting hives of men, women, and children which it includes, where so much of time and thought must necessarily be engrossed by the strain of the daily task, and by the care for the daily meal, I do think it most desirable and most salutary to have some common neutral ground, restricted to no condition, limited to no class, sacred to no denomination, but where all alike equally, and at all times, can meet together, without any restraint save that of mutual self-respect — without any laws save those of good manners, for the salutary and noble purpose of acquiring in the first place useful information; in the next place, of gaining some proficiency in any elegant accomplishment; or, in the last place, of partaking in innocent recreation. I think that in a community so situated it is most desirable not only to furnish facilities for your becoming proficients in study, and in the acquisition of useful knowledge, but also to provide means of enlarging the sum of human cheerfulness and contentment. I am glad, therefore, that you should come to the Bradford Mechanics' Institute, that you should come to its libraries, that you should come to its lecture rooms. I wish that all those who feel so proper and honourable an ambition should come here at one time with the view of acquiring some knowledge of the wonderful workings of nature, such as they

are developed to us by the processes of inquiry and by the conclusions of science. I am happy to find that some of your lectures are set apart to these high and ennobling pursuits. I am happy, above all, to find that one of your number, a gentleman connected officially with the highest duties of this town, I allude to your Rev. Vicar,* not only makes presents of his works to you, but is himself the writer of works worthy to be presented. I am glad that at other times you should come here to gain a competent knowledge of the history of bygone ages, not only as that history concerns itself with the details of wars, which have too often been both bloody and unfruitful, with the mere annals of courts, with the intrigues of statesmen, and with the policy of sovereigns who perhaps may be only aiming at their own personal aggrandisement, but of that history which penetrates into the deeper causes that enter inwardly into the life of nations, that decide the laws by which states flourish and by which states decay, that affect the real condition, the average happiness, the daily comfort of the great bulk of the people. I am glad that at other times you should come to make yourselves adequately instructed in what is called the study of biography, in the histories and fortunes of those more remarkable men who have been the lights and models of the ages in which they lived — not only of distinguished generals and mighty warriors, who, though we may regret the effects on human happiness which have too frequently resulted from the bare pursuit of military glory, yet still in the details of their individual lives may often furnish very high and inspiriting lessons of difficulties subdued and hardships encountered, — but that you should augment your knowledge of those who have been the more real benefactors of the ages in which they lived, and who are therefore at least as fully entitled to the gratitude of nations, while they may divide with the others their admiration; — I mean the inventors of useful arts, the discoverers of lofty truths, the martyrs to the sense of right and to the call of duty. And it is pleasing to think that our own times will be able to furnish many splendid contributions to the list of Worthies which I have thus characterised as proper subjects for Biography to concern herself with, and that she will be able to hand down to the latest posterity, together with the unconquered sword of Wellington, the equally enduring record of names such as that, for instance, of Thomas Clarkson, the man who

* The Rev. Mr. Scoresby.

gave the first impulse to the movement which led to the final extinction of the African slave trade, over whose honoured, but not immature grave, all who are best and most philanthropic in the land are now joining together in respectful sympathy. Well, then, I wish that those who feel the due ambition should come to your lectures and to your libraries, to advance and to improve themselves by such studies as those of history and biography; but I think, also, that after the tear and wear of daily labour in your workshops and factories, it would be very captious to object to a man, at the close of a well-spent day, if he felt disinclined at the time to give his attention to any of those severer pursuits, relaxing his mind either with the perusal of good poetry or of graceful fiction. With respect to poetry, I need hardly tell you that, in its proper sphere, lessons as thrilling and as exalting may be derived from the pen of gifted poets as from the most prosaic writings to which we could turn our attention; and, perhaps you will allow me to say, upon this head, at least, that your library, which seems upon the whole to be very well and prudently selected, hardly contains as yet such an assortment of good poets as I think ought to be found in it. And with respect to fiction too, though I would not recommend it as giving the same healthy tone and nourishment to the mind as other more practical pursuits, yet I am pleased to think, especially in later times, that writers of fiction have treated it both with so much refinement and so much enlargement of view, that lessons may be derived from the pages of the best writers of fiction, be they male or female, scarcely inferior to what can be derived from the study of facts. But then, ladies and gentlemen, are you ever too tired even to attend to reading of any sort, or have you no fancy, after a hard day's work, to take up the pages of any book? Well, then, occasionally, I certainly am not sorry to find that you have been in the habit, in this large apartment, of seeking further relaxation in good music and in occasional concerts. Still I know that good concerts and good music cannot be had without some considerable cost, and I think it would not be difficult to devise even less expensive pleasures with which occasionally to vary the long evenings of the winter. Now, why should not any of you, accustomed to come here after a day's work, meeting in the reading room or the library, occasionally prevail upon some one of your number who may be a good reader, — and I am sure such are likely to be found among you — to read from one valuable work or other; or even why could you not

enlist some one amongst those who are looked up to as moving in the more opulent classes amongst you, who would be good enough to give his time for such a purpose, and to read to any that may be gathered together in the evening, one of the best plays of Shakspeare, or a piece of Milton's Paradise Lost? And if you should find that the taste grows upon you, you might even take up Pope's Homer's Iliad. However, I leave all that to your own taste and discretion. Respecting those topics which relate more to the accomplishments and to the fine arts, I think it is very gratifying to find that you have established a school for drawing, and that it excites considerable interest among you. I hope you will carry that delightful pursuit still farther; and besides, it cannot be looked upon as a mere idle accomplishment, or as a mere delightful recreation — it will even stand the test of this utilitarian age. This town is largely engaged in manufactures. As I have said, it is busied with one of the principal branches of the manufactures of this country, and it is a branch of those manufactures in which the art of making suitable patterns and designs must find a place. Now, it is a well-known fact that in many respects the manufactures of this country defy all competition, and that in the adaptation of our machinery and in the intelligence of our operatives we are not afraid to confront the whole of the Old world and the New. But it is not less acknowledged by those who take an impartial view on such subjects, that we are inferior to many nations on the Continent as yet in the arts of design and colour, and that we have not arrived quite at that happy delicacy in making out those beautiful combinations in patterns at which some of our neighbours, especially the French, have arrived. Now, I believe there is nothing in the natural composition or genius of Englishmen which unfits them from excelling here as well as in other respects; but they have not yet made it part of their practical, positive business to attend to it; and with this view schools for drawing are most eminently useful. It may be that in drawing schools, where you have models put before you of the human form and other objects of that sort, you cannot see at first sight of what good they can be to you in making out a pretty and delicate pattern; but depend upon it that the eye which has been trained to all the true doctrines of proportion and beauty, will attain comparative excellence in every branch of labour to which it applies itself. And I do most earnestly hope that not only the working classes, the operative

men, those who have to carry on the handiwork of the manufacturers, will attend to this suggestion, but that the great employers of labour will take it into their earnest consideration, too. I hope on all accounts that they will give an enlightened and liberal support to the general purposes of this institution. I feel it to be eminently their duty, but not more their duty than their interest, to take every means of surrounding themselves with an orderly, a refined, an intellectual, and an educated population, and I believe they will find this to be the case in every respect. It will return upon them in a thousand ways, however little immediately concerned the subject-matter of the studies may appear with the daily business with which they are connected; but as the poet Pope, whom I have once mentioned before, and whom I may specify, perhaps not as the first, perhaps not as the greatest, but as the most perfect of our poets, says—

"True self-love and social are the same;"

by promoting the good of others, you are sure in the end to promote your own; and so upon the most sordid calculations of interest, upon what concerns your pockets, you may depend upon it, that if in the long run the patterns and manufactures of other countries exhibit a decided superiority over your own, you will lose your hold of the market of the world. And, therefore, besides encouraging good order, besides encouraging general knowledge, besides encouraging useful information amongst those by whom you are surrounded, also promote that taste for beauty, that true conception of the loveliness of nature of which art is but another embodiment, and you will find it the best means, not only of advancing and elevating the population in which you live, but of rendering yourselves superior to all the competition of the world's rivalry. I am glad with this view to find that it is in the contemplation of the committee to found, I believe, a new condition of admission, by which, if a person subscribe a guinea a year to the funds of this Institution, he shall not only be entitled to share in all its privileges and advantages himself, but shall have the privilege of introducing two pupils gratuitously to all its benefits. And most gratified I should be to learn that the great manufacturers and employers of labour in Bradford avail themselves of this condition not only to associate themselves with this Institution, which I think would reflect such just credit upon them, but to give the means to those least able to afford it, of reaping the benefit which

it holds out to its members. I am glad, also, to find another contemplated condition, which I think is conceived in the true spirit of Yorkshire liberality and hospitality, — that condition is, that when any member of any other Mechanics' Institution in the West Riding of Yorkshire shall be resident for a time within this town, he shall be entitled to free admission to the benefits of this Institution. I think this is an admirable rule, calculated not only to extend the benefits of your Institution, but to promote the advantages of communication and feelings of good fellowship among all those who are brought together by kindred tastes and by kindred pursuits. It would be in vain for me to dissemble, ladies and gentlemen, now that I have offered the few practical remarks which have occurred to me — it would be in vain for me to dissemble what interest I feel in all that concerns the real interests, and what pride I take in all that advances the real character of the inhabitants of this Riding. This important district comprises a vast number of large towns and communities which are themselves the seats and centres of kindred and analogous, though, I believe, in many respects, of somewhat different branches of manufacture. Well, what I want you to do is, not to vie with each other alone in the skill of your handicraft, or in the ingenuity of your machinery, or in the accumulation of your capital, but in the nobler growth of the mind, the intellect, and the character. Be careful to show that upon this generous and splendid field of competition, while you do not grudge being outstripped by any other town, you will not be content yourselves, if there be any danger, to remain the hindmost. You are now, most of you, and have been for some time, busily employed in connecting your several towns with each other by means of railways. Well, be equally careful to speed the intercourse of the mind as well as of the body. Do not let your "West Riding Unions" be confined merely to the railway world, but let them include in your care and in your liberality the Union of the West Riding Mechanics' Institutes, and all other institutions devoted to the like noble and improving purposes. Cut your first sod in the dense crust which has too long overlaid the genial capacities of the soil beneath — open the waste lands of selfishness, of ignorance, of prejudice, and of error, in order that you may call forth the full development of mental progress and moral culture; and let the free communication of knowledge, and the improving intercourse of thought, ply inces-

santly along those new highways which, in their advancing progress, are to bring together the wants and the attainments of the united human family.

MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

October, 1846.

I trust I shall be believed, when I say I appreciate my situation. Whatever may be the incidents of distinction, or responsibility, with which I am elsewhere invested—honoured as I am by the choice of no mean Constituency on the other side of the hills which bound your prospects—permitted as I am to bear a part in the highest councils of the State—I can in all truth assure you, that I find something very new, fresh, and large in the honour of being called upon to preside at this annual jubilee of the Manchester Athenæum. The sense of honour, and let me add with as much truth, of difficulty also, is certainly not lessened, when I call those to mind who have preceded me in the same post, upon these brilliant occasions. The last echoes of this assembly, which I now feel it is a hardihood in me to rouse again, answered to the accents, deep, gentle, and earnest as his own spirit, of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd—why, there is something in the very name of an Athenæum which bespeaks it to be a fitting theatre for all the utterances of the bard of *Ion* and the *Athenian* captive. Next before him, I well know that your souls must have thrilled under the spell of so potent a magician as Mr. D'israeli; even in the very hottest conflicts of party, from which we are here happily sheltered, I think it was impossible even for his most exposed victim to have been blind to the point, the brilliancy, the genius, which played about the wounds they made—but here, on this gorgeous stage, amidst this apt and congenial auditory, on the themes so familiar to him of literature, of art, of imagination, I, who could only read in cold print what he said, without all the kindling accessories of time and place, can yet easily believe how the admiration, which could not be withheld even on the barren ground of political controversy, must have here been heightened almost into enchantment. And it was at the first, I believe, of these assemblies, the first at least held upon this scale of size and splendour, that its chair was filled—better it can never again be filled—by Charles Dickens—that bright and genial nature, the master of our sunniest smiles and our most unselfish tears, whom, as it is impossible to read

without the most ready and pliant sympathy, it is impossible to know (I at least have found it so) without a depth of respect, and a warmth of affection, which a singular union of rare qualities alike command. I have made it my business, too, to look at what they said when they were here; but this, while it certainly has ministered very highly to my gratification, has also only added to my embarrassment; for it would indeed be an endeavour irksome to you, and hopeless for me, to revive in feebler expression, and fainter colouring, what was pourtrayed by them with so much richness and exuberance. I therefore feel that at this time of day, and above all in this place, it would be an impertinence in me to inculcate that learning in any community will not prove "a dangerous thing"—that commerce, which has formed, and which now ennobles a community like this, is the natural ally of literature and art—that the tastes which may be here encouraged, the habits which may be here fostered, are those which give a grace and glory to the lives and characters of men. Yes, I do rejoice with the most gifted and ardent of those who have preceded me, of those who now surround me,—I do rejoice over the impulses and associations which are impressed upon the times we live in, and which institutions like this, and assemblies like these, serve to rivet and transmit; I rejoice that English commerce is rising up to the height of its position, and feeling the real dignity of its calling; but this the Tuscan, this the Genoese, this the Venetian did; the worthies of our English commerce are content to be merchants, without being princes; if we have Medicis, they are not intent on seeking alliances with the thrones of Europe; their best aim will be now to raise to the same level of knowledge, of happiness, of virtue, the whole body of the people. I rejoice that here, in Manchester, beyond all dispute the first city in the ancient or modern world for manufacturing enterprise and mechanical skill, you have not been content with that display of wealth which jostles in your streets and is piled in your warehouses; you do not think it enough to raise factories tier upon tier, and magazines that will accommodate the traffic of the world, but you have thought it part of your proper business, too, to build and to set apart a haunt for innocent enjoyment, for useful instruction, for graceful accomplishment, for lofty thought, the shrine of Pallas Athene in a Christian land. May this long be the resort, together with those kindred and neighbouring institutions, which this does not aim to eclipse

or overlay, but to encourage and excite, where all who are engaged in the business and the labours of this unparalleled hive of industry may find rest for their flagging spirits, a neutral ground for their manifold differences, invigorating food for their reason, and an impulse, onward and upward, to all the higher tendencies of our nature. I am glad to perceive that, as the benefits of the establishment are confined to no condition, no class, no denomination, so they are not exclusively appropriated even to one sex. Women have always played an important, perhaps not uniformly a beneficial part in this world's history. I believe as civilisation advances, they will play both a more recognised and a more elevated part than they have ever yet done; and I trust that among the many currents upon which the restless activity of our age is eddying along, a prominent one will be devoted to making female education sound, substantial, and enlightened; all it ought to be for training those who themselves must in any case be the real trainers, as they may be the best trainers, of our citizens and our workmen. From all I can gather, the wholesome effects of your association have, by no means, been confined to its own walls or its own operations; it not only walks its own round, but is suggestive of many kindred processes; or, if I may borrow an illustration from one of the disputed problems of the upper skies, in its career of light and progress, it throws off from itself separate bodies, which harden into distinct masses, and glow with independent lustre. Has it not been very much under the impulse of ideas struck out and caught up here, in your lecture rooms, in your social gatherings, in the more earnest friction of your discussions, by the agency mainly of your members, your officers, your founders, that the public parks, which have added so much, both of material and of real beauty to your great city, that the public baths and wash-houses, which have still deeper effects than on the mere linen and the skin, that the attention given to sanitary regulations of every description, have owed their rise? Can you look to other sources for industrial schools, for the weekly half-holiday in warehouses, for the early closing of shops?

You will perceive that I have not refrained from some of those obvious topics in connection with the institution, which the part assigned to me of opening the proceedings of the night necessarily almost imposed upon me. Let me turn for a little time from the institution to yourselves,—you who constitute it, who are its essence and its life. I perceive that one of the

orators by whose eloquence you have heretofore been so much delighted, addressing himself to the youth of Manchester before him, told them with emphasis to aspire. Far be it from me to tell them otherwise; all who feel within them the sacred flame, who are strung for the high endeavour, who have girded themselves for the immortal race, I would address in the same terms, even the terms of the great moralist poet, Dr. Johnson:—

"Proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Let all thy soul indulge the generous heat,
Till captive Science yield her last retreat;
Let Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day!"

It is, indeed, by such means, by patient inquiry, by diligent study, by humble-minded searching after truth, that all real knowledge is to be wooed by man, equally removed from the shallow presumption which sets up its own speculations and sophistries in the place of a conscientious reason and a disciplined faith, and from the blind bigotry which bawls down fair argument, decides against proof, and condemns without hearing. But I was saying that I did not wish, I could not wish, to damp or discountenance the purpose of your young men to aspire; for well I know that genius is the property of no condition, the apanage of no class of men: it will often be seen to rise, like the Goddess of old, out of the ocean billow, from those surfaces of society where you would least expect to find it, break through all the surrounding uniformity, and shed sudden radiance round the new horizon. But, while I am ready to track its shining course, and bask in its genial warmth, in whatever orbit it may be moving, I would yet venture to remind you that there is something more admirable than genius, and that is virtue; there is something more valuable than success, and that is duty. The hope of succeeding in the world, and of playing a shining part, may sometimes operate powerfully as an incentive, but it is too apt to engross both the efforts and the admiration of mankind. I was struck with the import of an expression I once heard from a friend, though you will at once perceive that it is not to be understood quite in its literal acceptation: the expression was, that Heaven was made for those who had failed in the world. Now, all sorts of unbecoming and unamiable feelings may undoubtedly accompany and embitter failure, just as every bright

and blessed quality of the heart and mind may enhance and adorn success; but to aim at success, to meet with failure, and not to grudge it, to be outstripped by a rival and yet

"To hear
A rival's praises with unwounded ear,"

this is an effort and a triumph besides which all the ordinary successes of life are mean and trivial. Success, after all, in nearly every walk of life, from the aspiring statesman to the ambitious parish beadle, unless very carefully watched, very anxiously chastened, is apt to be made up of very coarse, obtrusive, vulgar ingredients, certainly not of heavenly temperament; while there is hardly a grace of character, a spring of self-reliance, an element of progress, with which failure, not caused by our own acts, and sustained with an even and brave spirit, may not ally itself. Depend upon it, in a great many instances, the world does not discover, does not recognise its best; there are diamonds in Golconda more precious than any, the Pitt, or the Pigott, or the Kohinoor, which ever blazed in the diadem of sovereigns; there are pearls in unopened shells more lustrous than any that ever shone upon the neck of beauty; the ages as they pass have known their Homer, their Raphael, their Newton, their Shakspeare; but there are prodigalities among the human creation as well as among all besides, that have never yet been fathomed; yet there has never been any thing which, except by its own fault, has been lost or thrown away. Which is the material point,—to be Raphael or Shakspeare, or only to be thought a transcendant poet, or an unequalled painter; to have conceived in the inmost soul the lineaments of the Holy Mother and Divine Babe, the idea of *Lear* on the heath, or *Macbeth* at the banquet, or to have would-be amateurs commending the picture, and crowded audiences shouting bravo in the pit? Only impress upon your minds this great truth — and bear it about with you both to your daily task and to your evening leisure, both to the privacy of your homes, and to your social musters, that it matters comparatively little what we may seem to be — it even matters proportionately little what we may do: what we are matters every thing; what we may seem, is subject to a thousand accidents and misapprehensions; what we may do, is under the control of circumstances; what we are, is entirely under our own. We may be all we should be; and no matter how humble the situation may be of any one among you, no matter how obscure the

business which engrosses every precious hour, how insignificant the whole life's drudgery, still in that obscure and unenvied situation, amidst that wearing and numbing drudgery, you may mould for yourselves the qualities, you may build up for yourselves the character which princes, if they knew it, would trust, which multitudes, if they could discern it, would adore. I know that in venturing to speak upon these high topics of morality and conduct, with lips scarcely authorised, I run the risk of imperfect explanation, as well as of much misconstruction. I know it is thought that addresses delivered on such occasions are rather apt to minister too much to the pride of man — to undue adulation of the intellect. I disclaim such tendencies; when I say you may be all you should be, I do not mean to exclude from the method those aids and sanctions which are too high to be here dwelt upon, and no one feels more convinced that reason as well as Christianity makes humility almost its most prominent grace. Who would not be humble who felt, as he ought, the loveliness of virtue, and the magnificence of knowledge? I should like to ask the men who have just added another planet to our system, or, as has been beautifully said, on an earlier occasion, "who lent the lyre of heaven another string," whether their spirit does not recoil with modest awe, instead of swelling with self-sufficient pride, before the secrets of that space into which they have been permitted to throw a more far-seeing gaze than any of their fellows; and when the time shall come which to our enlarged and perfected vision shall unfold the whole bright mechanism of stars, and suns, and systems, shall we not find in the laws which fix their stations, or which guide their mazes, fresh reasons to be reverent, acquiescent, and lowly? It is time, however, for me to come down from the clouds, and indeed from everything else; I could hardly, however, have lighted on a more radiant resting-place on this earth than the present assembly. I only hope that all those who have partaken in its excitements will not merely carry away the transitory emotions to which it may easily give birth, but a settled determination, followed up by a corresponding practice, to give fair play and full scope to all the best and highest purposes of which the Institution is capable; they must be attained by associated effort, but you will hardly fail to remark, at least it is generally the case in institutions of this character, how very much of the work is done by a very few out of the whole number. Now, what we want is more of individual energy in the whole body; each of you make the work

his own; and let no member of the Manchester Athenæum think that he has done his duty without having done something, according to his opportunities, to give encouragement, efficacy, and credit to an establishment he ought to be so proud to serve. On my own part I have only further to say, that if, when the gay glitter of the scene has passed away,—when the strains of music are hushed, and silence has fallen on the voice of the speaker,—any one of you, in the stillness of the quiet home, or amid the clang of the daily occupation, shall have derived a single encouragement to ennobling reflections or to worthy pursuits,—still more if any, under the sting of disappointment, or a sense of the world's coldness and alienation, shall have been reminded how little it really signifies, and that failure is one of the appointed accesses to Heaven,—if any word that has fallen from me shall have contributed to such encouragement or such alleviation, I shall then feel that I have not come to Manchester quite in vain.

SHEFFIELD ATHENÆUM.

September, 1847.

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

I could not resist the gratification, when it was proposed to me, of attending the meeting of this evening, brought together for the purpose of promoting the interests of the Sheffield Athenæum and Mechanics' Institution, and of encouraging its friends in the good work they have undertaken. I feel, indeed, that having now been called upon to attend some half-dozen meetings within this Riding, for the same purpose and with the same objects, that it would be quite useless for me to endeavour to bring any new illustration, or to offer any new suggestion, even upon a subject so important and interesting as that which engages our attention. You do well, ladies and gentlemen, to promote the objects of such an Institution as that which has now been founded for thirteen years within your town; and to which, I trust, a fresh impulse and encouragement have been given this day by the ceremony of the morning, in laying a first stone for a new and extensive building under the happy auspices by which you are distinguished upon the present occasion. I hope that the building is destined largely to extend the advantages which have already been derived from the establishment of a Mechanics' Institution within your town. I hope it is destined to associate with it several kindred objects, con-

nected with the education generally of the youthful classes, and the promotion of a taste for the Fine Arts, which I can assure you will be found one of the most useful auxiliaries to the peculiar pursuits of this place, as well as highly conducive to the general improvement and elevation of all who can participate in those benefits. I am not, necessarily, intimately well acquainted with the peculiar processes and objects to which the attention of the Members of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution has of late been directed. I think it is always desirable that the pursuits and studies should not be confined to any one branch of acquirement, inasmuch as the same food does not suit all palates, nor the same food at all times suit the same palates. I certainly hope that your foremost attention, and your most anxious patronage, will always be directed to those studies and objects which are most important for advancing the real, moral, political, and social improvement of your population—which tend to make the mind rational, sober, and manly, and which most fit them for battling in that great conflict of existence in which we must all bear a part, and enlisting under the banner of progress which is unfurled above us. But with those more serious, and solemn, and business-like pursuits, which ought to occupy your foremost attention, I think the promoters of this Institution have done well to mix some attention to the lighter walks of elegant accomplishments and polite literature, and to the cultivation of a taste for art, poetry, or music, which tend so much not only to relax, but to refine the human mind. While I recommend those who are inclined to such studies, to give their foremost attention to the severer walks of history and philosophy, I do not wish to exclude the graceful pages of poetry and fiction, and I will borrow an illustration from those pages, of the truth which I think worthy to be impressed upon your minds. Those of you who have had the opportunity of consulting the old legends of classical mythology, are aware that among the fancied deities with which they peopled the world, there was one who was more especially regarded as the God of labour, and of handicraft, Vulcan by name, who was always represented as being employed in huge smithies and workshops, hammering at heavy anvils, and blowing vast bellows, heating vast furnaces, and begrimed with soot and dirt. Well, for this hard working and swarthy-looking divinity, they wished to pick out a wife. And they did not select for him a mere drab—not a person, taken herself from the scullery or kitchen-dresser; but they chose for him Venus, the Goddess of love and beauty. Now, ladies and

gentlemen, pick out for me the moral of this tale, for I believe that nothing ever was invented, — certainly nothing by the polished and brilliant imagination of the Grecian intellect, which has not its own meaning, and its moral. I have no doubt that all the legends of our own country — that the one even of your own neighbourhood, the Dragon of Wantley itself has its appropriate allegory and meaning, if we only knew how to find them out. But what is the special meaning of the marriage of Vulcan with Venus — of the hard-working artificer with the laughter-loving queen — of labour with beauty? What is it but this, that even in a busy hive of industry and toil like this, even here, upon a spot which is in many respects no inapt representative of the fabled workshop of Vulcan, even here, amid the clang of anvils, the noise of furnaces, and the sputtering of forges — even here, amid stunning sounds, and sooty blackness, the mind — the untrammelled mind — may go forth, may pierce the dim atmosphere which is poised all around us, may wing its way to the freer air and purer light which dwell beyond, and may ally itself with all that is most fair, genial, and lovely in creation. So, gentlemen, I say, your labour, your downright, hard, swarthy labour may make itself the companion, the helpmate, and the husband of beauty — of physical beauty, as I have reason to believe, from the inspection which I am able even now to command, and I have no doubt that a more intimate acquaintance with your wives, sisters, and daughters, would enable me to prove that I was not here wrong in my illustration: — but besides this beauty, I say, your labour may ally itself with intellectual beauty — the beauty which is connected with the play of fancy, with the achievements of art, and with the creations of genius; beauty, such as painting fixes upon the glowing canvass, such as the sculptor embodies in the breathing marble, such as architecture developes in her stately and harmonious proportions, such as music dresses with the enchantment of sound. Now it is to the perception and cultivation of the beautiful in these departments that I look upon your Schools of Design, and your concerts, and many of the lectures which you hear from able and gifted men, as intended to be subservient; and I strongly advise the members of this Mechanics' Institution to show a discriminating and generous support of these tasteful and humanizing pursuits. Above all, I advise you to cultivate a love of reading — that which makes you almost independent of any other aids and appliances, and puts, with very moderate help, the whole domain

of philosophy, history, and poetry, within your individual command. Why, gentlemen, a man is almost above the world, who possesses two books. I do not mean to put the two books which I am about to mention upon the same level, far from it, nor am I wishing to intimate to you that two books are sufficient for your study and perusal. I am only mentioning them as representatives of what is most excellent, though different in degree. But I say that a man is almost above the world who possesses his Bible and his Shakspeare — his Shakspeare for his leisure — his Bible for all time. I said some time ago, that labour, even the labour of this district, may unite itself with intellectual beauty. But there is a beauty of a still higher order with which I feel even more assured it is still more open to it to unite itself: I mean with moral beauty — the beauty connected with the affections, the conscience, the heart, and the life. It is indeed most true that in the very busiest and darkest of your workshops — in the most wearying and monotonous tasks of your daily drudgery, as also in the very humblest of your own homes — by the very smallest of your fireplaces — one and each of you, in the zealous and cheerful discharge of the daily duty — in respect for the just rights and in consideration for the feelings of others — in the spirit of meekness, and in the thousand charities and kindnesses of social and domestic intercourse, — one and each of you may attain to and exhibit that moral beauty of which I have spoken — that beauty which is beyond all others in degree, because, when it is attained to, it is the perfection of man's nature here below, and is the most faithful reflection of the will and image of his Creator. And thus, ladies and gentlemen, I close my explanation of the marriage of Vulcan with Venus — of Labour with Beauty, and with it I close the remarks which I have risen to offer you this evening. It has been a real pleasure to me to meet you here. I feel that this is neither the time nor the place fitting for me to enter upon any topics connected with local circumstances which are not properly connected with the business or occasion of our meeting. I have spoken of a just regard for the rights of others, and I feel quite disposed to believe that all who come within these walls are always willing to be actuated by a spirit of harmony and by a just regard to the rights and privileges of others. I have told you that labour — your labour — the labour of this district — may be most properly mated with beauty, but labour certainly loses its dignity and value if it is divorced from liberty. And it is by the aid of this and similar institutions — it is

by the honest and genial influence which they have a tendency to spread around them, that I trust the intelligence and conscience of the times in which we live may be so fostered and so united, that every form and kind of tyranny may be effectually put down and banished;—the tyranny of opinion, the tyranny of classes; the tyranny of the few, the tyranny of the many. And it is by the salutary control which an instructed and enlightened public will be competent to exercise over the conduct and march of affairs that you will be best able to guard yourselves, on the one hand, against undue and vexatious interference on the part of governments and rulers, and on the other hand against the abuses and neglect of local and individual interests; and that you will be able to attain that which ought to be the true aim of a nation's management, the pursuit of the best ends by the most efficient methods.

YORKSHIRE UNION OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

Hull, June, 1848.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have to assure you that it is with very great pleasure that I find myself associated with you on this occasion. Though I am not so able as are many of those by whom I am surrounded to give you an account of the recent proceedings of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions; though I am still less competent, from any actual experience, to enter into the concerns of the Athenæum of Hull; yet I trust that you will consider that I am not out of place on this occasion. For I will beg to remind my East Riding friends among you, that I have the honour to be an office-holder in this riding. But we do not, on this occasion, consider ourselves to be limited by the boundaries of ridings, or even of counties; and it is with no small pleasure that I see, upon this occasion, associated with us, my friend the Earl of Yarborough, and any coadjutors he may have brought with him from the county of Lincoln. I know that he and his tenantry, to say the very least, are prepared to compete with the whole world in the science and the practice of farming; and it is gratifying to find that there is no field of improvement, no branch of progress, in which they are not willing to lend a helping hand. It was said of old, by the great French king, when he put his grandson upon the throne of Spain, that there were

thenceforth to be no Pyrenees; so we, when any object of rational import, or any opportunity of social intercourse is to be imparted, may henceforth say, "There shall be no Humber." Now, with respect to this special occasion which has brought us together, I always must feel, that a person who wishes to recommend any institution or undertaking to general support and acceptance, ought to be careful lest he should seem unadvisedly to exaggerate its pretensions, or to put them in a false light. So I do not, on this occasion, — though I think the advantages to be derived from Mechanics' Institutes, and other similar enterprises, are very great and very various, — yet I do not affect to place them upon the same level as the observance of industry and honesty in the course of business; or, in the daily habit of our life, as the cultivation of domestic virtues, or household charities, or the all-comprehensive relations which subsist between man and his Creator. I should also think that person a very injudicious friend to Mechanics' Institutes who should pretend that, in your reading-rooms and lecture-rooms, the means were afforded of turning out your members as finished scholars, or ready-made philosophers, or of conferring those distinctions which must always be the reward of the midnight oil of the student, or the life-long researches of the experimentalist. But, if it be the object how to raise the toiling masses of our countrymen above the range of sordid cares and low desires — to enliven the weary toil and drudgery of life with the countless graces of literature, and the sparkling play of fancy, — to clothe the lessons of duty and of prudence in the most instructive as well as the most inviting forms, — to throw open to eyes, dull and bleared with the irksome monotony of their daily task-work, the rich resources and bountiful prodigalities of nature, — to dignify the present with the lessons of the past and the visions of the future, — to make the artisans of our crowded workshops and the inhabitants of our most sequestered villages alive to all that is going on in the big universe around them, and, amidst all the startling and repelling distinctions of our country, to place all upon the equal domain of intellect and of genius; — if these objects — and they are neither slight nor trivial — are worthy of acceptance and approval, I think that they can be satisfactorily attained by the means which Mechanics' Institutes place at your disposal; and it is upon grounds like these that I urge you to tender them your encouragement and support. Then, if

Mechanics' Institutes are entitled to general favour, — if institutions such as the Athenæum and the Mechanics' Institute of this place are a credit and an ornament to the district in which they are placed, it does not require any expression of argument to prove to you that such an institution as the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes must have a tendency to increase and diffuse the practical benefits for which the separate branches are designed; for it is the means of spreading, on every side, the most useful information, — of pointing out the best models, — of conducting to what are the most praiseworthy objects, and the most ready means of successfully prosecuting them. It enables the inhabitants of our smaller manufacturing villages to know what has been successfully effected in the great commercial emporiums of Sheffield and Leeds; it enables the farmers and yeomen of the Wolds to know what is achieved under the graceful towers of Beverley or around the crowded quays of Hull. I believe I am correct in the assertion that Yorkshire alone — that the district comprised in the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, contains a greater number of those institutions than any other, with respect to its area and population, in the whole kingdom. I find that the total number of Mechanics' Institutions in the Yorkshire Union is 86, and the aggregate number of members 15,860. As might be expected, these institutions present to us a variety of features.

I think it almost unnecessary to explain the advantages of good lectures; but I may state that the accession of Howden to the Union is attributable to Mr. Child's lectures in that place. In the same manner, the exertions of Mr. Dunning have led to the accession of Market Weighton. I believe that the East Riding sub-union, in the most public-spirited manner, has seen the advantages of this method of providing instruction and amusement, and has hired a lecturer of its own. I am informed that in consequence of the facility and arrangements of the Yorkshire Union, the sum of 113*l.* has been saved by the respective institutions of which it is composed, by uniting in the engagement of well-qualified public lecturers, above what would have been paid by the separate institutions had they all separately engaged those lecturers. As might be expected, different modes of attraction have been resorted to. At Leeds, I believe, no money whatever is taken at the door for the lectures, but they find that good lectures so increase the members, that they have no need to resort to extraneous means of support. I believe I may congra-

tulate this institution — at whose special invitation we are met in this place — upon mixing wholesome recreation with the severer studies of literature. The Hull Athenæum has a cricket club of its own. At Saddleworth, the ladies enter so much into the spirit of the institution that, I am informed, they write essays which are read by their friends, the members of the institute. Leeds and Wakefield add to the attractions of the library and the lecture-room others of the Muses, and give monthly concerts. Most important benefits have been found in some places to result from the classes formed for adults, who are immersed in various occupations during the entire day, but meet together in the evening for the acquisition of those elements of education which they have not, perhaps, had the opportunity of acquiring in their youth. In this way at Huddersfield, an institution has met with much success, and working men may command great facilities for education, for sixpence a fortnight. I believe at Leeds the same facilities were given; the same price was required, and, soon after the promulgation of the arrangement, there was an addition of two hundred members to the ranks of the institution. And I may now remark, which I do with sincere pleasure, that the London School of Design has consented to give elementary drawing-books to all the Mechanics' Institutes which enter into the arrangements they have prescribed for the same. Already, I understand, there are drawing-classes established in twenty-seven institutions, and that the number of pupils therein is 682; and I cannot close the list of these various efforts and attractions which are displayed in the last year's labours of the Union, without being reminded that the Mechanics' Institute at Ripon has opened a commodious building for the purpose of carrying on, with increased facility, the various operations of that society. I am happy to find that my friend, the Very Reverend the Dean of Ripon, is here with us to-night, to give us an account of the spirit in which it is supported by those people who are happy enough to live under his presidency. In bringing before you these various details, I must enjoin upon all those who are here present, and may represent their several localities, to do all that in them lies to foster this wholesome spirit of competition and generous rivalry. Let us do what we can to communicate this electric impulse over all the varied features of our county's geography; let us speed it from mountain to valley; from forge and factory to meadow and to plough-land; from the

manufacturing village that just lines the moor to the watering-place that enlivens the sea-board; from Scarborough to Saddleworth, from Wensleydale to the Spurn; and in inviting your contemplations to these wholesome exercises of effort and of progress, I cannot help asking you just to contrast these emulations and this success — not in the spirit of undue conceit or self-sufficiency, but to contrast them on account of the gratitude they ought to inspire for the benefits which they have brought upon this land, with the evils which now prevail over too great a portion of the Continent of Europe. I say this, not with the idea of infringing the wholesome rule which excludes any party politics from our festivities and public celebrations, but with reference to those more general politics which decide the destinies of our species: let me ask you just to consider, in contrast with your own condition, the general aspect of affairs as presented to us among so many tribes and kindreds of the great European Continent. Why you yourselves, at Hull, probably, can only bear but too faithful witness to the embarrassments, the inconveniences, and the losses, which result from the blockade of friendly seas, fitted and purposed to receive and to interchange the commerce of the world; you yourselves can tell by the return of disconsolate vessels, how much harm is being inflicted by the blockade of the Elbe; by shutting the Sound; by the insensate hostilities between Germany and Denmark. But there is hardly a community which is not too disastrously suffering from the heavings of these revolutionary whirlwinds and storms. The Russians are on the Danube, the French are on the Tiber. It really seems as if the nations of Europe, in some species of wild bacchanal, were seizing the torches of civil discord and of foreign war, and throwing them, in their furious glee, from frontier to frontier, from river to river, from rampart to rampart, and scaring all the peaceful haunts of industry with their uncouth dissonance and hideous glare. While such are the appalling sights and sounds of which we catch the reflection, and hear the echo, here in Yorkshire, here in England, while we abide in our accustomed occupations, and move on in our allotted spheres, under the broad and equal light of freedom, let it be our care to kindle the genial lamp of knowledge, and to transmit it from hand to hand, from institute to institute, from wold to plain, from class to class, from the workshop to the cottage, over every portion of our land, till there shall be no dark corner unilluminated, till there shall be no haunt of obscene revelry

unrebuked, till there shall be no abode of ignorance unenlightened, till there shall be no haunt of happy industry uncheered; and so, while we judge with all lowliness and humility of ourselves, we may become, in the judgment of the observing nations around us, and perhaps in the judgment of Him who judgeth not as man judgeth, a wise and understanding people.

YORKSHIRE UNION OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

Leeds, June, 1851.

I HAVE sometimes felt inclined to remonstrate with my friends here for having led me to produce myself so frequently on these occasions, and, I may add, in this place. I might have thought that I had already inflicted enough in the way of lecture on the good people of Leeds, at least for some time to come; but I may be reminded that whatever may be my respect for them, this is not merely a town, or borough, or municipal meeting, but that it represents and constitutes an association which does not even confine itself to the boundaries of our wide West Riding, but enlarges its borders and stretches its stakes to the furthest limits of our entire county of York, and, I believe, even beyond it. With respect, too, to the time of our holding this assembly, it has been felt that this year of 1851, the first of this half-century, has, in many respects, been made a sort of Jubilee year, and that it behoves all good and laudable undertakings, and among them the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, to put on their best countenances, and summon the greatest number of their friends, and in all ways make much of themselves, not, I trust, for the purposes of a braggart and garish vanity, but for the sake of recommending what we really look upon as commendable in itself, and as calculated for extensive usefulness, to the widest possible amount of support and of imitation. All reasons these, however, the more why an old stager like myself should seek to make no undue trespass on your attention, but bear in his mind that we happily have to-night some new faces, as well as old to encourage; some new voices, as well as old, to instruct us. The Yorkshire Mechanics' Union can, indeed, no longer be regarded as an experiment; it is no sickly plant, no doubtful shoot, no fragile stem we have to rear, but it shows a robust and hardy trunk, and justly prides itself in its multitude of branches; comprising as it does, I

believe, 117 institutions, and including within its branches, 20,000 members. No doubt the various delegates from the separate branches who have met to-day will have had the means of comparing the different methods and processes which have answered the best in the respective localities; this I take to be a principal advantage of these annual concourses; they afford an opportunity for comparison; they supply a whet-stone for emulation, not for envy; at the same time, I think it would be a mistake for each institution to consider itself bound to tread servilely in the track of every other; it is with these bodies as it is with nations at large; there will be a difference of circumstances, a difference of capabilities, a difference of humours. There are, of course, some broad rules and some obvious methods applicable to all; but, in the adaptation of them, the convenience, and the tastes, and the wants of the respective communities may be taken into consideration. There can be no better rule, (you must excuse me if I still find the echoes of Pope lingering about this room,)—

"Consult the genius of the place in all."

I naturally do not presume to enlarge upon details, which must have formed the subject of conference among the delegates this morning. A letter has been brought under my notice, written by Mr. Sikes, of Huddersfield, strongly urging the annexing of Savings' Banks to these institutions. Any step that would promote prudence and self-reliance is most deserving of consideration, but, as I have intimated, I consider any suggestion of this nature had better be left in the hands of those who have the practical management of the institutions. I have already adverted to the year 1851, and as there is extremely little I can say upon the general subject of Mechanics' Institutes which I have not, I fear but too often, before had opportunities of addressing to you, you will, I feel persuaded, make allowance for me, if, during the few minutes more I shall occupy of your time, I seek a variety from the ordinary topics of observation within that great Building, which some of you, I doubt not, have already seen, and all will have heard of, which gives to this year, 1851, now while it is gliding past us, and will probably give to it through all future time, its most distinguishing characteristic. Not that I am at all travelling out of the domain of Mechanics' Institutions when I refer to the Exhibition of 1851. Why say I this? Oh, enter for a moment with me through one of its many portals; stand under that lucid

arch of glass, at the part where the broad transept intersects the far-stretching nave, while the summer sun glistens, first on the fresh young green of our forest elms, then on the tapering foliage of the tropics, then on the pale marble of the statuary, then on the thousand changing hues of the world's merchandise. I most truly believe that, as a mere spectacle, it surpasses any which the labour, and art, and power of man ever yet displayed in any one spot. Look at that long alley of plate, the stalls of goldsmiths and silversmiths; such a bright profusion was not spread out by Belshazzar when, amid the spoils of the Old Asia, he feasted his thousand lords. Examine the jewels and tissues of India, of Tunis, of Turkey; so dazzling an array was never piled behind the chariot of the Roman conqueror, when he led the long triumph up the hill of the Capitoline Jove;—observe the lustrous variety of porcelain, and tapestry, and silk, and bronze, and carving, which enters into the composition of furniture;—why Louis XIV. himself, could he be summoned from his grave, would confess that, although the French people had dethroned his dynasty, exiled his race, and obliterated that monarchy of which he was the special impersonation, they had carried all the arts of embellishment farther even than when he held his gorgeous court at Versailles. But I should not have obtruded these topics on an assembly like this, had I nothing to remark upon but the jewelled diadem, or the breathing brass, or the glistening marble, or the spangled brocade; these might only be fit adornments for the palaces of the great, or for the toilets of luxurious beauty; the title which the Crystal Palace of London has upon the suffrage of the judgment as well as the admiration of the eye, is, that it is the formal recognition of the value and dignity of labour—it is the throne and temple of industry;—industry and labour, in all their forms, as well as in all their climes, whether they are employed on the cheap gingham that makes up the wardrobe of the humblest cottager, or the richest lace that forms aprons for Queen or Cardinal—on the rude block from the quarry, and the hollow brick for model cottages, or the biggest diamond of the mine, the Mountain of Light itself; industry and labour, alike necessary to furnish their daily bread to the masses and the millions, and to embody in palpable form the brightest visions of poetry and art. Said I then wrong that this undertaking, thus intended and calculated to recognise and represent labour and industry, was not removed from the domain of Mechanics' Insti-

tites? And when, further, I mark the space which is covered in this show-room of the world by the special industry of the West Riding of Yorkshire; when I recognise the banners which are suspended above the productions of your principal towns, with their, to me, most familiar devices—when I pass by, not without a sort of feeling of joint ownership—the woollens of Leeds, and stuffs of Bradford, and fancy goods of Huddersfield, and carpets of Halifax—(is their excellent and spirited manufacturer, Mr. Crossley, now among us?); and the hardware of Sheffield, and many other things from many other places, which I necessarily omit, to say nothing of all that wondrous, whirring machinery to which, among others, this town has contributed so conspicuously, I need offer no excuse for having connected the mechanics of Yorkshire with the Industrial Temple of 1851. One word of counsel to those who visit the Exhibition. It is divided, as you are probably aware, into two great sections, one belonging to our own empire, the other to the rest of the world. It had been anticipated, and it so turns out, that the British section shines most in what is solid, useful, practical, durable; in what is of most importance to the greatest numbers; while the Foreign section excels in brilliancy, in taste, in all that relates to decorative art; not that this line should be too rigidly drawn, for the Foreign division contains very much that is useful, and the British very much that is ornamental. What I would then earnestly advise every one, in his own branch of employment and skill, is, diligently to observe how, without foregoing what is valuable in his own workmanship, he can graft upon it whatever is attractive in that of others, and how, to the sterling home-bred qualities of use and durability, he may add the subtle charms of grace and beauty. This I would specially point out as an object of laudable ambition to your Schools of Design. And if I have ventured to offer one word of counsel to those who visit the Exhibition, let me conclude with one word of comfort to those whom circumstances may prevent from going there. Though I have described it justly as the most magnificent temple of industry, remember yet that the only worthy worship of industry must be carried on in the daily life and by the domestic hearth; this worship all have the power of rendering, and I can answer for it, there are two things more precious and bright even than any thing which is now displayed in the Crystal Palace,—the persevering energy of contented toil —the sunny smile of an approving conscience.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

Lincoln, October, 1851.

You have heard, ladies and gentlemen, that I have been named to move the first resolution, which I find runs thus: — "That Mechanics' Institutions, having for their object the advancement of the people in solid and useful education, deserve the support of all classes interested in the welfare of their common country." I find everything in the terms of that resolution to justify my recommending it to your cordial acceptance.

But, in offering a few brief observations in support of it, I feel that I ought to set out by making some sort of excuse to you for appearing here at all. It always seems to me upon such occasions as the present, that, except indeed in the neighbouring county of York, where I have got into the habit of doing as I am bid, I have no business to meddle with the concerns of other people. But, after all, it is not such a very long way across the Humber, and, on this occasion, I have acted under the special command of your excellent neighbour, the Earl of Yarborough. I know that he has performed the same good turn for the towns, I believe, both of Hull and of Sheffield; and I should be sorry to appear wanting in reciprocating any such neighbourly disposition. I feel, over and above all those local considerations, that the cause of Mechanics' Institutions is such as to justify any co-operation, no matter, however inefficient the person, or however remote his dwelling.

I must not forget, too, that I am a member of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions, an association which we think, in that county, has been of very considerable use in fostering the success of the institutions which are scattered within its borders. We understand that now for three or four years past the midland districts of our fair England have been desirous of being put under a system of equal efficiency and energy, and I feel that I may appear here once more as the representative of my old Yorkshire friends, to assure you that they heartily wish you success; and, if I know aright the feelings of those who have interested themselves in this cause, I am sure that they would hear of your complete success, even of your surpassing their own, with no other feeling but that of unalloyed satisfaction. And why should they not? England is no longer under the Heptarchy. The Humber, to

which I have already referred, and "the smug and silvery Trent," as the world-wide poet (Shakspeare) calls it, no longer divides hostile and jealous regions. We may, it is true, some of us have our favourite boasts of what is to be found among ourselves. The Lincolnshire and Yorkshire wolds may contend with each other as to which are the best cultivated, without any great danger of being surpassed by any other portion of the kingdom. Young Grimsby may flatter itself that it may one day beat old Hull, and the palm of beauty may reasonably be contended for between the imposing masses of York Minster and the aspiring pinnacles of Lincoln Cathedral. But, as I have already hinted, the object which brings us together to-night is not a local one; it is scarcely a national one; it is a cosmopolitan one; for it aims at the progress of mankind and the advance of our species. Therefore, addressing you Midlanders, I say you are quite welcome to beat us of Yorkshire, if you can. If you fall short of us, we shall be willing to teach; and if you excel us, we shall be, I trust, docile to learn. There is no place from which one ought not to be content to pick up what is laudable and good. Why, when we look at the aspect of the midnight heavens, we are not so much struck with them when it is only a single star that twinkles athwart the gloom, but we most feel the beauty and the brightness, when all their boundless spaces are crowded with light, and when the stars, which may singly exceed each other in glory, collectively serve to show and set forth each other.

And this, I feel that I do not vainly flatter myself, will be the spirit of mankind at large when the civilisation of our race has attained its full developement. It may not be the era of a city like Athens, which absorbed into a single community an amount of poetry, of eloquence, of philosophy, and of art, unparalleled before or since; it may not be the era of an empire like Rome, which rolled up into itself all the eminence of the world; it may not be an era merely of splendid patronage or of surpassing discovery. No Shakspeare then may string the lyre, no Newton may measure the heavens; but it will be rather an era, when judicious enlightenment will pervade almost every community, and when liberal and refined accomplishments will distinguish almost every family. What I want you to feel, what I want you all, if any of you here have not joined it, to join such an institution as this for, is to make you feel how much each of you singly may do to aid this great consummation.

I know that the enemies of Mechanics' Institutes, and of popular institutions generally, have been apt to say that they have a tendency to make the mechanics and working men, whom especially they are intended to benefit, puffed up, presumptuous, conceited, and discontented. All I can say is, that if they do so, they fail singularly in their purpose, and fall far short of their aim. It appears to me that there are two principles upon which we must mainly rely for success in any attempts to raise and regenerate mankind. The one is to have a very high opinion of what we can do, the height to which we can soar, the advance in knowledge and in virtue which we may make,—that is, ambition as concerns our capacities. The other is to have a mean opinion of what we at any time know, or at any time have already done,—that is, humility as concerns our attainments. The ambition should be ever stirring us up to the even and steady development of righteous principles, and, where the opportunity presents itself, to the performance of noble, meritorious, and unselfish actions. The humility should ever keep in view that there is no sphere of life, however humble, no round of duties, however unexciting, which any of you may not enrich and elevate with qualities beside which the successes of statesmen and the triumphs of conquerors are but poor and vulgar. I believe there is no eminence to which man may not reach, but he must reach it by subordinating all unlawful impulses, and by subduing all mean ambitions. There is a general craving in the human mind for greatness and distinction. That greatness and distinction, I am thankful to think, is within the reach of any one to obtain ; but the greatness and distinction must not be without you, but within you.

I should be sorry to appear to take this opportunity of preaching what might be called a sermon, but I feel so fervid an interest in the welfare and progress of the great body of my countrymen, that I cannot refrain from enjoining them, even while I would invite them to a full enjoyment of all the rich resources and all the innocent pleasures of this our variegated world, never to lose hold of religion. I do not mean that you should necessarily confine it within those stiff and narrow grooves in which some would imprison its ethereal spirit; but I feel assured that it is the source among mankind of all that is large and all that is lovely, and that without it all would be dark and joyless. Under her sacred wing you may securely resign yourselves to all

that is improving in knowledge, or instructing in science, or captivating in art, or beautiful in nature. The Architect of the Universe, the Author of Being, such as Christianity represents Him, cannot but approve of every creature that He has made developing to the utmost extent the faculties He has given him, and examining, in all its depth and mystery, every work of His hand. Shut up the page of knowledge and the sources of enjoyment from the multitude, because some have occasionally abused the blessed privilege! Why, the very same argument would consign every man and woman to a cloister, because the world and active life are full of traps and pitfalls. No. Pre-eminent and supreme as I am convinced religion is, yet to make her so in the convictions and hearts of men, I feel she must discard all timidity, must front every truth in the full blaze of light, and sympathise with every pursuit and every impulse of our race.

I have thus briefly shadowed forth the reasons why no person ought to frown upon Mechanics' Institutions. I do not wish to attribute to them any exaggerated or imaginary value; I do not hold them forth as singly containing the elements with which we should hope to regenerate modern society; but it is because I believe them calculated happily to chime in with the existing wants and prevailing dispositions of the times, to afford opportunities for improvement and development in quarters where they would not otherwise be found, to promote innocent recreation and blameless amusements, and generally to assist the progress of mankind, that I thus venture to recommend them to your cordial sympathy and your active assistance.

BURNLEY MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

November, 1851.

Ladies and Gentlemen—

I thank you from my heart for the very generous reception which you have given to one who has yet certainly been a stranger to the town of Burnley. But you, sir, have just carried me back into Yorkshire, and it is certainly true that, across the hills which rise just above your town, I have had many opportunities of addressing audiences upon similar occasions in some of those valleys which, like your own, are distinguished alike by the beauties of their natural scenery and by the busy hum of human

industry. And I feel that in coming before a Lancashire audience we are no longer living in the times, so eloquently adverted to by a late speaker, when the names of York and Lancaster signified different factions and parties; but now, on the contrary, we are in a happier era, when either your red rose has paled, or our white rose has blushed, into one common colour, and instead of contending for rival causes or for opposing dynasties, we may now only try to boast among each other which has the most or the best supported and best conducted Mechanics' Institutions. I have had many occasions heretofore, and very recent ones, of remarking upon the singular elasticity of these Mechanics' Institutions, I mean their adaptation to the varied aspects of our society. Scarcely a month ago, I attended at a similar meeting in the city of Lincoln, an old and picturesquely built town, the capital of the most agricultural district in England; the towers of whose majestic cathedral look down from their lofty perch upon a wide expanse of reclaimed fens and level corn fields: and among that agricultural population, under the shade of that old cathedral, a thriving Mechanics' Institution has been established. And now I find myself in Burnley, one of that cluster of busy manufacturing towns and communities, which stud this district of England, like the broad brazen knobs upon some old belt. It may be true that their names are not surrounded with the halo of classical or romantic associations. The names of Bolton, and Blackburn, and Bury, and Bacup, and Burnley, have not the imposing and picturesque sound either of Thebes, or Corinth, or Argos, in ancient Greece; or of Padua, or Mantua, or Verona, in modern Italy. But they have at least this comparative advantage, they are not marching their inhabitants in trained bands to batter down each other's walls and assault each other's citizens; their contention, if contention there is among them, is in the pursuits of a peaceful industry, and if they are at strife with each other, it is upon the equal field of honourable enterprise, where all the laurels which are won serve both to crown themselves and to enrich the whole population. Now in a place and district like this, I consider a Mechanics' Institution to be a most appropriate appendage; and therefore it is with great pleasure that I found myself enabled to take part in the auspicious proceedings of this morning. And when I say it is an appropriate appendage, I feel that I understate the truth; it is a most desirable and almost indispensable one. I have just referred to the nature of the pursuits which are fol-

lowed here as being peaceful and useful and honourable, but at the same time we must not forget that primarily and in themselves they are conversant only with what is material and with the ways (to use a homely phrase) of making money; and that they might have a tendency, if unchecked and unbalanced by anything in an opposite direction, to engross and enchain some of the more delicate tastes, or the loftier aspirations of the human mind. Far be it from me, in Lancashire or anywhere else, to speak slightingly of cotton; but you must feel that cotton and calico, though they make admirable stockings and other equally indispensable articles of clothing, yet do not in themselves furnish out the whole man. Now, I have observed that a most accomplished and able person, whom I may call a fellow lecturer of my own, Dr. Lyon Playfair, in an address he recently delivered, gave it as his opinion with respect to the modes of education pursued in this country, that in our schools and colleges enough attention has not been given to scientific instruction and regular industrial training. He complains that too much labour may have been bestowed on classical studies, on dead authors, on by-gone poets, and that the faculties have not been enough exercised on the open page of nature and the living wonders which are around and about and above and beneath us. Now, I think that he is probably in the right in this, but at the same time I am convinced that almost every prevailing direction, both of the individual mind and of society at large, ought occasionally to have administered to it something in the way of reaction and of corrective. It may be very well, in the quiet of academic bowers, that the dim cloisters of Oxford and the still shades of Cambridge, retaining, as I hope they ever will do, their old appropriate sources of learning, not ignoring (to use a modern phrase, which I might probably be told in those classic precincts was a barbarous one) the accustomed voices of their own Muses, should yet reflect more, as I believe they have begun to do, of the aspect of the century and the society in which they are placed. But on the other hand, in a district like this, where the pursuit of wealth is the habitual rule, where the recurring routine of labour is the daily life, where the steam engine and the power loom and mechanism and machinery seem to be the lords of time and space, of the body and of the mind, it is well too, that without neglecting, on the contrary while you are directly encouraging, those subjects of inquiry which are congenial to the place, while you are promoting the study of the law of nature and inquiring into the

properties of matter, at the same time the means of access should be given, and opportunities for a hearing at least, afforded, to the claims of general literature, the sober muse of history, the fervid accents of oratory, and the sublime inspirations of song. And just as it is the boast of our country, England, that it is the self-same country which produced her Newton, who has laid down the positive and ascertained laws of other worlds and other systems, and her Shakspeare, whose imagination peopled worlds almost as numerous, and quite as bright; just as those mingling characteristics still in some sort distinguish our countrymen, at once the most sober-minded and adventurous race which the world has known; so let it be the aim and glory of our own times, on the one hand, to make the study of the recluse and the vigil of the student still more available for the wants of the present day, and for obtaining a mastery over nature, still more useful, still more practical, than they have yet been; so, on the other hand, we should aim to throw around the dreary monotony of toil, and the plodding perseverance of labour, charms and graces which are not their own. And for these reasons I rejoice, again, that such an institution as has already existed here, it is now proposed to extend, to diffuse, to embody in a more worthy home; I rejoice to hear that it is proposed to combine with it lecture-rooms, classes for drawing and for music and for languages, together with a well assorted library; and that it is purposed not to be wanting in the graces of external architecture; and I trust that you will show yourselves alive to the occasion which opens itself thus before you, and that when the effort has been made, and the brick and mortar, — I beg your pardon, for I believe you have excellent stone of your own in Burnley, — when all this is brought together, and a goodly edifice is raised, you will show that it has the support of the inhabitants, and that the intelligence and mind which have to be developed within it will make the real glory of that building. I know that when I address you in Lancashire, I am among a community which has shown a great and growing interest in the cause of popular education in all its directions. Into the merits of any particular direction which that interest may assume, this is not the place or opportunity to enter. But I feel it a real triumph to think that the time has come when the education of the people must spread wide and strike deep, and I have faith that the wisdom and the public spirit of all classes in this country will be guided to give that impulse a right direction. Of a truth there is something

large and expansive in the bodies of men which in this portion of the country are brought together upon an occasion like the present. Why, in the very place * in which we are assembled, in the very person † who laid the first stone of your new building, we have living and patent proof that there is nothing exclusive or repelling in the assistance and energy which are brought to bear upon it. And as I have referred to Mechanics' Institutions as comprising in their range the cathedral towers of Lincoln and the factories of Burnley, so I have seen to-day that they may unite in their service the oldest and most ancestral modes of faith, and the least fettered and least hierarchical forms. From my heart I join in the wish, which I feel sure will be entertained by all who have now been brought together, and which has already found an expression in the mouths of preceding speakers, that the Institution of which, amid so many demonstrations of good will and concord, the first stone has been laid this day, and of which we are now holding this commemorative assembly, may in its future development, never suffer those whom it may bring within its walls, or who may be partakers of its benefits, to derive any influence that is inconsistent with their duties as good citizens, good subjects, good men, good Christians — that they may under its roof find much to instruct, much to amuse, much to refine, much to elevate; — nothing to corrupt, nothing to sully, nothing to sap the wholesome foundation of morals or impair the sacred principles of religion; but that while they may continue to enjoy the opportunities it affords for useful instruction and for rational recreation, they may at the same time be imbibing lessons which shall stimulate and sweeten their daily toil, and make their own homes and firesides honest and happy.

* The Independent Chapel. † Charles Towneley, Esq of Towneley.

THE END.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

ELECTRICITY

AND

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH:

TOGETHER WITH THE

CHEMISTRY OF THE STARS;

AN ARGUMENT TOUCHING THE STARS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

BY

GEORGE WILSON, M.D., F.R.S.E

LONDON:
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AND

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Our readers are all familiar with that beautiful production of Oriental romance, the tale of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. He needed but to rub it to summon an almost omnipotent Genie, who fulfilled his wildest desires; and whosoever rubbed the Lamp had its Genie equally under his control. A deeper truth than its author probably intended, or than most of his readers have discovered, is shadowed forth in Aladdin's story. Some six hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, the keen-sighted, inquisitive Greeks had unconsciously realised the dream of the eastern legend. It was not by rubbing a lamp (although a lamp or any other piece of metal would have done quite well), but by rubbing a piece of amber, that they evoked an Invisible, and, as they believed, Living agent, which in our hands has done far more wonderful things than the genie of Aladdin's Lamp did, or could have done, for its possessors. The Orientals would have named this agent *The Genie of the Amber;* and such is the exact signification of the term we employ at the present day; for the word *electricity*, derived from the Greek name of amber, ἤλεκτρον (electron), denotes, when applied to it as a branch of knowledge, the Amber Science, and when applied to the agent of which it treats, the Amber Force or Amber Power.

It was known to mankind, however, many thousand years before it received a name, or was developed by rubbing amber; and if we are to consider him the founder of electrical science who first observed an electrical phenomenon, then the honour must be assigned to Adam, who earliest, doubtless, of men witnessed a thunder-storm, and might have named the agency which produced it the Lightning Force.

There were other natural electrical phenomena, also, less striking than the thunder-storm, but still sufficiently remarkable to awake and occupy the attention of mankind, during the ages that intervened between the occurrence of the first thunder-storm that had a human eye-witness and these days of the Electric Telegraph. The spectacle of such phenomena has in some cases been recorded, but more frequently no record was made. Thus the ancient Greek and Roman naturalists and physicians, such as Aristotle, Pliny, and Galen, knew that there occurred, on the Mediterranean shores, a flat fish like a boy's kite, or a skate with all its angles rounded, called a *torpedo*, which had the power of thrilling and temporarily benumbing the fisherman who trod upon it with his naked feet, as it lay half hidden in the sand. The dwellers on the banks of the Orinoko have, from time immemorial, had similar but even more vivid experiences of the power of the Gymnotus, or Electrical Eel, which abounds in the tributaries of that great river, to cramp the limbs of the incautious swimmer in these streams. In opposite quarters of the globe, accordingly, electricity must have been simultaneously recognised by the Italian fisherman and the South American Indian as a benumbing, convulsing Torpedo or Gymnotus Force.

Electrical meteors, likewise, including the Aurora Borealis, must have been familiar to the men of all countries and ages. The Roman historians, such as Livy and Cæsar, tell how the spearheads of a whole legion under march were sometimes seen in dark fogs to be each tipped with flame; and the ancient sailors

of the Mediterranean worshipped, as Castor and Pollux, the similar stars of fire, which were often seen by them on the mastheads of their vessels. They are equally worshipped by the modern Italian mariners, who name them the fires of St. Elmo. Longfellow, in his *Golden Legend*, makes a Mediterranean sailor say:—

> "Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,
> With their glimmering lanterns all at play,
> On the tops of the masts, and the tips of the spars,
> And I knew we should have foul weather to-day."

In the Monkish Chronicles of the Middle Ages are descriptions of individuals, who at certain periods appeared, when lying in bed in darkness, to be floating or swimming in waves of fire. These descriptions are greatly exaggerated, as was natural in a wonder-loving, superstitious, credulous epoch; but they referred to a truth sufficiently remarkable, even when stripped of all exaggeration. The bodies of living men and of certain of the lower animals may frequently, by rubbing them, be made to evolve sparks and flashes, so that, for the time, they are literally living electrical machines. The incidental friction attending the pulling off of a tight-fitting stocking, or other article of dress worn next the skin, has often unexpectedly developed electricity, to the surprise and terror of the party who was at once the electrifier and the electrified. The mediæval chroniclers, indeed, may well be excused if their pictures of such startling occurrences are somewhat overdrawn.

The main condition needed for such electrical developments on the surface of the body appears to be great dryness of the skin; and hence they are seen best in frosty weather, when the amount of water-vapour in the atmosphere is at a minimum, and in the persons of those who, from natural habit of body, long residence in tropical climates, or other causes, have dry,

harsh, unglistening cuticles, and who perspire little. In such, electricity may at any time be developed in cold weather, by placing them on an insulating support, such as a block of gutta percha, a sheet of Indian rubber, a stool mounted on glass legs, or a board laid upon glass bottles, and rubbing the body and limbs with dry silk or flannel. Even without the formal insulating arrangement electricity will be procured, provided damp be avoided.

These conditions are so readily realised in the colder seasons of the year in northern latitudes, that they must have been more or less familiar to mankind from the earliest periods. A recent case is on record as occurring in the person of an American lady, in whom, at certain periods, the mere friction of her dress was sufficient to develope electricity, so that when she approached her hand to a door-handle, a bell-pull, a candlestick, or any other metallic article, a spark passed before she touched it. To her it was only a matter of temporary annoyance, and to those about her of amusement or interest. In the middle ages she would probably have been held to be possessed of an evil spirit, tormenting her before her time.

The most electrical (superficially) of the lower animals is the cat, which pays for its fastidious cleanliness, its careful dressing of its fur, its dislike of damp, and love for basking in the sun or before the fire, by a greater susceptibility to electrical excitement than most other creatures. There are few cats in good condition, which, if coaxed to sit on a dry stool (especially one with glass legs), may not be rendered electrical in frosty weather by stroking them. It is proverbial that they hate to be stroked the *wrong way*, or from the tail to the head, and one, perhaps the chief, cause of the dislike of these sensitive and luxurious creatures to the reversed stroking is the greater amount of electrical excitement which it occasions. The traditional connection of cats with witches and evil spirits, which figures so largely in the German legends, is probably in

part connected with the observation of the mysterious sparks which, at times, they flashed out when stroked, and the impatience of caresses which attended those fiery manifestations. Many a poor cat, doubtless, paid with his life for his unwilling and unwelcome feats as an electrician; and when, at a later period, the practical Dutch philosophers recognised that in the nature of the animal's fur lay the secret of its electrical susceptibility, they killed hosts of cats for their skins, and gave the latter the first place among the exciters of electricity. If the humane dream should prove true, in which Goldsmith indulges in the "Citizen of the World," that the torturers of animals on this earth will, after death, run the gauntlet in worlds each of which is occupied by a single class of the animals they have wronged, then the electricians may anticipate, with peculiar dread, their treatment from the spirits in the cat-world, and, next to them, from those in the heaven of the frogs. A frog's body is the most sensitive of all indices of electrical action; and many a harmless croaker has been a reluctant and uncommemorated martyr in the cause of science. But this is a digression.

Besides the electrical phenomena we have noticed as certain to have been matters of observation, more or less widely, for ages, we must add, as closely related to them, and to the special subject of our paper, the discovery of the natural magnet. This mineral, one of the oxides of iron, to which our English ancestors gave the expressive name of Loadstone, *i. e.* leading or guiding-stone, in reference to its services to the mariner in conducting him across the pathless ocean, has been known to mankind from a period lost in a fabulous antiquity. The word magnet is of Greek origin; but the Chinese were acquainted with it centuries earlier than the Greeks, and constructed compass-needles, in which, unlike our compass-makers, they marked the south pole as the more important end of the needle.

The phenomena we have noticed constituted the entire stock

of electrical knowledge possessed by mankind from the commencement of the historic era down to the beginning of the 17th century. These phenomena, however, were not known to proceed from a common source, or to be related as unlike effects flowing from a single cause. The amber-force was not suspected to be identical with the lightning-force; or both to be the same in essence with the thrilling power of the Torpedo, and the illuminating agency of the atmospheric meteors. Neither did any one as yet know that electricity and magnetism are sister-forces as inseparably associated as the shadow is with the illuminating body throwing it; so that the one cannot be developed without developing the other. Nor, so far as history tells, did any one improve upon the observation made first by Theophrastus, 600 years B. C., that rubbed amber attracts light bodies, and succeed in constructing a machine, by means of which electricity could be produced artificially on a large scale. So far as we know, no one even attempted such a construction. It is only within the last 250 years, and chiefly within the last 50, that we have learned at the hands of men recently dead, or still living, the common source of the phenomena referred to as so long known to mankind; and have been taught how to produce and to regulate electricity at will. A few references will demonstrate this.

The entire annals of the ancient world do not supply the names of a dozen persons who can be styled electricians; and even these only observed or recorded isolated phenomena. The educated and uneducated portions of mankind stood nearly on the same level in reference to them. The Italian fishermen knew more concerning the powers of the Torpedo than Aristotle or Galen, who merely repeated what the fishermen told them; and the Roman legionaries were more familiar with the meteoric stars which occasionally tipped their javelins than Cæsar, or Livy, or Pliny, who chronicled their appearance.

No doubt, for men of genius like those we have named, a

phenomenon had a much deeper significance than it had for unlettered fishermen or barbarian soldiers; but, after all, it taught the former, so far at least as they have instructed us, little more than it did the latter; and the fisherman and soldier, as the more experienced observers, must be counted the best electricians of an epoch in which no electrician was more than an observer.

Electricity, as a science, may be considered as dating from the year 1600, when Dr. Gilbert, a native of Colchester, published in London, a Latin treatise on the magnet. It discusses electricity as well as magnetism, explains certain of their fundamental laws, and announces certain conclusions in a truly sagacious and philosophical spirit. Curiously enough, this treatise, which we look back upon as far before its age, and destined to a lasting place among works on science, was selected by Lord Bacon as an example of inconclusive and vicious reasoning: so much more easy is it to give advice than to take it, or even to see that it has already been taken.

The disparagement of Gilbert's inquiry prevented it attracting the attention it otherwise might have received; so that more than half a century passed before electricity was taken from its cradle. In 1670, however, the famous burgomaster of Magdeburgh, Otto Guericke, who is memorable in scientific annals as the deviser of the first air-pump, made a new claim on the reverence of posterity by his construction of the first electrical machine. It was a globe of sulphur, made to whirl on a vertical axis, whilst it was rubbed by the hand. Otto Guericke cast the sulphur in a mould of glass; and it was afterwards discovered that the hollow glass sphere did better than the core of solid brimstone, to set free which the glass was broken; but, compared with the fragments of yellow amber which Theophrastus rubbed, the sulphur globe was a wonderful electrical machine.

The centenary of Dr. Gilbert's observations marked a retro-

gression in electrical science. The value of large machines was not appreciated, and the commencement of the 18th century was unhappily signalised by a return on the part of observers, headed by Hauksbee, an English experimentalist of repute, to the glass tubes which were the electrical instruments in vogue before Otto Guericke's time.

Yet with these tubes good work was done; and by the year 1730 the great discovery had been made that all solid bodies may be divided into two classes, — viz., *electrics*, such as glass and amber, which, if held in the hand and rubbed, evolve electricity; and *non-electrics*, such as the metals which, in the same circumstances, evolve none. This was the discovery of Stephen Gray, an Englishman; and about the same time Dufaye, in France, made the observation that there are two kinds, as he expressed it, of electricity, the one of which he named *vitreous*, the other *resinous*.

In 1745 the Germans returned to the use of large machines, like Otto Guericke's, but made of glass. An immense extension of electrical science followed this step. In truth, when we read the descriptions of the earliest machines, we cannot but wonder that so much was done with them. They recall the "three-man beetle" with which Falstaff ironically wished he might be filliped. Like it they were three-man machines. One person stood on the floor, holding in one hand a large glass tube, and rubbing it with a piece of silk held in the other. A second party stood near him, mounted on a glass-legged stool, and holding towards the rubbed tube one end of a metallic rod terminating at either extremity in a ball, whilst opposite its other end stood a third party on the floor, who received sparks from the ball nearest him, and experimented on the electricity accumulated on it.

After the replacement of this and other cumbrous and inefficient arrangements by revolving glass cylinders, spheres, and plates, the rate of progression, which before may be said to

have been arithmetical, became geometrical. We can only, therefore, glance at the important dates after 1745. In 1746 Holland was a great seat of electrical inquiry; and a new and most valuable weapon of research was placed in the hands of all by the Dutch electricians who devised the Leyden jar. The same year is memorable as that in which the great Italian Volta began his electrical studies; and the next year, 1747, saw Benjamin Franklin follow his example. In 1752 he showed the identity of lightning and electricity. In 1775, Walsh, Hunter, and Cavendish proved, by experiments on the living torpedo, dissections of its dead body, and imitations with machines of its benumbing powers, that it possessed a very powerful and peculiar electrical apparatus, which, during life, it could will into action when it pleased.

In 1777 Volta showed that an electric spark could be most conveniently applied to kindle gases; and within six years the application of the spark, in the way proposed, had led, in the hands of the English chemists, to the great discovery that water is not an element, but a compound of two very unlike gases.

The year 1790 is an *annus mirabilis* in Electrical Annals. In the course of it a Bolognese lady caught a cold, and was recommended to take frog soup as a cure for it. Her husband's name was Galvani, Professor of Anatomy at Bologna. The lady followed the advice given her, and proceeded to procure and dress some frogs. It should seem either that she did this in her husband's studio or laboratory, or that he prosecuted physiological researches in his wife's kitchen; at all events, his assistants were working an electrical machine in the same apartment, and close to the spot, where the lower limbs of the frogs (the only edible parts) were being prepared for culinary use. Galvani, who was looking on, was startled by observing that whenever the machine gave out a spark the limbs of the frogs were convulsed, and struggled as if still parts of a living body. He mistook in part the nature of this singular phe-

nomenon, and was long thought to have mistaken it altogether; but his merits are better appreciated now, and his countryman Matteucci has in our own day vindicated the justice of many of Galvani's forgotten or despised views concerning the existence of electrical currents in the bodies of all animals. He is referred to here, however, solely because he has given its name to that development of electricity which is most to concern us in what follows. The word GALVANISM is as firmly rooted in our language, and as widely spread, as that of CALVINISM, which in sound, though not in sense, it so closely resembles.

The 19th century, which has far excelled all previous centuries in the success with which it has cultivated physical science, was not to commence without a remarkable electrical achievement. In 1800, Volta, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy, first at Como, afterwards at Pavia, devised the remarkable machine which has since deservedly borne his name, and is known as the Voltaic circle, pile, or battery. In the same year, its immense power to effect chemical decomposition was discovered, and by means of its agency even water was decomposed, and first in England. The hour had plainly come for a great advance in chemistry; and the man who should make it was forthcoming also. Davy commenced his electrical researches in 1800, and, besides much else, he had directly or indirectly given to the world twelve new metals before the end of 1807.

The whole civilised world was now astir with electrical excitement. Napoleon offered a prize for the greatest galvanic discovery; and hostile enactments were suspended, that the victorious English Davy might proceed to Paris to receive the prize for which all Europe had contended.

Throughout this period men's minds had been haunted by the conviction that some close, though veiled alliance subsisted between electricity and magnetism. It was given to Oersted, the Dane, to discover the clue to this, and to announce

the observation of the influence of an electrical current over the position of a compass-needle, which led in a wonderfully brief time to the invention of the Electric Telegraph. This was in 1819. In 1821 Seebeck of Berlin discovered that by the unequal heating of associated metals of unlike character electricity is developed. This thermo-electricity has supplied us with an exquisitely delicate thermometer—far surpassing all the ordinary measurers of the intensity of heat, and has likewise furnished the probable explanation of the magnetism of the earth. Our revolving globe, heated unequally by the sun, has, according to this view, currents of electricity determined in it, in directions corresponding more or less closely to its parallels of latitude; and, as a consequence of this, possesses north and south magnetic poles, which may be developed in an artificial globe similarly traversed by electrical currents.

About the same time, Ampère and Arago, in France, discovered the power of an electrical current to develope magnetism; which, along with Oersted's observations, laid the foundation of electro-magnetism, the science which stands in closest relation to the Electric Telegraph.

In 1821, also, Faraday, the greatest living electrician, began his original labours. In 1830, he demonstrated the practicability of evolving electricity from magnets, and was the chief founder of the branch of the science named Magneto-Electricity, which is fast rivalling galvanism in its applications to the useful arts.

From 1830, onwards, Faraday proceeded in his career of discovery; and to him, more than to any other single observer, we owe the demonstration of the essential identity in nature and power of all the so-called different kinds of electricity. He furnished the true explanation of its decomposing power over chemical compounds, which Sir Humphry Davy, with all his genius, had in several respects misinterpreted; and, besides much else, he discovered that as a loadstone renders magnetic

all the iron in its neighbourhood, so a current of electricity, proceeding from a battery along one wire, developes a momentary current along another and passive wire stretched near it. To this observation medical men, and their suffering patients, are indebted for the most efficacious methods of applying electricity to the cure of disease.

To this period belongs the date of greatest practical interest in reference to the telegraph. In 1837, the inexhaustibly ingenious Wheatstone, and Cooke, a man in whom the practicality of the English character showed itself in its fullest, freest development, took out their patent for an electric telegraph; and to them, as the earliest practical telegraphists, belongs the honour which attaches to that difficult step in all enterprises, *le premier pas*, but of which, in their case, it may be emphatically added, *qui coute.*

From 1837, onward to 1851, it may suffice to refer to Faraday, who has distanced all his electrical competitors. In 1845 he startled the scientific world by his announcement of the subjection of light to magnetic influence. From that period onwards to 1850, he has kept constantly adding to his remarkable observations on a *new magnetic condition of matter;* from which we have learned that the reproach we complacently cast upon our forefathers, for fancying that amber only was electrical, will be retorted on us by our descendants for thinking that iron only was magnetic. The proof of this may be said to have reached its climax when, in the autumn of 1850, Faraday showed that the very air is magnetic, and that soap-bells, or glass-bubbles, filled with its more important gas, oxygen, will move towards a powerful magnet, as a piece of iron does. Whilst we write, a paper is in the press, which will speedily appear, containing Faraday's latest magnetic discoveries.

From this account it will be seen, that men have learned more concerning electricity in the last half-century than they did in all the centuries together which preceded it: and that

though some nations have contributed more than others to its extension, no single people has monopolised its discoveries or applications. Knowledge is not a fixed sun in the heavens, revolving only on its own axis, but a planetary torch which passes from land to land, now blazing brightest on one shore, and then on another. The Greeks begin empirical electricity; the Romans continue it. The Chinese begin magnetism: the English Gilbert sketches the outline of magnetism and electricity as sciences: the German Otto Guericke makes the first electrical machine: the French Dufaye discovers the two electricities: the Dutch Muschenbröck devises the Leyden jar: the Italian Volta constructs the pile: the American Franklin shows the identity of lightning and electricity: the Danish Oersted discovers electro-magnetism. A single name has been selected in each nation, but each can boast of several. Germany, Italy, France, and England have produced the greatest number of famous electricians; and the science, as it now exists, is a monument to the genius and labour of a multitude of gifted men, belonging to different countries, races, and times.

We are now to look a little more particularly into the nature of electricity, and the mode of applying it in working a telegraph.

A difficulty, at first sight very formidable, attends all explanations of electrical phenomena. The question is asked, What is electricity? And to this no categorical answer can yet be returned. The question, however, may be set aside, as not requiring to be answered before the effects of electricity are considered. Of the nature of heat and of light, as well as of magnetism, we are in truth still quite ignorant: but we do not hesitate to discuss the changes which matter undergoes when illuminated, heated, or magnetised, without waiting till our theories of heat, light, and magnetism are perfect. We can do the same, therefore, with electricity, in explaining the telegraph, or any other electrical contrivance,—provided we adopt some provisional theory as to its nature, which shall

supply us with suitable terms for describing the phenomena, although it may be quite inadequate to account for them.

Two views, setting aside minor modifications, are entertained concerning the nature of electricity,—very analogous to those now held concerning the nature of heat, light, and magnetism. According to the one view, electricity is a state, condition, or power of matter; according to the other view, electricity is a peculiar substance, or form or kind of matter. The latter is the more easily apprehended hypothesis; and supplies the nomenclature almost universally adopted in describing electrical phenomena, even by those who prefer, as more probable, the opposite belief. Electricity, then, may be assumed to be a highly attenuated substance,—analogous to an elastic fluid, such as hydrogen gas, but infinitely lighter; in truth, not sensibly heavy at all. In bodies not exhibiting electrical phenomena this imponderable entity is supposed to exist in a latent or insensible condition, hidden as it were in their substance or pores. Bodies, on the other hand, which manifest electrical phenomena, have the imponderable fluid set free at their surfaces, in an active, sensible, or non-latent condition: so that it envelopes them, as a fog does a mountain-top; or flows over them, as smoke does over the mast of a ship; or flows through them, as a current of warm water streams through a mass of cold. Electricity, as thus defined, is as invisible as common air; but when its intensity is high, it is cognisable by all the senses. It addresses the eye by its spark or lightning-flash; the ear by its snap or thunder; the nostrils by a peculiar indescribable odour which it develops; the tongue by an equally peculiar taste which it occasions; and the organs of touch by its characteristic shock. The unknown something, condition, or kind of matter which is the cause of those and many other phenomena, is electricity. We shall, for the present, write of it as a kind of matter, *i. e.* as something over and above, or superadded, to the body, whatever that be,

which exhibits electrical phenomena; so that a telegraph-wire will be referred to, as conveying a current of substantial electricity, as a gas-pipe conveys gas, or a water-pipe water. Before, however, we can consider how this wonderful agent is made to convey intelligence, we require to notice certain relations of electricity which we proceed to discuss.

The phraseology of scientific treatises, in reference to electrical phenomena, is very apt to mislead and perplex those who consult them for information concerning special points. Such terms continually occur as, statical electricity, dynamical electricity, positive electricity, negative electricity, electricity of tension, electricity of quantity, friction electricity, voltaic electricity, animal electricity, magneto-electricity, thermo-electricity —till the distracted reader, who finds one electricity perplexing enough, loses count and heart, and closes the treatise in despair. But this formidable list of electricities, which might readily have been lengthened, fortunately admits of being reduced to *two kinds* of electricity, and *two modifications* of each kind. The kinds are *Positive* and *Negative* electricity. The modifications are electricity *of Tension*, and electricity *of Quantity*. Statical and dynamical refer respectively to free electricity, as either at rest or in motion; and the five other titles merely point to certain important sources of electricity,— which, however, is essentially the same, whatever be its source. The titles, positive and negative, apply to a much deeper and more fundamental peculiarity of electricity than the terms tension and quantity; but the latter are more important in reference to its practical applications; inasmuch as they are variable; whilst the twofold positive and negative relation of this agent is constant—and, so far as we at present know, inseparable from the very existence and manifestation of all electricity. We shall discuss this duplex character of electrical force presently; but it will be better appreciated after

the difference between electricity of tension and electricity of quantity has been shortly explained.

The phrases in question, which, philologically considered, are inaccurate and inelegant enough, are used to denote the difference which is found to exist between the quantity of electricity which any source of it, such as a voltaic battery, furnishes, and the intensity of the electricity so furnished. The distinction is one of the same kind as that which is familiarly recognised in the case of light and heat. In the phosphorescence of the sea, for example, which often spreads continuously over thousands of miles, we have an illustration of light very feeble in intensity, but enormous in quantity; a white-hot platinum wire, on the other hand, gives out a very small quantity of light, but that of high intensity; while the sun radiates light at a maximum, as regards both intensity and quantity. A similar variation exists in the case of electricity; but we have no electrical sun, *i.e.* no source, natural or artificial, of electricity alike great in quantity and in intensity.

We measure *the quantity* of electricity in many ways; but most conveniently by the amount of any chemical compound which it can decompose. A machine or battery, for example, which, when arranged so as to decompose water, evolves from it four cubic inches of oxygen and hydrogen in one minute, is furnishing twice the quantity of electricity supplied by an apparatus which evolves only two cubic inches of the gases in the same time. The *intensity* of electricity is less easily measured; but is well enough indicated by the ease with which it can travel through bad conductors; by its power to overcome energetic chemical affinity, such as that which binds together the elements of water; by the length of space across which it can pass through dry air (as in the case of the lightning flash striking a tree from a great distance); by the attractions and repulsions it produces in light bodies; and by the severity of the shock it occasions to living animals. Tried by those

tests, and by others, we find that the electricity of the friction-machine, of an insulated steam-boiler, or of a thunder-cloud, has extraordinary intensity—while its quantity is excessively small. We speak very much within bounds when we state, that the whole electricity of a destructive thunder-storm would not suffice for the electro-gilding of a single pin,—so insignificant is its amount. A small copper wire, dipped into an acid along with a wire of zinc, would evolve more electricity in a few seconds than the largest friction electrical machine, kept constantly revolving, would furnish in many weeks. No shock, on the other hand, would be occasioned by the electricity from the immersed wires; nor would it produce a spark or decompose water—so low is its intensity. A double-cell voltaic battery, again, produces electricity of such intensity that its shock would kill a large animal; and it can force its way along very bad conductors—at the same time its quantity is so enormous, that torrents of oxygen and hydrogen rise from the water it is made to decompose.

Out of the distinctions thus explained, have arisen the phrases, electricity of Tension, and electricity of Quantity. Interpreted literally, those terms have no meaning. We cannot recognise the existence of any electricity, unless it possess such intensity as to produce some effect cognisable by our senses; neither can any intensity be conceived as separated from a quantity of electricity which possesses that intensity. The terms in use are thus very awkward. In ordinary language we should use intense electricity for the one, and leave the other undefined, or only call it abundant electricity. But those questionable terms are now universally employed; and are rendered necessary by the circumstance already adverted to, that we have no artificial method of producing enormous quantities of electricity at a high intensity. As produced by us, therefore, it must always take a character from the preponderance of its intensity, or the preponderance of its quantity.

Tension is merely a synonyme for intensity, which originated in the hypothesis of electricity being an elastic fluid, which might be regarded as existing in a thunder-cloud, or on the conductor of a friction-machine in a state of condensation or compression, like high-pressure steam struggling to escape from a boiler, or air seeking to force its way out of the chamber of an air-gun. The word tension, we believe, has been preferred to intensity, simply on account of its brevity, and its convenience in forming a double noun with electricity. Electricity of intensity then, or tension-electricity, is electricity characterised by the greatness of its intensity — or whose intensity is greater than its quantity. Electricity of quantity, on the other hand, has its quantity greater than its intensity. The intensity diminishes as the quantity increases; but the ratio which the one bears to the other, differs through a very wide scale, so that a knowledge of the degree of the one does not often enable us to predicate the amount of the other. Practically, we have no difficulty in reducing both to a minimum, or in exalting the one whilst we reduce the other; but we cannot at once greatly exalt both intensity and quantity. The discovery of a method of effecting this, will make a new era in the science, and admit of the most important applications to the useful arts. Meanwhile we may compare electricity of tension, as we have done already, to high-pressure steam issuing in small jets under great pressure; and electricity of quantity to the thousands of cubic feet of invisible vapour which arise softly every moment from the surface of the sea. Or the former may be likened to a brawling, gushing mountain brook, rushing with great force but little volume of water; and the latter to the slow rolling Amazon or Mississippi, silently moving onwards to the ocean. Or the first to a swift, sudden hailstorm or avalanche, and the second to the inexhaustible glacier, constantly melting, but as constantly increasing. Or the one to an instantaneous gust or white squall, passing off in

a moment, and the other to the unceasing trade wind, for ever sweeping gently over the bosom of the waters.

It depends upon the purpose to which electricity is to be applied, whether it should be chosen great in quantity, or great in intensity. If the chemist desires to analyse a gaseous mixture by detonation, he will use the friction-machine, to supply a momentary spark of great intensity. But the electro-plater, who has constantly to decompose a compound of gold or silver, employs the magneto-electric machine, or a small voltaic battery, — which furnishes great quantities of electricity of considerable intensity. The electric light requires both quantity and intensity to be very great. For the electric clock the intensity may be at a minimum, and the quantity need only be moderate. The electric telegraph demands great quantity, but the intensity need not be very high.

This much premised, we may now consider its application to the construction of the telegraph. An electric telegraph consists essentially of three things. First, a voltaic battery or other apparatus to evolve, when required, electricity. Secondly, an arrangement of metallic wires or other good conductors, to convey the electricity to the distant places with which telegraphic communication is to be carried on, and to bring it back to the machine from which it set off. Thirdly, the application of the electricity so conveyed, to produce at the distant station some striking phenomenon, which, according to a preconcerted arrangement, shall represent a letter of the alphabet, a numeral, a word, a sentence, a paragraph, or the like. A source or fountain of electricity; conductors to carry it; and a dial plate on which it shall cause an index to exhibit signals, are thus the essential elements of an electric telegraph.

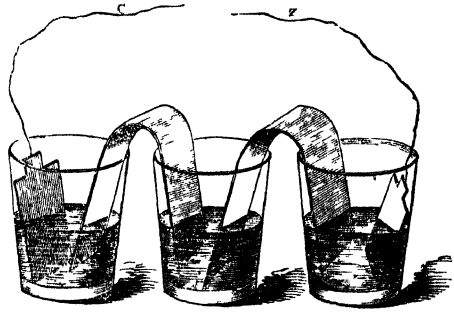
Our present object is to discuss chiefly what is electrical in the telegraph, — without much reference to the mechanical devices or subsidiary arrangements which it involves. Our first concern, then, is with the source of electricity; and, as our

space is limited, we shall confine ourselves to the voltaic battery, the apparatus chiefly in use along the telegraph lines. A voltaic battery, in its simplest form, consists of two dissimilar solids,—generally metals,—arranged side by side, without touching each other, in a liquid which dissolves only one of them. One of the solids is almost invariably a plate of zinc, rubbed over with quicksilver, or, as it is called, amalgamated. The other is copper, iron, silver, gold, or platinum; the last being preferred for very powerful batteries, and admitting of being replaced by coke. For telegraph-batteries, amalgamated zinc and copper, or zinc and silver, are generally employed; and the liquid in which they are dipped is diluted sulphuric acid—which dissolves the zinc, but does not affect the copper or silver. Let us suppose copper and zinc to be the metals selected. We have it in our power to take all the copper we propose to employ, in one large sheet, and all the zinc in another; or we may cut down each sheet into many small ones. *The quantity* of electricity evolved by a voltaic battery is chiefly determined by the size of the plates made use of; but if we take a single sheet of zinc, however large, and a single sheet of copper, we find *the intensity* of the electricity they evolve exceedingly feeble. If, on the other hand, we cut down each of the large plates into several smaller ones, and arrange these so that the copper and zinc shall be placed alternately, in a way to be presently described, we find the quantity of the electricity much diminished, but its intensity greatly increased. Unless the intensity be considerable (although it need not be very great) the electricity cannot force its way along a great length of conductors; and, if its quantity be not great, its effect will be but momentary. Plates, however, a few inches square, supply a sufficiency of electricity for a long telegraph line; and from twelve to sixty pairs of such plates are as many as are required. The exact number needed will be determined by the distance which the electricity is to travel. By varying the number and size of the plates, as well as the strength of the acid

in which they are dipped, the quantity and intensity of the electricity may be modified through very wide limits.

A voltaic battery, strictly speaking, consists of associated pairs of dissimilar solids, such as zinc and copper. A single pair, or *simple* voltaic circle, like a single cannon in an artillery battery, is but an elementary portion of a voltaic *battery*, which is constructed by arranging several pairs together. The simplest voltaic battery, then, will consist of at least two pairs, *i. e.* of four plates, two of zinc and two of copper. In arranging these, two glass beakers or drinking tumblers are taken, and placed side by side, half full of diluted sulphuric acid. A wire is then soldered to one of the zinc plates, and a corresponding wire to one of the copper plates, and one of these plates is placed in each of the tumblers. The second zinc plate is thereafter soldered by one edge to the second copper plate, so as to form one continuous surface of metal. The compound plate thus produced is then bent over, so that the soldered edges form the summit of an arch, which resembles a saddle, with one flap consisting of copper and the other of zinc. This metallic saddle is placed astride of the approximated edges of the tumblers, so that the zinc flap dips into the vessel in which the first copper plate with the wire is immersed, and the copper flap into the tumbler containing the zinc plate with its wire (*Fig.* 1.).* If we wish to enlarge the

Fig. 1.



* *Fig.* 1. A voltaic circle or battery of three pairs, consisting of three plates of copper and three of zinc, placed in as many tumblers containing dilute sulphuric acid. The coppers are shaded, the zincs unshaded. c, wire

battery, we take additional tumblers, and such copper-zinc arches as have been described, connecting the vessels, half filled with dilute acid, by the metallic bridges which dip on either side into the liquid; taking care also that all the zinc semicircles or saddle-flaps shall be turned in one direction, and all the copper ones in the opposite, so that zinc and copper succeed each other alternately, from the first tumbler at one end of the range to the last at the other. In actual practice, porcelain, or wooden, or gutta percha cells or troughs are generally substituted for glass vessels, and the pieces of zinc and copper are not soldered together, but only connected by moveable wires and binding screws. But these mechanical adjustments are only for greater economy and convenience; and the battery remains, in principle, identical with the arrangement described.

Such, then, in its most skeleton and simple form, is the apparatus which is to furnish the *primum mobile* of our telegraph. Although each zinc and copper pair contributes to the power of the battery, the whole electricity generated by it manifests itself only at the detached zinc plate at the one end of the battery, and the detached copper plate at the other. A battery thus resembles a compass-needle or bar-magnet, which appears to manifest its inherent magnetism only at its opposite poles; although, in reality, it is magnetic throughout its entire length. In the practical application of such a battery, accordingly, no account is taken of any portion of it but the terminal zinc and copper plates, to each of which a wire is attached. To these plates all the intermediate ones convey the electricity which they respectively set free; so that we may, after all, properly enough conceive the battery as consisting of a single plate of zinc and one of copper. Such an embryo battery—or, rather,

from the free copper at the one end of the battery. z, wire from the free zinc at the opposite end. The copper-wire is also called the *positive pole*: the zinc-wire the *negative pole*.

voltaic pair—might, indeed, be used for working the telegraph, where the distance was very short; and it is within possibility that a single voltaic pair of strongly contrasted solids, immersed in a rapid solvent of one of them, will yet be found sufficient for working the longest existing or conceivable telegraph line. As it is, the intermediate pairs of the voltaic batteries in actual use are introduced only to give the requisite intensity to the electricity generated. They may be ignored in our further discussion; and our telegraph-battery will resolve itself into a piece of copper and a piece of zinc, immersed, without touching each other, in the same vessel of acidulated water.

It may assist some readers towards a better understanding of the reason, why only the two terminal plates of the largest battery are referred to, if we offer the following comparison. In every human being there is resident a living or vital force or power, so far analogous to the electrical force developed by a voltaic arrangement. Let us imagine persons of opposite sexes selected, to represent the unlike metals; a girl standing for the fair, white zinc; a boy for the dusky, red copper. Any equal number of girls and boys may be supposed taken, for example, twelve of both, and arranged alternately in a straight line, beginning with a girl at the one (for example, the right) end, and terminating with a boy at the other. To represent the arrangement of the zinc and copper plates in a battery, let the twenty-four individuals in the row join hands with each other, so as to form a continuous straight chain. The result will be, that of all the forty-eight hands possessed by them, only *two* will be free, namely the *right* hand of the *first* girl, and the *left* hand of the *last* boy. If we further imagine, that the effect of such clasping of hands were, that the living force of all the girls passed along the line, and became concentrated in the one free right arm of the first girl; and that conversely, the vitality of all the boys passed in the opposite direction, and became located and available in the one free left arm

of the last boy; we may realise what a voltaic battery is, as distinguished from a voltaic pair. In the battery, although the alternations amount to thousands, or millions, there is but one free copper, and one free zinc, like the one free right arm and the one free left arm, which alone would be available if all the pairs of men and women in the world were to arrange themselves alternately, according to their sex, and to join hands. By placing men and women together in this way, we cannot invest a single male arm with the masculine energy of all the men, and a single female arm with the feminine energy of all the women; but by arranging pieces of copper and zinc alternately, we *can* concentrate in the last copper the electrical power of all the coppers, and in the last zinc the electrical power of all the zincs. In particular, we thus increase the *intensity* of the electricity, which we have always more difficulty in elevating, than we have in increasing its quantity. The latter, in truth, is superabundant, as obtained from even a single voltaic pair.

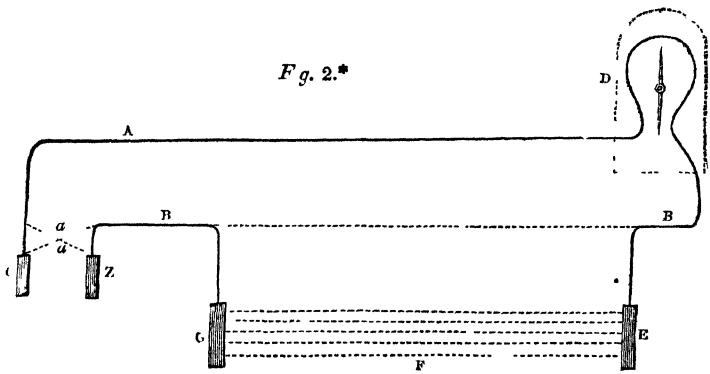
Our readers, then, will think of the free zinc as if it were the one disposable female arm, and strong as the arm of a giantess; and of the free copper as if it were the one disposable male arm, and powerful as a giant's; being careful, at the same time, to regard the giantess and the giant as possessed of *exactly* equal power. If we further suppose the opposite ends of a long wire to be grasped by each giant hand, and assume that the force passing along the wire will move an index to the right or to the left, according as the male or the female hand grasps the one or the other end of the wire, we shall realise the idea of the telegraph arrangement so far as the battery and conductors are concerned.

For the sake of simplicity and clearness in our further description, we shall suppose the battery described to be situated in London; and that our object is to send messages to Edinburgh, without communicating with any intermediate place. An iron wire, plated with zinc to keep it from rusting, is connected with

the *copper* plate of the battery, and then stretched all the way from London to Edinburgh, along wooden posts, erected some sixty yards apart. In order that the electricity, which is to travel along this wire, may not go elsewhere than to the northern metropolis, the zinc is *insulated, i. e.* prevented from coming in contact with metallic conductors, moist wood, or other surfaces which would transfer the electricity along the posts to other wires that are generally stretched upon them, or to the earth. The insulation is effected by passing the wire through rings or short tubes of glazed porcelain, attached to the posts, so that the electricity has no choice but to move along the wire. At Edinburgh the wire is placed in connexion with the signal-apparatus, to be afterwards described ; and then is brought back to London through separate porcelain tubes along the posts as before, and finally terminates at the detached *zinc* plate of the battery. In the arrangement described, which is the earliest and most easily understood form of telegraph, it will be observed that the zinc and copper plates of the battery at London are connected by one unbroken metallic wire, which extends to Edinburgh, bends back there, and returns to London (as shown in *Fig.* 2., page 28.).

The wire, however, does not return to the latter city, in order to provide a channel for messages being sent from Edinburgh to London, as well as from London to Edinburgh. Without this returning double wire (as we shall call it), or an equivalent arrangement of conductors, it is impossible to telegraph from either town to the other, even if it were thought sufficient or desirable to send messages only from one of them. It will appear from this that there must be something peculiar in the way in which electricity travels along the telegraph-wire. We have compared it to the transmission of a fluid ; but the wires cannot convey it as pipes do gas or water, otherwise there would be no occasion for the return-wire. A tube extending from London to Edinburgh, and filled with air or water, might be

Fig. 2.*



* *Fig.* 2. Diagram of telegraph supposed to have a single message-sending and receiving station.

C, last copper, and Z, last zinc of battery at sending station.

A, upper wire suspended on posts, on the aërial (English and American) telegraph lines, and insulated by being passed through porcelain rings; buried in the ground on the subterranean (Continental) telegraph lines, and insulated by being covered with gutta percha.

D, long loop of covered wire, continuous with A, and coiled many times round the magnetic needles of the signal-index (shown in profile in *Fig.* 3. p. 39.) at the receiving station.

B, lower or return-wire, a continuation of the upper one, which in the *theoretically* simplest telegraph returns, as shown by the dotted line, to the last free zinc of the battery. In actual practice the return-wire is cut short after bending back from the signal-index at the receiving station, and is made to terminate in a plate of metal E, which, in the land telegraph, is buried in the earth, and in the aqueous or marine telegraph is plunged beneath low water-mark in the channel to be crossed.

F, interposed mass of earth or water, separating giving and receiving station.

G, second buried or submerged plate sunk near the sending station, and communicating by a wire with the battery.

By means of a moveable handle not represented in the diagram, A can be connected with the copper of the battery, and B with the zinc (as indicated by the vertical *unbroken* lines proceeding from C and Z) when the index-needle at D moves to one side; or B can be connected with the copper, and A with the zinc (as shown by the *dotted* lines *a a*), when the index moves to the opposite side: or the wires may be disconnected from either end of the battery, and the index stands vertically, pointing to neither side.

employed to telegraph from the Metropolis to the Northern Capital, as an air-tube is actually employed at the railway tunnels near termini; and but one tube would be needed, if messages were sent only from London. It is very different with electricity; it must not only travel to Edinburgh, but it must come back to London—otherwise nothing can be recorded at Edinburgh; so that the communication must be as complete between Edinburgh and London, although the latter only is to send messages, as between London and Edinburgh.

The explanation of this peculiarity, if we avoid the niceties of electrical theory, may be said to be found in the fact, that no electricity leaves the battery till its terminal zinc and copper plates are *connected* by a wire or other electrical conductor. It is not as if one wire were sufficient at least to carry the electricity from London to Edinburgh. Our electrical messenger is like a government courier—who does not start till he is satisfied that there are relays of horses to make certain his homeward, as well as his outward journey. If there be not a return-wire, or equivalent arrangement, the electricity never sets off from London! or, rather, there is in truth no electricity to set off in any direction, till the zinc and copper at that starting place are connected. Till a communication is effected between them, the battery is equivalent only to a loaded gun. The completion of the connection is like the fall of the trigger which fires the charge. In a moment the battery discharges its electricity, which, with inconceivable rapidity, passes, by the shortest route it can find, from the copper plate, at the one end of the battery, to the zinc plate at the other. No shorter route, however, is provided for it than the insulated wires, so that in the case supposed, although the plates to be connected are only a few inches apart, the electricity which leaves one of them must travel from London to Edinburgh and back again before it can arrive at the other! Our newest telegraph in this respect is like Noah's most ancient one. His raven "*went*

to and fro," and his dove "*returned*" to the Ark with the olive-leaf in her mouth.

If we look, however, a little more closely into what happens, we shall find something still more curious than we have yet indicated, in the movements of the electricity produced by the battery. We have hitherto represented matters, as if only one current of electricity swept along the wires; but in reality, if we are to speak of currents at all, we must acknowledge at every moment two, moving in opposite directions. Electricity, like magnetism, always displays itself as a two-fold force. A bar-magnet or compass-needle has magnetism at each pole or extremity. The magnetism of its north pole has the same powers and intensity as the magnetism of its south pole, if we test these by their action on a third body, such as a piece of non-magnetic iron. But if we try two bar-magnets against each other, we find that the south pole of the one attracts the north, but repels the south pole of the other, and *vice versâ;* and if a north and south pole be placed together, instead of the magnetism being doubled in intensity, it is reduced to zero—or what we may call the northern magnetism neutralises the southern magnetism, and all indications of free magnetic force cease.

Electricity exhibits exactly similar phenomena. In the very act of becoming free, as when it is evolved from a voltaic battery, it separates into two forces—identical in nature, but opposite in the direction of their manifestation—whose intensities and powers are equal, and which, like the northern and southern magnetisms when they meet, instead of yielding a double electrical force, neutralise and annihilate the powers of each other. To the two electricities the names have been given of *positive* and *negative* respectively,—an unfortunate nomenclature, as it almost unavoidably conveys the impression that the one is more positive or potent than the other; whereas the negative electricity has as positive an existence and as substan-

tial powers as the opposite electricity—and neither, in fact, can be produced without the development of the other. The terms in question, like the older ones *vitreous* and *resinous*, are to be regarded, in short, as quite arbitrary, and might be replaced by any other words or signs:—though we leave medical men to explain the account which a wilfully ambiguous critic has given of *their* electrical acquirements: viz. that their knowledge of electricity is chiefly of the negative kind!

The twofold magnetism in a bar-magnet has been likened to a double-headed arrow at rest, pointing in two opposite directions, like a wind-vane. The twofold electricity liberated from a battery may be likened to a similar double-headed arrow,—not at rest, however, but rapidly elongating itself in opposite directions, so as to separate its two heads or points, further and further from one another. The one arrow-head represents positive, the other negative, electricity. Though they separate, they are never disunited. At first they move away from each other; but their paths are equivalent to semicircles of the same radius, and are in the same plane, so that they ultimately meet—and in the act of meeting, each arrow-head destroys the other, and a harmless non-electric circle is completed. The Egyptian hieroglyphical serpent, devouring its tail, might be accepted as the symbol of the closed electric circuit.

If we apply what has now been said to the telegraph, the necessity for the two wires will appear in a new light. When the plates of the battery, consisting of amalgamated zinc and copper, are merely placed apart from each other in dilute sulphuric acid, no change of any kind occurs. But if they are connected, as by attaching the zinc to the one end of the double telegraph wire, and the copper to the other end, the zinc immediately begins to dissolve in the acid; and simultaneously with this solution of the metal, and the evolution of hydrogen from the water, electricity in its twofold form is developed. At the

middle point in the liquid between the two immersed plates we may suppose the electricity to come into existence,—likening it as before to a double-headed arrow. Elongating themselves in directly opposite directions through the liquid, the one arrow-head speedily reaches the copper-plate on the one side, and the other arrow-head the zinc on the other. The arrow at the copper is positive electricity. If we speak of it as before, we shall say that a current of positive electricity flows from the copper along the telegraph wire to Edinburgh, and then returns to the zinc plate, where it may be regarded as stopping;—at the same time that a current of negative electricity travels from the zinc plate along the same telegraph-wire, in an opposite direction to that taken by the positive current, and may be considered as ending at the copper plate.

According to this view, the narrowest telegraph-wire may be compared to a railway with two sets of rails, along which trains (of positive and negative electricity) travel in opposite directions, in obedience to a statute which requires that there shall always be two opposite trains moving at the same time along the rails. We must further regard the wire, whilst conveying electricity, as traversed, not by solitary engines or a few carriages, but by trains occupying the entire length of the railway,—fresh carriages constantly setting off at the one end, and being detached at the other.

The necessity, however, for the double wire, is best seen when we revert to the notion of electricity travelling like a flying arrow. The route of the arrow is the wire, and the latter must be double, because the arrow itself is not an English cloth-yard shaft, which flies only in one direction: but such a two-forked thunder-bolt as the Greek sculptors placed in the clenched hand of Jupiter Tonans, which shoots east and west, or north and south at the same time, and the one bolt of which will not fly in one direction unless the other is equally free to move in the opposite direction.

What evidence, it may here be asked, is there to show that any thing substantial moves along the telegraph-wires? To this, as already implied, there is but one answer. No actual proof can be given of the passage of anything material. The flowing currents and the flying arrows are both purely imaginary: the one is an hypothesis, the other an illustration. But there is yet another mode of explaining the apparent passage of this invisible agent. It is, to be sure, quite as hypothetical as the other two; but it is, on the whole, more likely to be true, and it is therefore now preferred by most men of science. Our discussion would, consequently, be incomplete if we did not refer to it.

According to this view, the metallic conductor, such as the telegraph-wire which connects the terminal plates of the voltaic battery, is not a highway along which electricity travels. The wire exhibits electrical phenomena throughout its entire length, only because its connexion with the zinc and copper wetted by the acid, produces, for the time, a new arrangement of its own particles or molecules, which invests the wire with new properties,—those, namely, which we call electrical. Nor is there any thing extreme or anomalous in this assumption. The whole of physical science bears testimony to the fact that we cannot alter the arrangement of the component parts of a mass, without inducing a corresponding change in the qualities of the mass which those atoms build up. Soot and wood charcoal, coke and black lead, owe their different properties merely to a different arrangement of identical particles of carbon; and a further modification of these invests them with the utterly diverse and characteristic attributes of the diamond. But the electrical differences between two wires, one acting as an electrical conductor and the other not, are not greater than the optical differences between a lump of coke and a diamond crystal,—or between carbonate of lime, uncrystallised in chalk, and crystallised in pellucid Iceland spar. We can set no limits,

indeed, to the extent to which modification of molecular arrangement will affect the properties of a mass.

Nor is it any objection to such a view, that a metallic wire is a rigid solid, the component particles of which are so locked together as not to admit of motion upon each other, or change of relative position. The opinion once entertained that only liquids and gases permit the mobility requisite for alteration in molecular arrangement, is now universally abandoned. And indeed the expansion and contraction of a mass of metal under the influence of heat and cold is a sufficient refutation of it. The Britannia tubular iron bridge creeps, like a huge snake, backward and forward several inches during the twenty-four hours of a midsummer day. The massive glacier changes, from an aggregate of minute crystals of packed snow, into a mountain of clear ice. Every school-boy is familiar with the same phenomenon as developed during the formation of a slide on a surface of snow. In copper mines, an iron hammer, dropped into a pool saturated with cupreous salts, is found, after the lapse of years, converted into a hammer of copper:—the whole of the iron has been extracted, and its place supplied, to the very centre, by copper,—without the form or the bulk of the solid having altered during the process of transmutation. During the production of steel from iron, in like manner, the latter is embedded in charcoal powder and the whole made red hot. The charcoal then penetrates into the solid iron, and impregnates its entire mass.

These examples (and many more might be added) apply to alterations in the structure of solid masses, much greater than we need assume to occur in an electrical conductor. So that we need not hesitate to admit, as possible, molecular changes of a more simple character. The change that probably happens in the telegraph-wire is believed to resemble what we can pretty confidently affirm to take place in magnetised iron, where the characteristic phenomena are more readily observed, and

are more familiar than in the case of electrical conductors. A bar-magnet, or compass-needle, appears at first sight to possess magnetic powers only at each end, or pole. On closer examination, however, it is found to possess the opposite northern and southern magnetisms, in alternate succession, throughout its entire length. We may compare it to one of the lines or stripes of a chess board, or tesselated pavement, made up of *alternate* coloured pieces. The colours, however, must be only two,—for example, blue and yellow; the first square, or tessera, being of the one colour, and the last of the other. A piece of non-magnetic iron becomes temporarily magnetic if brought into the neighbourhood of a permanent magnet, such as a loadstone: and, while thus magnetic, the iron exhibits the same alternation of oppositely magnetic particles which the compass-needle does. We may liken non-magnetic iron to an aggregate of compound green particles. It becomes magnetic in consequence of each of these separating into a blue and a yellow particle,—which follow each other alternately in rows. When the iron ceases to be magnetic, in consequence of the withdrawal of the loadstone, the result is as if the blue and yellow particles united again, and the whole became uniformly green. In like manner, the wire which connects the zinc and copper of a voltaic battery is believed, in consequence of its junction with these metals whilst they are affected by the acid, to have induced in it, throughout its entire length, a succession of alternate electro-positive and electro-negative points, or particles possessed of positive and negative electricity respectively. The arrangement is of exactly the same kind as that of the magnetic bar—only it is an alternation, not of the opposite magnetisms, but of the opposite electricities. They remain separate so long as the constraining force of the battery is exerted upon them; but, the instant the wire is disconnected from it, the separate electricities unite, and all electrical phenomena cease. We may liken the telegraph-wire, when disconnected from the battery, to a thread on which

purple beads are strung together, as on a necklace. When the wire is connected with the battery, each purple bead separates into a red (positively electric) and blue (negatively electric) one. The red and blue beads now succeed each other alternately along the line, beginning with a red bead at the last copper of the battery, and ending with a blue one at the last zinc; and they remain separate, whilst, in the language of another theory, electricity is passing; but they coalesce again into the compound purple spheres, so soon as the connexion with the battery is interrupted.

According to this view, there is no travelling of electricity charged with messages from one station to another. The message telegraphed from London to Edinburgh is not wafted by electricity which speeds from the former, inscribes its hieroglyphics at the latter as it rushes past, and fleets back to London; but the telegraph-wire, with inconceivable rapidity, merely arranges its own constituent particles, from end to end, in alternate electro-positive and electro-negative molecules; and the index on the Edinburgh dial-plate is affected only by the small portion of the wire which surrounds the gnomon. It is as if a row of men were placed side by side from Edinburgh to London, with signal-flags in their hands. The flag shown as a signal at Edinburgh has not been passed along the line. No man has stirred further than to observe the flag shown him by his neighbour on the one side, and to show a corresponding flag to his neighbour on the other. The flag displayed at Edinburgh was there from the first, though unfurled, and remains there concealed, till the next message is telegraphed from man to man.

The reader can select whichever of the explanations now given he prefers, or can devise theories for himself, or dispense with any. But the ultimate and only important *fact* in reference to the telegraph is, that, by the marvellously simple device of dissolving a few pieces of metal connected with a long wire, we can develope instantaneously, a thousand miles off, a force

which will speak for us, write for us, print for us, and, so far as the conveyance of our thoughts is concerned, annihilate space and time. This annihilation is not of course complete, but in reference to practice it may be called so. Shakspeare's Juliet refers to—

> "The lightning which doth cease to be,
> Ere one can say it lightens."

The exact velocity of electricity along a copper wire, according to Wheatstone, is 288,000 miles in a second. It is calculated, accordingly, that we could telegraph to our antipodes in rather less than the five hundreth part of one second of time! In actual trial, however, on the long American telegraph lines, the velocity has appeared to be only 18,700 miles in a second; which after all is swift enough.

The most impatient of correspondents may be satisfied with this velocity; and we may now inquire in what way electricity is made to produce signals. In discussing this we shall recur to the provisional theory adopted at the outset, that electricity flows in currents; and, in conformity with the universal practice of expositors of electrical phenomena, write as if there were but a single current of positive electricity flowing along a telegraph-wire. The other and opposite negative current may conveniently be disregarded, as in navigation a compass-needle is referred to as if it had but one pole, pointing to the north.

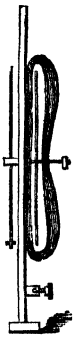
Having secured the means of transmitting at will a current of electricity with great velocity, it remains to determine what phenomenon we shall cause it to produce at the distant station.

The phenomena most easily produced by electricity are *magnetic* ones; and these, accordingly, are generally preferred as the sources of signals. The electric telegraph, indeed, remained an unrealised idea in the minds of ingenious men, till the famous Danish philosopher Oersted discovered, that a current of electricity, even though of very small intensity, if

passing near a compass-needle poised on a pivot, will cause the needle to change its position, and point in a new direction. Let the telegraph-wire, for example, whilst connected with a battery, be placed so that the needle of a mariner's compass shall be directly below or above and parallel to the wire, and the needle, no longer "true to the pole," will whirl round and stand east and west, instead of as before north and south. It depends upon the direction in which the current of electricity is sent, which pole of the compass-needle points east or west. Let the telegraph-wire, stretching from London to Edinburgh and back again, be considered as consisting of an upper and a lower wire. If the end of the upper wire be connected with the copper extremity of the battery, whilst the end of the lower wire is connected with the zinc, the current of positive electricity (the only one of which we now take cognisance) will flow along the upper wire to Edinburgh, and return by the lower one to London. If the upper wire be now attached to the zinc, and the lower to the copper, the current will travel north by the lower wire, and come south by the upper. Now, without entering into details for which we have not room, and which are not essential to the comprehension of the telegraph, it may suffice to say, that the pole of the compass-needle, which points east if the electrical current passing near it be sent in one direction, points west if it be sent in the opposite one: while, if the passage of electricity be discontinued, the needle resumes its original position. We have it thus in our power to cause a compass-needle to move to either side at will; and we can bring it in a moment to rest. These effects are produced still more strikingly if the wire, instead of being stretched above or below the compass-needle, be coiled many times round the compass-box or case containing the magnetic needle. The wire, in that case, is covered with thread; which allows its coils to be put close together, without risk of the electricity passing *across* from coil to coil where they touch, as it would do, if the thread, which is a non-conductor, did not insulate the electricity.

It is more convenient that the magnetic needle should originally stand vertically, so as to move from right to left, or *vice versâ* —like the index of a wheel barometer, than that it should revolve in a horizontal plane like a mariner's compass. It is also much more easily moved, if the effect of the earth's magnetism on it be neutralised. This is done by placing *two* magnetic needles on the same axis, with their poles reversed, so that the north pole of the one is opposite the south pole of the other. Such an arrangement, if the needles are of equal power, has no tendency towards one point of the compass more than another; and, by making what are to be the lower ends of the needles somewhat heavier than the opposite extremities, the needles, when not under the influence of electric currents, will at once resume their vertical position.

Fig. 3.



The one of the two needles which is to act as the visible index appears in front of a dial plate; the other, surrounded by the coil of covered wire, which is continuous with one of the telegraph-wires, is placed behind the dial. (*Fig.* 3.*) An arrangement of this kind is provided at Edinburgh, the upper telegraph-wire being drawn out there into a long loop, which consists of

* *Fig.* 3. View in profile of signal-index shown in front in *Fig.* 2. p. 28. The vertical line, to the left of the diagram, indicates the visible magnetic needle which shows on the front of the dial-plate, and, by its movements to the right or to the left, makes the signals This needle has (we shall suppose) its *north* pole pointing upwards. To the right of it is the dial-plate seen in profile; and further to the right, or behind it, the second vertical line represents the concealed magnetic needle with its *south* pole upwards, and throughout its entire length surrounded by a coil of covered wire, returning on itself many times, and forming a long loop continuous with the upper or insulated telegraph-wire. Both needles are on the same axis, and move together, and the electricity acts directly on each, so as to deflect them to the right or to the left, according to the direction in which the current is sent along the coil.

soft copper wire covered with thread. This is wound round the concealed magnetic needle, so that a current of electricity moving along the upper wire follows the coiled loop, moves the needles in passing, and returns to London. At London, for a reason to be mentioned immediately, there is a similar loop or coil of covered copper wire surrounding a double magnetic needle, and then rejoining the upper main wire from which it proceeded. From the copper end of the battery, a wire is conducted to one of the strands of this coil, and soldered to it. From the zinc end a wire also is conducted, which is soldered to the lower telegraph-wire. The current, setting off from the London battery, deflects the needles at London and at Edinburgh before it returns to London. That the needles may be deflected to either side at will, a contrivance is supplied for cutting off and letting on, as well as for reversing, the electric current from the battery. It is a little difficult to explain distinctly this important portion of the telegraph. The following description, however, will perhaps make it sufficiently clear. Let the upper end of the double telegraph-wire at London be marked A, and the lower end B. If A be connected to the copper of the battery, and B to its zinc, the current of electricity, setting off from A, and returning to B, moves the index-needle to one side, for example to the left. If the arrangement be now reversed, so that A is connected to the zinc, and B to the copper, the current flows from B to A, and moves the needle to the right. (*Fig.* 2. p. 28.)

In actual practice, however, the wires are not shifted from the zinc to the copper, but are *cut across* between the battery on the one hand, and the telegraph-wires, and coil round the magnetic needles on the other. The gap thus made is left vacant when no message is to be sent. When a signal is to be transmitted, a metallic cylinder is moved by a handle so as *to fill up the gap*, and establish continuity between the wires and the copper and zinc respectively of the battery. This bridge,

however, is so contrived, that, when the handle which controls it is moved to the left, it stretches in such a manner as to connect the end A of the telegraph-wire with the copper, and the end B with the zinc, and the needle moves to the left. When the handle is moved to the right, it shifts the cylinder or bridge so as to establish a communication between A and the zinc, and between B and the copper; and the needle moves to the right. When the handle is placed vertically the current is cut off from both wires.

It only remains that an arrangement be made between the parties in Edinburgh and London, as to *the signification* of these deflections of the needle. This having been settled, the message-sender in the Metropolis, seated before his dial, moves the handle which determines the transmission and direction of the electricity along the wires. Every motion of the handle, to the right or to the left, causes the index-needles at London and Edinburgh to move simultaneously to the same sides. We may suppose, for example, that an answer in the negative is to be telegraphed from London to an interrogation from Edinburgh. It has been pre-arranged that one movement of the needle to the left shall signify N, and one to the right O. The respondent accordingly moves his handle to the left; thereby transmits the current of electricity in such a direction as to move the index-needle at Edinburgh to the left also; and so represents N. He then places the handle vertically, so as to cut off the current and permit the needle to resume its vertical position; and, after a brief pause, carries his handle to the right, which moves the Edinburgh needle also to the right,—and indicates O, thus completing the answer.

The signal-dial at London is not essential, if London is not to receive messages; but, as it must be provided with a view to their reception, it is so arranged that the electricity moves its index-needle before it passes on to Edinburgh. The party transmitting a message has thus figured before him deflections

of the index-needles identical with those which his correspondent is watching and deciphering, at the same moment, hundreds of miles away.

Only two movements, it will be observed, can be effected; but it is easy to make them represent the whole alphabet, and to telegraph rapidly, although every word be spelled letter by letter. Man, moreover, is by his natural-history definition one of the *bimana*, and by consequence two-handed. Two dials can, therefore, be arranged side by side, with coils and index-needles for each, and handles to be managed by either hand. Four movements are thus made possible; and for most purposes these supply an ample abundance of signals. It does not form part of our present purpose to explain these, —as their employment to represent letters, numerals, words, paragraphs, or the like, is quite arbitrary, and involves nothing electrical. We give a specimen, however, of one of the telegraph alphabets:—

A, one movement to the left	N, one right
B, two left	O, two right
C, three left	P, three right
D, four left	Q, four right
E, one left, one right	R, one right, one left
F, one left, two right	S, two right, one left
G, one left, three right	T, three right, one left
H, two left, one right	U, one right, two left
I, two left, two right	V, two right, two left
J, two left, three right	W, three right, two left
K, three left, one right	X, one right, three left
L, three left, two right	Y, two right, three left
M, four left, one right	Z, one right, four left.

We have provided hitherto only for messages being despatched from London. To secure Edinburgh the same privilege, it is only requisite to deposit a battery there also, and to attach one of the wires from the battery (controlled by the handle for reversing and arresting the current) to the coil

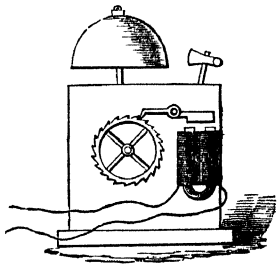
round the magnetic needle, and the other wire to the telegraph-wire with which the coil is not connected, as more fully described with reference to the London arrangement. If intermediate stations are to receive messages, then one of the telegraph-wires is cut across opposite the station, and an insulator of porcelain inserted between the divided surfaces. A thin wire covered with thread is then soldered to the main wire on one side of the insulator, led into the station, wound round the magnetic index-needle, led out again and soldered to the main wire on the other side of the insulator. This arrangement is equivalent to a loop on the telegraph-wire; and it must be bent so that the current shall flow in the same direction round the intermediate station-needles as it does round the terminal ones; otherwise, the indices will not be moved to the same side by the same electrical current. A battery at each station, with wires connected in the way already described, enables each to send messages in its turn.

From what has been said, it will be understood that signals telegraphed from any one station to any other will be contemporaneously exhibited at every station. For the whole of the stations are included in one circle of conductors, which carry the electricity round all the indicating apparatus within the circle; and the current cannot move one index without moving all. It is impossible, therefore, if a common alphabet be used along the line, to conceal from the whole of the stations what may be intended only for one. All that can be done, unless a separate series of wires or other conductors is supplied for every station, is to signify what place the message is directed to, so that other stations need not be at the trouble of deciphering the signals.

In addition to the arrangements for producing and interpreting signals, it is plainly necessary that we should have some contrivance for calling the attention of the parties in attendance to the dials, when a message is about to be sent. For this purpose, warning is given by a bell, which a very

ingenious application of electricity is made to ring. Electric currents not only deflect permanent magnets, such as the compass-needle, but confer magnetism upon non-magnetic iron. If a copper wire, therefore, be coiled round a rod of malleable iron, and a current of electricity be sent along the wire, the rod becomes a magnet so long as the current passes; and loses magnetism when the current ceases. This magnetising power of electricity is turned to account in the telegraph. An ordinary alarum, or the striking machinery of a common clock, wound up so that the hammer would strike and ring the bell if one of its wheels were not locked, is placed at every station. This wheel is locked by an iron rod, which is balanced on a centre, and so arranged that one end falls into one of the notches between the teeth on the circumference of the wheel. The other extremity of the rod is placed opposite, and close to the ends of a horse-shoe of malleable iron, which is surrounded by a coil of covered copper wire closely twisted round it, and connected by its ends with one of the telegraph-wires. If a current of electricity be sent along the telegraph-wire, it circulates round the horse-shoe, and converts it, for the time, into a powerful magnet; which accordingly pulls towards it the free extremity of the iron rod, and thereby shifts the other end out of the notch in the toothed wheel. The bell immediately begins to ring, as the unlocked wheels revolve by the action of a spring or a weight; but, as soon as the current is stopped, the horse-shoe ceases to be a magnet; the rod is no longer attracted, but falls back into the notch and stops the bell. (*Fig.* 4.*) Under this arrangement, the bells at every

Fig. 4.



* *Fig.* 4. Railway alarum or signal-bell, seen from behind. It is wound up ready to strike, and then locked as shown in the drawing by a steel lever

station would ring simultaneously, although only one was intended to be warned; and the current that rings the bells would also move the index-needles, though only for a moment. On most telegraph lines, however, a separate set of wires is provided for the bells, so that they are rung without affecting the needles. A separate wire, also, is sometimes furnished for every station, so that each bell can be rung independently of the others: but such arrangements necessarily add much to the cost of the entire telegraph.

The magnetising power of electricity is also applied to produce visible as well as audible signals. The following is one of many such arrangements. A horse-shoe, which becomes alternately magnetic and non-magnetic, as an electrical current does or does not circulate round a copper wire coiled about it, alternately lifts and lets fall an iron lever, which, like the beam or piston of a steam-engine, gives a rotatory motion to a wheel; or, as in the cut (*Fig.* 5.), the horse-shoe depresses the lever, and a spring elevates it. This wheel carries an index, which travels over a dial round which the letters of the alphabet are engraved. The current must be alternately interrupted and continued, to keep the wheel revolving. When the current passes along the wire, the index moves from the letter at which it is pointing to the next. The current is then cut off; and, when it is restored, the index moves on to the succeeding letter; or, as in the drawing, the index moves when the current is cut off, and stops when it is let on. A key, like those of the organ or piano, — alternately depressed and allowed to ascend, — furnishes the means of interrupting and renewing the current. This arrangement has been called the step-by-step telegraph; as for each touch of

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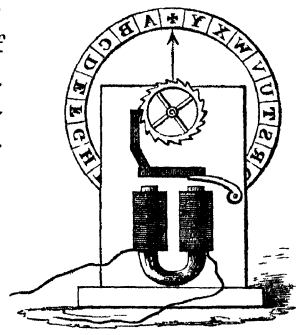
or *detent*. To ring the bell, a current of electricity is sent along the wires which are wound in many coils round the horse-shoe. It becomes a magnet, and pulls towards it the one end of the lever, which lifts the other end or detent out of the notched wheel. The bell is stopped by cutting off the current, which allows the detent to fall back into a notch.

the key the index makes only one step; namely, from the letter it is at, to the next. (*Fig. 5.**) It has the convenience, too, of using the old familiar alphabet, instead of arbitrary deflections of needles, and is alleged to possess other advantages, which will presently be referred to.

Fig. 5.



A third method of electric signalling is to effect chemical decompositions by the current. One such electro-chemical process is the following. A ribbon of paper, soaked in an acid solution of the yellow prussiate of potash, and pressed upon by two metallic springs, placed side by side,—which are in connexion with the telegraph-wires,—is wound off a roller by a piece of clockwork. When the current circulates, it passes, according to the direction in which it is sent, by the one spring or the other, across the wet ribbon, and decomposes the salt with which it is impregnated, producing blue marks at either of the points where the spring touches the paper. The blue spots or lines thus produced are longer or shorter in proportion to the period during which the current flows, and at the one side or the other of the ribbon, according to the spring by which the electricity passes; and these blue marks or lines may be made to represent letters, according to their length and

* *Fig.* 5. One of the step-by-step telegraphs, represented as if the dial were transparent and seen from behind. The horse-shoe becomes a magnet, when the wires are conveying an electric current, and pulls down the lever. When the current is interrupted, the spring at the right hand side raises the horizontal bar, which, by elevating the bent rod, working by its wedge-like end into the notches of the wheel, moves the index represented by a dotted arrow. By attaching a bent rod with a hooked end to the other extremity of the horizontal bar on which the horse-shoe acts, the wheel may be moved when the horizontal bar falls, as well as when it rises.

position on the paper. Their variations in both respects are determined either by the movements of a handle at the station sending messages, by means of which the current from a battery is interrupted, renewed, or reversed at pleasure; or by a mechanical arrangement of great ingenuity.

Lastly, it may be mentioned, on this topic, that, from the first, much attention has been directed to the arrangement of an apparatus which should print as well as signal its messages. Many beautiful contrivances for this purpose have been devised and tried, and some of them are now in use. An arrangement similar to the step-by-step telegraph forms one of the printing machines. The horse-shoe electro-magnet, instead of turning an index, turns a disc or wheel, to the circumference of which an alphabet of inked printing-types is fixed. When the appropriate letter is brought opposite a ribbon of paper, the stroke of a hammer determines an impression; and in this way the message is printed letter by letter. In other printing-telegraphs clock-work is employed to turn the wheel bearing the types, and the electric current is only employed to commence and stop its motions at appropriate intervals, as in the case of the alarum-bell.

In the preceding description we have purposely referred to the simplest and most easily understood form of electric telegraph, where there is a wire reaching from the terminus at the one end of the telegraph-line, to the terminus at the other, and *back again*. In actual practice, however, one half of the wire is dispensed with, and its place supplied—by the earth! A century has elapsed since the very curious discovery was made, that the electricity of a charged Leyden jar or battery will pass instantaneously through a great length of moist earth. Voltaic electricity has more recently been discovered to possess the same power; and advantage has been taken of it in the following way. A wire is led from the last copper plate of a battery placed, let us suppose, at London, along the telegraph posts in the way already described, to Edinburgh, and is there

bent backwards towards London. Instead, however, of being carried along the posts a second time, the wire is now cut short and soldered to a large plate of metal, which is buried in the ground at some little depth. A comparatively short wire is also attached to the last zinc of the London battery, and soldered to a metallic plate, which is likewise buried in the ground. (*Fig.* 2. p. 28.) The arrangement is equivalent to a great gap or breach several hundred miles long in the double wire, filled up by moist earth. When the battery is in action, the electricity (positive) flows from the copper along the wire to Edinburgh, descends there to the one earth-plate (as it has been called), passes from it through the earth to the similar plate near the London station, and from it reaches the zinc of the London battery. The circulation of the electricity, in this way, is found to be even more rapid than when the double wire is furnished for its passage.

Good people have perplexed themselves with speculations as to why the electricity never wanders, misses its road, or fails to find its way back. But, as has been implied already, in the case of the double wire, electricity, like a prudent general, always takes care that a retreat be provided for, before it begins its march. Till an unbroken circuit of conductors connect the terminal plates of the battery, no electricity can be set free. It is not essential, however, that those conductors should be metallic; a column or stratum of moist earth will do quite as well as an iron or zinc wire. One half in length of the connecting conductors must be insulated; so that the electricity may be compelled to travel to the farthest point to which messages are to be telegraphed. But the other half of the conductors need not be insulated, and cannot be too large. The quicker the current can pass the better; and it will pass most quickly when conveyed by one or other of the two great electrical conductors which man has at his disposal—the solid mass of the globe, and the ocean with its tributary waters.

The last allusion leads us directly to the marine telegraph.

It requires, however, no detailed description — as it differs from the land telegraph only in having the space between the buried plates occupied by water instead of by earth. Broad estuaries or channels do not permit the insulated wire to be carried across by bridges. The wire, therefore, proceeding from the copper end of the battery, is embedded in gutta percha, or any other waterproof insulator, and sunk in the waters to a depth sufficient to secure it against fishing-nets, ships, anchors, or large sea-animals.

In this way it is conveyed from one shore to the other, and bending backwards after being connected with the index-needles, terminates in a broad plate of metal sunk in the waves, close to the further shore. A second but uninsulated wire proceeds from the zinc end of the battery to a metal plate sunk beneath low-water mark, at the side from which the insulated wire set off. Between the immersed plates on the opposite shores, the mass of water, though ever changing, acts in relation to electricity as if it were an undisturbed gigantic metallic wire. Theoretically, there is no limit to the ocean spaces which electricity may traverse in this way. Already, accordingly, schemes for telegraphing across the Atlantic and the Pacific have been triumphantly expounded to the wonder-loving public.

One of these, whether hopeless or not for immense distances, is so very ingenious, and so likely to succeed across limited spaces, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. It dispenses, except to a very trifling extent, with wires, and carries the current *both ways* through moist earth and water. It is desirable, for example, to telegraph from the right to the left bank of a broad river. From the copper end of a battery on the right bank, a wire is carried to the shore (on the same side) and soldered to a plate buried in the river below water-mark. A wire is also led from the zinc end to a long coil of wire which ends in a metallic plate. This likewise is buried in the river below water-mark on the same right bank, but at a distance from the

battery *considerably greater* than the breadth of the river across which signals are to be sent. On the left bank two plates are immersed opposite those on the right bank, and connected by a wire. The electricity on leaving the battery has therefore the choice of two paths. It may either keep entirely on the right bank, passing from the one buried plate on that side to the other, and so back to the battery by the long coiled wire; or it may cross to the left bank through the water, traverse the wire on that side, return across the water to the right bank, and regain the battery by the shorter wire. The Thames has been actually crossed by electric currents in this way; the resistance to their passage by the water between the banks being less than that between the ends of the wires on the right and left bank respectively. The permanent establishment, in September, 1851, of a quadruple telegraph-wire between the French and English coasts, has naturally excited much interest, but it does not involve any electrical novelty. It is generally named the *submarine*, but should rather be called the *transmarine* telegraph; for the triumph is not in having passed *below*, but *across* or *through* the Channel. So early as 1837, Wheatstone demonstrated the practicability of telegraphing under water. The only difficulty then lay in the rarity of good and easily-applied insulators. From the period, however, when the excellence and applicability of gutta percha as an insulator were demonstrated, it became certain that water would not be more difficult to telegraph through than a wet tunnel; and accordingly, in January, 1849, a skilful electrician, Mr. Charles V. Walker (superintendent of telegraphs on the South-Eastern railway) telegraphed for two miles under water (near Folkestone harbour), through that length of copper wire, which had been covered with gutta percha for use in the tunnels. This was strictly a *submarine* telegraph.

The only practical difficulty which attended the laying of a wire from Dover to Calais, or from Folkestone to Boulogne, was

the necessity for giving it a strength and solidity which should enable it to resist injury; and the question of strength was only a question of expense, which was solved as soon as the practicability of the scheme was demonstrated to men of capital. It would have been answered much sooner, had not the restrictions which the French government puts on the employment of telegraphs rendered it doubtful whether the scheme would prove remunerative.

In August, 1851, an experimental copper wire, covered with gutta percha, half-an-inch in diameter (including its covering), twenty-five miles long and weighted with lead, was laid between Dover, and Cape Gris Nez on the French coast. It completely answered, so far as transmission of signals was concerned; but in a few days it was cut or broken across. The cable which now stretches at the bottom of the sea, between Dover and Calais, is more than 24 miles long, and weighs about 180 tons. From the account of its construction given in the "Illustrated News" (Sept. 27. 1851), it appears that it consists of four copper wires, through which the electric currents pass, insulated by coverings of gutta percha: these are formed into a strand, and bound round with spun-yarn soaked in tar or tallow, forming a core or centre, round which are led ten iron wires, plated with zinc $\frac{5}{16}$ths of an inch in diameter, each welded into one length of $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and weighing about 15 tons. This immense cable, when wound together, formed a coil of 30 feet diameter outside, 15 feet inside, and 5 feet high. It was made in the short space of twenty days.

Each of the copper wires forms, along with the sea which acts as its return wire, a separate channel for sending messages; and the whole arrangement has worked so well, that additional cables, similar in construction, are about to be laid down. Cannons have been simultaneously fired, on either side of the Channel, by the current from a battery some twenty-five miles distant on the opposite coast; but the batteries employed for

this purpose must have been much more powerful than those needed for ordinary telegraph use.

It remains to consider some of the imperfections which attend the electric telegraph, and considerably limit its useful applications. When it was first suggested as a substitute for the optical telegraph, which was useless in dark nights and in fogs or snow-storms, it was confidently anticipated that the system of electric signals would be available in all states of the weather. But this expectation has proved fallacious. For hours together the telegraph will not work. This failure is sometimes owing to the insulation of the wires along the poles having for the time been destroyed by moisture. The porcelain insulating tubes, however, are now made of such a shape, and so well protected from rain by sloping covers, that non-insulation from moisture occurs much more rarely than might be expected. There are certain damp fogs, however, or mists, which penetrate every where; and so thoroughly wet the porcelain tubes, that they become conductors of electricity. In those circumstances it travels from the battery no further than the first wet post, down which it passes to the earth, and returns to the battery.

But a much more troublesome cause of inaction, or of irregular action in telegraphs, is the influence of atmospheric electricity upon them. The door left open that the friend may enter, stands open also for the foe. The insulated wires stretched along the telegraph posts for hundreds of miles, in order that a special current of electricity evolved by a battery shall travel only in one direction, cannot, like a private road, be barred against electricity evolved from other sources. Nor is this all. When the electrician wishes to collect atmospheric electricity, he insulates a metallic wire, and suspends it in the air. In other words, he acts exactly as the constructor of the telegraph does, though with a very different object in view. The latter, much against his will, finds that his wires not only permit, but invite atmospheric electricity to employ

them as a highway. They act, in short, as lightning conductors; and lead the formidable meteor into every station, where it deranges or destroys the coils and magnets, and occasionally menaces buildings, and even life, with destruction.

To guard against these serious evils, lightning-rods, descending to the ground, are fixed at intervals to the telegraph-posts, and at the station-houses. The sharp spikes in which these rods terminate above, being elevated considerably beyond the telegraph-wires, present points of attraction to the electricity of the clouds, so that it is determined to them rather than to the less exalted and unprojecting wires. It is thus transferred from the atmosphere to the earth without affecting the telegraph. The rods in question, however, only protect the wires in their immediate neighbourhood, and that ineffectually.

An additional and more effectual mode of protection is to place a knob of metal on each wire where it crosses the posts. A second and lower knob is then placed close to the first, but without touching it, and connected with a wire led down the post to the ground. If the lightning discharge ran along the wire, it would be cut off at the first knob it reached on the line, on reaching which it would leap across to the lower knob, and descend to the ground; while the current from the battery is found not to have sufficient intensity to overleap the space between the knobs, and hence does not descend the wire, as it would do if the knobs touched.

An additional and very ingenious device against lightning-shocks injuring the station-houses, consists in making one part of the wire which is led off to them from the main line very thin. If a powerful electrical discharge reach this, it melts it; so that the lightning, like an enemy too hasty in pursuit, burns the only bridge by which it could cross to make an attack, and remains on the safe side,—out-generalled by itself.

By one or other, or all of the methods described, sufficient protection can, on the whole, be secured, against the more fami

liar and more perilous effects of atmospheric electricity. Electrical disturbances, however, of a kind which do not manifest themselves in discharges of lightning, or involve life or ordinary property in danger, are quite sufficient to derange the operations of the telegraph. During snow and hail-storms, whilst dry fogs are prevailing, when the aurora borealis appears, and in truth during most meteorological changes, much electricity is developed in the atmosphere. It is sometimes directly transferred to the telegraph-wires, but as frequently its action is only indirect. A body in which free electricity is in any way developed determines a similar electrical condition in an insulated mass of metal near it, exactly as a magnet induces magnetism in pieces of iron placed in its neighbourhood. Thus an electrical cloud floating along above the extended wires generates a current of electricity in them; or, to speak more strictly, causes the electricity naturally present in a latent state in the wire, to become free and move along the metal. The currents which thus travel, as well as those which are directly transferred from the atmosphere, have the same effects on the index-needles and signal-bells, as the electricity purposely sent along the wires from the battery. The needles are swung unceasingly to and fro, or remain for hours deflected to one side. The bells ring violently at irregular intervals, or stop only when their weights are run down. Signals cannot be transmitted at all when atmospheric electricity is thus largely developed; and they become more or less confused whenever it is sufficiently powerful to affect the index-needles.

Apart altogether from its practical importance, there is something exciting in the contemplation of these strange atmospheric influences. It must be not a little startling to the drowsy occupant of some solitary telegraph station, to be roused from his midnight slumber by the spectral clanging of his signal-bell, bidding him quail at the wild quiverings of the magnets, swayed plainly by no mortal hands. An imaginative man

might then recall the legends which tell of disembodied souls sent back to this earth, to divulge some great secret of the world of spirits, and seeking in vain for means of utterance, which shall be intelligible to those in the body. A philosopher, too, might accept and interpret the legend. For it is sober truth, that the apparently aimless and meaningless movements of the magnetic needles when vibrating at such times, are, after all, the expressive finger-signs of a dumb alphabet, in which nature is explaining to us certain of her mysteries; and already, too, we are learning something of their significance.

Peculiar difficulties have attended the transmission of electric signals through some of the railway tunnels. Those have been traced in some cases to the effect of the moisture trickling down the walls in destroying insulation; and the wires have in consequence been coated, like those of the marine telegraph, with gutta percha. In other cases the index-needles at the stations nearest the tunnels have remained set to one side for considerable periods. This has been referred to the influence on the tunnel wires of electrical or magnetic disturbances in the strata in the neighbourhood of the tunnel. If this view be well-founded, it would be wise to make the telegraph-wires where they pass through the tunnels, of copper, and not of iron, as the non-magnetic character of the former metal makes it less susceptible of electrical excitement. A wire cannot be magnetic and electrical in the same direction at the same time. If a telegraph-wire become magnetic in the direction of its length, like a long compass-needle, it will resist the passage of comparatively feeble electric currents, which would have traversed it had it been non-magnetic. This fact has not, perhaps, been sufficiently considered in the explanations which have been given of the derangements of the telegraph. Iron becomes so readily magnetic, that the telegraph-wires, when made as they generally are of that metal, cannot in certain circumstances escape being magnetised by the earth. Now that

railways are projected in India, it may not be amiss also to notice that near the Equator iron rods or wires lying north and south after a time become magnetic. And wherever, in other regions, the wires are extended in the direction of the magnetic dip, the same effect will occur. The cheapness, elasticity, and strength of iron, however, more than counterbalance the inconveniences under notice.

Many of the evils referred to are avoided in the Prussian telegraph, which has also been adopted in Saxony and Austria. In it the wires, which are of copper, are not stretched along posts, but covered with gutta percha and buried at some little depth in the ground. Snow-storms, heavy rains, and fogs do not destroy the insulation of the wires, as they do that of those suspended in the air; nor are the subterranean wires deranged by atmospheric electricity, or subject to the influence of thunder-storms. But it does not appear that they are indifferent to the disturbing effect of the aurora borealis, which often completely suspends the working of the aerial telegraph; and it may be suspected that alterations in the intensity of the earth's magnetism, which we know are constantly occurring, will affect the buried much more than the suspended wires.

In favour of the subterranean telegraph, it is alleged that, though at first more costly, in the end it is much cheaper than the aerial one, as the posts which the latter demands require renewal at intervals, and the suspended wires, in consequence of their exposure to great variations of temperature, and the vibrations determined in them by the impulse of the wind, the passage of railway trains, and the transmission of electric currents, undergo a change in structure, and become so brittle as readily to snap across. On the English railways, however, such brittleness as the Prussian engineers refer to has not been observed to occur in the suspended wires, although it is not to be denied that both in the aerial and subterranean telegraphs the wires slowly undergo a molecular change, which

will alter their power to convey electricity; and that the aerial arrangement is exposed to more disturbing agencies than the subterranean one.

On the other hand, it is acknowledged that it is more difficult to secure the insulation of the buried wires, and where this is defective it necessitates the employment of more powerful batteries to force the current along the imperfect conductors. Further; the buried wires are with difficulty reached when deranged, and each wire laid down requires a trench to be prepared for it, whereas in the aerial telegraph one post will carry any number of wires. The encasing of the wires also in gutta percha, determines certain electrical conditions similar to those of a Leyden jar, which do not occur in the suspended wires, and which may interfere with the action of the embedded wires as transmitters of electricity.

The Prussian subterranean telegraph has only been in use since 1848, so that its peculiarities and defects are much less known than the English aerial one, which has been at work since 1838. A further period, accordingly, must elapse before we can decide which is the preferable arrangement. Had gutta percha been as well known in 1838 as it was ten years later, subterranean telegraphs would long ago have been constructed in England, where they were abandoned from the difficulty experienced in finding a suitable and sufficient insulating substance with which to cover the buried wires. A subterranean telegraph, or rather set of telegraph-wires, is about to be laid down in England by a new company, so that before long we shall be able to contrast the working of the two methods at present in vogue. As it is, we cannot but rejoice that different methods of arranging the wires are adopted on the Continent and in England, as we have thus a comparative trial on the largest scale of the two methods, which will double within a given period our experience in the working of telegraphs, besides throwing much light on the electrical dis-

turbances which occur in the atmosphere and within the earth.

We have said nothing regarding the history of the electric telegraph which cannot yet be written otherwise than in the faintest outline. Its earliest scientific originators were Oersted, Ampere, and Wheatstone. Its chief practical constructors have been Wheatstone and Cooke in England, to whose merits we need not again refer; in Scotland, Bain, a man of great inventive skill and ingenuity; in America, Morse, another distinguished mechanical genius; and on the Continent, Siemens of Berlin, the deviser of the Prussian subterranean telegraph. Lastly, we make special mention of Brett and Crampton, who have achieved the construction of the first transmarine telegraph. It must be left to the survivors of those ingenious men, and of the many others who by discoveries in science or practical trials have made the telegraph what it is, to adjust their great but various merits. They are most of them still in life, and few of them past their prime, so that before they become subjects of history, they will have added, as at brief intervals they are doing, to the perfection of the instrument with which their names are connected.

Meanwhile, if our electric telegraph is not perfect, as no tool of man's is, it assuredly is a most wonderful instrument: and it has been brought from small beginnings to its present completeness in a singularly short period of time. To unscientific observers, indeed, the rapidity of its development cannot, we think, but seem miraculous. Like some swift-growing tropical plant, it has spread in a few months its far stretching iron tendrils throughout the length and breadth of the land. It would have done so, however, twenty years ago, had the mechanical conditions for its extension existed: and we must thank the railroads for its early maturity. Till they provided a secure pathway for its progress it could only exist in embryo. It now fringes every railway with its harp-like wires, — apparently as inseparable and as natural an appendage

as the graceful parasitical orchideæ which spread along the South American forest trees.

Nursling, however, as the electric telegraph is of this century, almost of this decade, an ingenious pupil of Niebuhr might find in an ancient tradition its birth foretold centuries ago. In the year 1517, as the historians of the Reformation tell us, the Elector Frederick of Saxony had a strange dream. The monk Luther appeared to him, writing upon the door of the palace-chapel at Wittemberg in his dominions. The pen which Luther handled was so long that its feather-end reached to Rome, and shook the Pope's triple crown on his head. The cardinals and princes of the empire ran up hastily to support the tiara, and one after another tried in vain to break the pen. It crackled, however, as if it had been made of iron, and would not break; and whilst they were wondering at its strength, a loud cry arose, "and from the monk's long pen issued a host of other pens."

The Elector's dream, has been fulfilled in our own day. The long pen of iron sprouting forth hosts of pens is in our hands; and every day grows longer. It *has* reached to Rome, and much further; it has shaken popes and kings, and emperors' crowns; and foretold, like the pen which Belshazzar saw, the fall of thrones and the ruin of dynasties. It has written much of wars and revolutions, and garments rolled in blood; and must write much more. But it is the emblem and minister of peace—and the Long Pen shall yet vanquish the Long Sword.

There are other relations, however, than those we have yet referred to, in which the telegraph is daily becoming a more and more important instrument. Hitherto we have referred solely to its application to the practical *reduction* or *annihilation* of TIME; we have now to consider the beautiful way in which it can be made to *measure* it, which has already attained such perfection, that we may soon expect to see every series of telegraph-wires forming part of a gigantic system of clockwork,

by means of which, time-pieces, separated from each other by hundreds of miles, may be made to keep exactly equal time, and the clocks of a whole continent move, beat for beat, together. In short, our electric telegraphs will speedily have the additional duty imposed upon them of acting also as essential parts of electric clocks. We proceed to consider how this will be effected.

As electricity generated at one point, can be employed to move magnetic needles at a great distance, so it may be made to move the hands of a clock or time-piece; but to achieve the movements requisite in an accurate timekeeper, will plainly be a much more difficult task than to deflect magnets, which, provided only they point to either side when required, need not do so at equal intervals of time. We must first then inquire, how it is possible to apply electricity to move clock-machinery, and thereafter we shall see to how many important purposes electric clocks can be applied.

An ordinary clock consists essentially of a series of wheels acting on each other, and carrying round, as they revolve, the hands which mark the seconds, minutes, and hours. The wheels are moved by the falling of a weight, or the unwinding of a spring, and the rate at which they revolve is determined by the length of a pendulum made to oscillate by the wheels. In electric, or (as they should rather be called) electro-magnetic clocks, there are neither weights nor springs, so that they never run down, and never require to be wound up. To produce motion, electricity is employed alternately to make and unmake an electro-magnet, or alternately to reverse the poles of a permanent magnet, which, by lifting up and letting fall, or attracting and repelling a lever, moves the wheels.

In Mr. Bain's simple and very beautiful clock, the pendulum itself is the lever moved. The bob of the pendulum is a large brass bobbin like those used for holding thread, on which a long copper wire, covered with silk, is coiled, and

connected at either extremity with the zinc and copper of a voltaic pair. In the clock-case, on either side, are permanent bar-magnets, which project with opposite poles from the case, into the hollow axis of the bobbin. When a current of electricity is sent along the wire, the bobbin becomes an electro-magnet; and being attracted by the one permanent magnet, and repelled by the other, moves to the one side, where it would remain if the current continued to circulate. The wires, however, are so arranged, that when the pendulum is thus pulled to one side, it makes a break in one part of the covered wire, and thereby cuts off the current. The bobbin, in con-

Fig. 6.

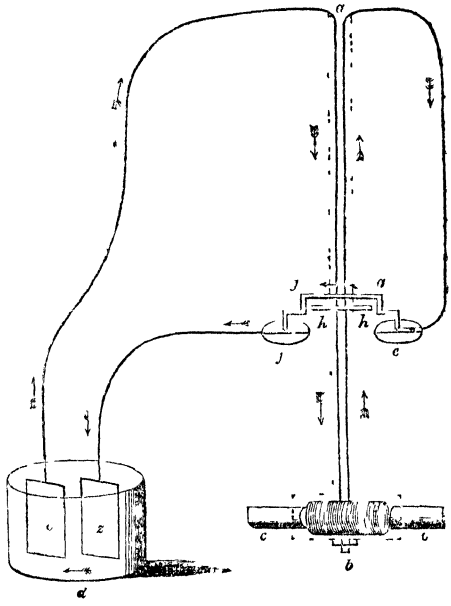


Fig. 6. skeleton diagram of Bain's pendulum

a, pendulum drawn in dotted outline.

b, bob of pendulum consisting of a hollow cylindrical brass box, containing a lengthened coil of covered copper wire surrounding a bobbin.

c c, two permanent bar-magnets projecting from opposite sides of clock-case into centre of cylindrical pendulum-bob. They are drawn a little shorter than they should be, to show their free extremities, which are oppositely magnetic, the one being a north, the other a south pole.

d, voltaic pair: the arrows show the direction of the current. A wire from the copper is conducted to the top of the pendulum-rod, then down its left hand side to the bob, in which it is coiled many times, and then ascend-

sequence, ceases to be an electro-magnet, and falls back by its own weight. In so doing, it fills up the break in the covered wire, allows the electricity again to pass, which a second time renders the bobbin magnetic, and determines its motion by the permanent magnets in the clock-case. The pendulum is thus made to oscillate in the one direction by gravity, and in the other by the action of permanent magnets on a temporary magnet; and so long as the current of electricity continues to flow, the pendulum will keep swinging, alternately cutting off and letting on electricity, and making or unmaking the bobbin-coil a magnet, as it oscillates to the left or to the right. The drawing, *Fig.* 6., illustrates its mode of action.

A pendulum, such as this, can readily be made to communicate motion to clock-wheels, of which it is at once the mover and the regulator, and it may be at any distance from the battery which furnishes the electric current. A clock in

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ing on the right side to the top of the pendulum-rod, it is brought down within the clock-case and terminates in a disc *e*, made of grooved agate. The black dot in the groove represents a gold stud which forms the termination of the wire from the copper. *f* is a second grooved disc, made, however, entirely of metal, from which a wire proceeds to the zinc. The current thus can only pass, if a metallic bridge stretches from the disc *f* to the gold stud in the disc *e*. This bridge *g g* stands in the grooves on the two discs, the left extremity sliding in the metal, the right extremity in the agate. *h h* is a piece of brass attached to the pendulum-rod, so as to touch the bridge and carry it from side to side. In the diagram the apparatus is not acting. Suppose, however, that the right hand extremity of the bridge touch the gold stud in the agate disc, then the current passes, the coil of wire in the pendulum-bob becomes magnetic, and is carried to the *left* by the action of the bar-magnets. In so doing it slides the bridge off the gold stud, and thereby cuts off the current from itself, and loses magnetism. It returns to the *right* by its own weight, but in so doing it replaces the right end of the bridge on the gold stud, and thus restores the current to the wire and renews its magnetism; and so on *ad infinitum*. Strictly speaking, the edges only of the discs should be shown; they are represented as if seen a little obliquely from above, for the sake of indicating the grooves more distinctly.

London might thus be moved by a battery in Edinburgh, if the telegraph wires were made to convey the current. No particular advantage would result from such an arrangement. If, however, a clock moved by weights, or a spring, and constructed with great nicety so as to keep accurate time, were situated in the astronomical observatory at Edinburgh, it could be made to control one of Mr. Bain's clocks in London in the following way. Let a voltaic pair be placed in the Edinburgh observatory, with wires communicating with those of the telegraph, and let the pendulum in London connected with the telegraph-wires, be constructed in the mode already described, but without any break in the wire, which the oscillations of the *London* pendulum should at intervals fill up. With such an arrangement, the pendulum would make a single vibration, and remain pulled to one side so long as the current passed. It would be easy, however, for a person at Edinburgh to interrupt and renew the current at intervals, and thus make the distant pendulum vibrate at whatever rate he chose; and by arranging one of the wires so that the oscillations of the pendulum of the Edinburgh observatory clock should alternately make a break in it, and fill that up, the London pendulum might be kept oscillating at exactly the same rate as the Edinburgh one, provided the current of electricity did not vary in intensity. Nor would one distant pendulum be all that could thus be kept moving; provided a sufficiently powerful battery were employed at Edinburgh, any number of pendulums might be connected with the telegraph wires at the stations or elsewhere, all of which would keep equal time, and follow the oscillations of the Edinburgh pendulum. In this way a single costly and carefully constructed astronomical clock, worth many pounds, would transfer its own accurate movements to a countless number of pendulums, which, even when connected with clockwork, might have their value estimated in shillings; and wherever we chose to stretch the

telegraph-wires throughout the length and breadth of the land, we could set up a clock and read on its face the evidence of the care which the far distant astronomer bestowed on his observatory clock. We are indebted to Wheatstone for the first suggestion of such a scheme, but we have described it in connection with Bain's pendulum, and it will be manifest that the whole clocks of a town could thus be kept moving beat for beat, and keeping equal time, instead of each keeping a lawless time of its own, as is customary with the clocks of most towns at the present period.

In the description just given, we have selected the simplest electro-magnetic clock as the one most easily followed, and have assumed that it is possible to send along a telegraph line a current of electricity of unvarying intensity. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible to do this. Even the so-called constant batteries supply currents too variable in intensity to be applicable to so delicate a matter as the exact measurement of time; and although the battery were perfect, the arrangement would still be at fault. We have already seen how great the disturbing influence of atmospheric electricity is on the currents traversing the telegraph-wires; and the clock would still be more sensitive to such disturbances than the indicating needles of the telegraph dials are. Mr. Bain's beautiful arrangement, accordingly, would not furnish the means of keeping unvarying time. Within the last three years, however, another electro-magnetic clock has been constructed, which is already in use along one of the telegraph lines, and is likely to be extensively employed. It is the device of Mr. Charles Shepherd, and was shown in action at the Great Exhibition, moving the hands on the immense and singular semicircular dial which was constructed on the south front of the arch of the transept. It includes three separate electro-magnetic arrangements with distinct batteries; the first to move the pendulum, the second to move the wheels, and the third to strike the

hours. The pendulum is entirely disconnected from the wheels. It is neither moved by them, as in ordinary clocks, nor communicates motion to them, as in Bain's clock. Nevertheless, it controls the motion of the wheels by determining at what intervals the electricity which moves them is cut off and let on to them. The bell stroke is regulated by the wheels, and also by the pendulum, but has a battery for itself. It will not be necessary, however, to refer minutely to the arrangement for striking the hours.

The pendulum is kept in motion by *four* forces, two of which act *directly*, viz. elasticity and gravity; and two *indirectly*, viz. electricity and magnetism. The action of the direct forces is as follows: — A bent spring let loose in one direction throws the pendulum to one side, and the pendulum returns by its own gravity. Whilst it is returning the spring is re-bent, and held back by a detent or catch, which the pendulum itself raises when near the limit of the oscillation which gravity determines, so as to receive from the spring a second impulse to the opposite side. It will thus be understood that some arrangement must be provided for re-bending and holding back the spring, till the pendulum again acquires an impulse from it. This re-bending of the impulse-spring is determined by an electro-magnet, to which a current of electricity is alternately allowed to pass, and then cut off, as the pendulum moves to one side or the other. The pendulum is in permanent connection with one pole of a battery. A wire from the other pole is touched by the pendulum-rod as it moves to the one side so that the current passes, and is separated from it when it swings to the opposite side, so as to cut off the current. When the current is on, it throws into action the electro-magnet, which pulls down an armature or keeper, and this acting on a compound lever, locks back or re-bends the impulse spring, so that it is caught by the catch or detent. When the current is off, the electro-magnet becomes inactive, and a

counter-balancing weight and spring raises the armature from the electro-magnet, so as to be ready to act again, and re-bend the spring when the current is restored. The electro-magnetic arrangement is thus solely employed to re-bend the spring, and it does not matter how much the electricity, or the magnetism which it induces, vary in intensity, provided that it is sufficient to re-bend the spring at every alternate oscillation. The release of the spring is effected by the direct mechanical contact of a small arm or point projecting from the pendulum-rod. The diagrams, *Figs.* 7. and 8., will illustrate the action of the clock.

The peculiar advantage of the arrangement just described is that

Fig. 7.

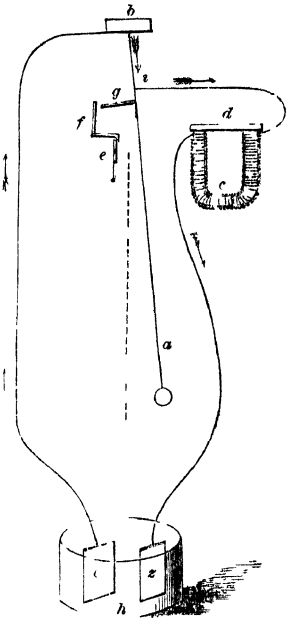

Fig. 7 Skeleton Diagram of Shepherd's Pendulum

a, pendulum which has completed oscillation to right, and is about to return by its own weight.

b, portion of brass framework of clock from which pendulum is suspended.

c, horse-shoe electro-magnet, which, by attracting keeper or armature *d*, moves the levers (not represented in the drawing), which lock back the impulse spring *e*.

e, impulse-spring held back by catch or detent *f*.

g, projecting point on pendulum-rod, which, when pendulum swings to the left, throws the detent to the same side, and allows the impulse-spring to fall to the right, and carry the pendulum in the same direction.

h, voltaic pair. The current, as indicated by the arrows, flows from the zinc to the copper up to the clock-frame, then down the pendulum rod to the point *i*, from which, when the pendulum is at the extreme right (as in the diagram), it passes to the second wire round the electro-magnet and

no increase in the intensity of the electrical currents employed in moving the machinery affects the rate at which it moves. The only mode in which the electricity can be rendered ineffective is by reduction of its intensity, which by due management of the batteries may, without difficulty, be prevented occurring; or by obstacles to its passage along the wires, which, we have already seen, may be occasioned by atmospheric or terrestrial disturbances. But the influence of these on Shepherd's clock will be much less than on Bain's, or on the ordinary indicating needles of the telegraph box, inasmuch as in the first arrangement the electrical currents do not act *directly* on the moving parts, as they do

Fig. 8.

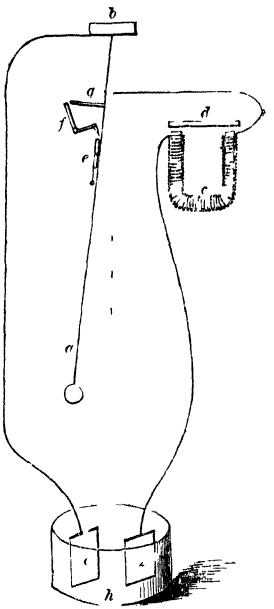

Fig 8 Skeleton Diagram of Shepherd's Pendulum

back to the zinc. The current, it will thus appear, only flows, and the electro-magnet is only in action, when the pendulum is at the extreme right. The dotted line represents the vertical position of the pendulum when at rest.

Fig. 8 —*a*, pendulum which has completed oscillation to left, and is about to pass to the right from impulse of spring.

b, clock-frame to which pendulum is attached.

c, electro-magnet *not* in action.

d, keeper or armature raised by levers and counter-balancing spring and weight (not shown in drawing).

e, impulse-spring set free, and pushing pendulum-rod to the right.

f, detent pushed to the left so as to liberate *e*.

g, projecting point on pendulum which acts upon detent *f*, and releases impulse-spring *e*.

h, voltaic pair. The current not passing. The dotted line represents the vertical position of the pendulum when at rest.

in the second two arrangements, so that if the clock goes at all it will keep accurate time.

A large Shepherd's clock is now in construction at Greenwich Observatory. By means of the submarine telegraph wires it will communicate with Paris and with the entire continent; by means of the various railway lines it will communicate with all the great towns of this country; and we may thus receive Greenwich time literally from Greenwich, and set our watches by the dial at a railway terminus with as much confidence as if we were gazing on the face of one of the exquisitely constructed clocks which the Astronomer Royal regulates with so much care.

How this is to be effected will be understood by the following account communicated to the "Times" newspaper by Mr. Charles V. Walker, the accomplished telegraph engineer on the South-Eastern line.

"Wires are to be laid underground from the Royal Observatory to the Lewisham station by the electric telegraph company. From the London station wires will diverge to Westminster, to the Royal Exchange, and to the central telegraph station at Lothbury.

"The objects the promoters have at present in view are —

"1. To transmit Greenwich time and corrected time to and from the clock at the New Houses of Parliament and the Royal Exchange.

"2. To transmit Greenwich time throughout the kingdom by the various lines of electric telegraph.

"3. To compare the transits of stars at Greenwich with the same at Paris.

"The transmission of time-signals will be automatic. Shepherd's electric clocks will be placed in the Royal Observatory in conjunction with an automatic apparatus to be appended to the clocks at the various stations. With respect to the signal to the New Houses of Parliament, a certain time will be agreed

upon, and the adjustment at Greenwich will be made accordingly. There will be a permanent electric circuit maintained between Westminster and Greenwich, broken only at the clock at Greenwich and in three places: one of these breaks is completed every minute, one every hour, and one every twenty-four hours, at the time agreed upon; and as these three contacts will occur simultaneously only once a-day, at the precise hour, minute, and second determined upon, the signal which then passes will be the true time required, and it will be made accurate to the 1-20th of a second. In the first instance this signal will be made manifest at Westminster by the motion of a needle. The pendulum there will be furnished with two oscillating bars, one for 'too fast,' and the other for 'too slow,' and either this or that may be made to act on the pendulum by the clock inspector as the case may require, and for a certain short time. At the end of half an hour the Westminster clock will automatically send its time to Greenwich to be observed and recorded.

"To distribute time throughout the kingdom, the clock at the London terminus of the South-Eastern railway will be provided with special wheels and studs. A certain hour will be determined on for transmitting time to Dover for example; and about fifty or sixty seconds before this time the London clock will disconnect the Dover telegraph wire from the telegraph instrument at London, and will place it in connexion with the wire that leads to Greenwich. Precisely at the last second of the minute, the Greenwich clock will place this same wire in connexion with the voltaic batteries of the Royal Observatory, and a signal will be visible at Dover and at all other stations on the same wire. The Greenwich contact will be instantaneous, but that at London will remain a few seconds longer, always allowing a margin for the variation of the ordinary clocks. As the Greenwich wire is taken off the Dover wire, it will be placed in contact, automatically, with the Lothbury

wire, where a clock may be fitted with contacts corresponding to such lines of railway, and such towns or stations as may require time-signals."

It remains only to notice the beautiful applications of electro-telegraphic arrangements to astronomical observations, which were first put in practice by the American professors, and are now about to be employed by the British and French astronomers. These are the mechanical registering of the instants at which astronomical phenomena occur, and the transmission of time-signals from one station to another. It will conduce to perspicuity if the subject is considered under three divisions; namely, 1. The application of electro-magnetic apparatus, *without the intervention* of the telegraph wires, to the observation of astronomical phenomena at a single observatory. 2. The application of electro-magnetic apparatus, *with the assistance* of the telegraph-wires, to the transmission of time-signals, or records of the occurrence of astronomical phenomena from one station to another. 3. The application of the combined apparatus to the determination of differences in longitude.

Observations of the times at which astronomical phenomena occur are necessarily difficult, for the astronomer must at the same time do two apparently incompatible things; namely, observe the motion of a star, and that of the hands of a clock. As he cannot gaze at both, he turns his *eyes* from the clock to the telescope a few seconds before the transit (as it is technically called) of the star occurs, and then transferring to the *ear* the charge of the clock, counts its beats till the transit happens, when he notes the time. Such an association, however, of the eye and ear as is thus required, is at best imperfect, and throws a great strain on the attention of the observer, so that the results are less accurate than they might be. By the ingenious devices of the American astronomers, especially Bond and Locke, an electro-magnetic apparatus was so arranged, that when the current of a battery passed along a wire

and called into action an electro-magnet, the latter pressed down a steel point or pen on a ribbon of paper, and made a permanent mark on it. A piece of ordinary clock-work was made slowly to unwind the ribbon of paper from a cylinder or roller, so that different points upon its surface were successively presented to what we may call the electro-magnetic *pen*. By arrangements the same in principle as those adopted in Bain's and Shepherd's clocks, the pendulum of an astronomical clock is made to let on the current to the *pen* once every second, so that at each second a mark is made on the paper ribbon. In this way the clock permanently marks its own beats, and the observer, turning a deaf ear to its clicking, can gaze with undivided attention on the motion of the star across the field of his telescope. Let us suppose, for simplicity's sake, that this passage or transit of the star occurs exactly at a second as indicated by the clock-beat, then this second will be marked upon the unwinding ribbon; and if it have been previously divided into spaces corresponding to hours and minutes along its length; or if any one second-mark on the ribbon be noted from the clock, for example, exactly at the stroke of an hour, so that we may reckon along the ribbon from this, then by mere inspection we shall observe and may mark the instant of the occurrence of the transit. To do this, we may suppose the astronomer to withdraw his eye from the telescope the moment the transit occurs, and to put a pencil mark opposite the last impression which the electro-magnetic pen has made. It soon occurred to the observers, however, that this record might also be made by electricity. For this purpose it was only necessary to have a second electro-magnetic apparatus moving a pen, and so arranged that the observer could at will, by touching a finger-key, call the apparatus into action by allowing a current to flow from a battery. If we suppose this additional pen placed at the side of the one already described, so that it mark the same ribbon, then the object in view will be secured. To prevent confusion,

let the one arrangement be styled the *clock-pen*, and the other the *star-pen*. The former is making a mark every second near the *right* edge of the ribbon, while the *left* edge is free to receive the marks of the latter. The moment the transit of the star occurs, the observer, *without withdrawing his eye*, touches a finger-key, and instantly the star-pen makes its mark, side by side with one of the marks of the clock-pen; the transit, for simplicity's sake, being supposed never to occur at the interval between two seconds. If, however, it should occur at such intervals, it is easy, by dividing the space between two second marks into equal portions, to register the transit to the tenth or other fraction of a second. By such arrangements, it will be seen that rapidly succeeding phenomena, such as those which characterise an eclipse, may be unerringly noted, without the observer ever needing to shift his eye from his instrument, or to do more than merely touch a key with his finger.

We are now to inquire, in the second place, how such observations can not only be accurately, permanently, and instantaneously recorded at the spot where they are made, but with equal accuracy, permanence, and rapidity, at a distant station. Let us imagine, for example, that the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich engages to communicate to the Director of the Observatory at Paris the instant when the total phase of a solar eclipse is observed to occur at the former locality. It would be quite sufficient for this purpose that the ordinary apparatus of the telegraph, described in the early part of this paper, was employed; so that by means of the wires stretching from Greenwich to Paris, the English astronomer could at will produce a signal such as the deflection of a magnetic needle at Paris. The apparatus just described, however, would be still better. Let the Parisian Observatory be provided with such a time-ribbon and clock-pen as we have already described, under the control of the local director. In

addition, let the star-pen be so arranged, in connection with the telegraph wires, that it can be actuated by a current sent along them, and let any marks be agreed upon to represent intervals of time, and it will be easy for the English observer to mark upon the Paris ribbon the *time* when an event occurs at Greenwich, by touching a finger-key which transmits a current. The mark may be made on the same or on a different ribbon from that impressed by the Parisian clock-pen, and it will constitute a *time-signal*, as it is called. Such time-signals may be made in many ways, and for many purposes. The most manifest one is the rating of clocks and chronometers; but a not less interesting one is the determination of longitude. To render intelligible this part of our subject, we must enter into some brief detail in reference to the mode in which longitude is ascertained. We are indebted to an astronomical friend for the following account of the matter: — The determination of the longitude of a station by astronomical observations, is founded on principles which will be apparent from the following illustration. To take a simple case, suppose a spectator situated on the equator, and that a particular star is directly over his head, so as to be seen through a telescope fixed vertically. Immediately, owing to the earth's rotation, the telescope will turn away from the star, which will no longer be seen in the middle of the field of view, and will in a short time move out of it altogether. The spectator must then wait until the earth has made a complete revolution, or until twenty-four hours of sidereal time have elapsed, before he can again see the star in the middle of the field; owing to the earth's rotation having brought the telescope back to its original position. In this way he will see successive *transits* of the star across the field of his telescope at intervals of twenty-four hours. Suppose, next, two observers placed at *opposite* points of the earth's equator, and therefore at stations whose longitude differs by 180 degrees, each in his turn will witness a transit

of the star over his head after an interval of twelve hours; and, in like manner, four spectators placed at equal distances from each other on the equator, will in succession see the star pass through their telescopes after intervals of six hours. It is thus evident that differences of 360, 180, and 90 degrees in the longitudes of stations will cause differences of twenty-four hours, twelve hours, and six hours in the observed times of transit of a star; supposing the observers to be all furnished with watches indicating identically the same time. The difference of longitude of two stations will thus be found, provided we know the interval between the times at which a star has crossed the meridians of the two stations; and as a difference of 360 degrees of longitude corresponds to twenty-four hours, one hour of difference in the times will indicate fifteen degrees of difference in the longitudes.

We have supposed the observers' watches all to indicate the *same* time, a condition which cannot be fulfilled in practice; but it is not necessary that it should, for if we know the errors and rates of the watches, we can apply such corrections as to reduce the indications to what they would have been, on the supposition that each watch indicated the same time. It has also been assumed that all the watches were regulated to the same time, and then the differences of the observed times of transit of the star would give the difference of longitudes of the stations. The difference of the longitudes would, however, be equally well obtained if each watch was regulated so as to indicate the *same* time when the transit of the star was observed. The watches would now no longer indicate the *same time if compared;* but the *differences* in their indications when they were compared would give the differences of the longitudes of the stations from which they had been brought, at the rate of fifteen degrees of longitude to one hour of difference in the indicated time.

It has been supposed that all the watches have kept correct

time, or, what comes to the same thing, that their errors have been known at every instant, so as to admit of being applied as a correction to their indications. But as the most perfect chronometers are apt to vary in their *rates*, it is obvious that the method of determining the longitude which has just been described must be liable to errors; and those errors will accumulate in proportion to the length of time that elapses after the observations of the star, before the watches are compared. Almost all error, however, could be avoided in one of two ways: the first being to afford the observer at one station the means of sending instantaneously intelligence of the time indicated by his clock to the other station, so as to compare the times at the two stations at any instant that may be desired; and the second being to send, in like manner, intelligence of the moment at which a star is seen to cross the meridian of the station.

Thus, in the case of two stations, according to the first of these methods, we shall suppose that a certain star passes through the transit telescope at one o'clock of *local* time at each station; the one observer, after witnessing the transit, transmits intelligence instantaneously to the other that his clock indicates 1 hour 15 minutes; but at this instant the latter finds that his clock is indicating 1 hour 3 minutes. There is thus found to be a difference of 12 minutes in the local time of the two stations, or 3 degrees of difference in their longitudes.

Following the second method, the one observer would transmit instantaneously the intelligence of the transit of the star, while the other watched his clock and noted the time, which we shall suppose was 1 hour 3 minutes; but the latter has to wait until 1 hour 15 minutes before he witnesses the transit of the star, which has thus been 12 minutes later in arriving at the meridian of the latter station. The difference of longitude is thus found, as before, to be 3 degrees.

Now as the apparatus of the electro-magnetic telegraph which has been described, affords the means not only of transmitting instantaneously, signals of time indicated by the clocks, or of the instants when astronomical phenomena occur, but also of noting those times mechanically, it is obvious that such arrangements may be employed for the purpose of ascertaining differences of longitude with the utmost precision.

How high a value, indeed, is set upon the electro-telegraphic method of ascertaining longitudes, may be gathered from the following statement of Sir John Herschel: —

"Whatever means can be devised of exciting in two distant observers the same sensation, whether of sound, light, or visible motion, at *precisely the same instant of time*, may be employed as a longitude signal. Wherever, for instance, an unbroken line of electro-telegraphic connection has been, or hereafter may be, established, the means exist of making as complete a comparison of clocks or watches as if they stood side by side, so that no method more complete for the determination of differences of longitude can be desired. The differences of longitude between the observatories of New York, Washington, and Philadelphia, have been very recently determined in this manner by the astronomers at those observatories."

To how many other uses the telegraph wires will be applied, we can only as yet surmise. They will very soon be employed in our own country to drop Time-balls like that at Greenwich, so as to furnish our ship-masters with the means of rating their chronometers. In Germany they have been stretched from the central police stations in certain of the large towns to each of the subsidiary offices, so that the announcement of a crime may be instantly, as it were, made to reverberate through the city, and every officer of justice be on the alert for his prey. In America it has been proposed to have the whole church bells of a district arranged so that, in the event of a fire, one electric current might set them all simultaneously ringing; and the

Sunday chimes might readily be rung by the same agency. We need not particularise further. In England we are apt to think of the telegraph as inseparable from the railway. On the Continent and in America it is in action in many places where the railway is unknown.

Wherever, in truth, wires can be stretched, whether suspended in the air, or buried in the earth, or sunk in the sea, there our wonder-working apparatus may be erected. A few square inches of zinc and copper will produce for us a force which, on the other side of a continent or an ocean, will speak for us, write for us, print for us, keep time for us, watch stars for us, and move all kinds of machinery. No distance will stop its march; for where the force of one battery is spent, it can be made to call into action another or *relay* battery, which will carry on the message, so that if the wires were laid it might sweep round the globe. Such a network of wires, we may hope, will one day connect together the ends of the earth; and, like the great nerves of the human body, unite in living sympathy all the far-scattered children of men.

THE

CHEMISTRY OF THE STARS;

AN ARGUMENT

THE STARS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

THE

CHEMISTRY OF THE STARS.

In discussing the Electric Telegraph, we have wandered in thought, far and wide, over our globe; but in our boldest flights we have not looked beyond our Home-Earth. But the same spirit which showed itself in the famous spoiled child of antiquity, Alexander the Great, when he wept that he had not another world to conquer, is in the hearts of us all. If the ends of the earth were knit together by all-embracing electric links, we should begin to sigh that we could not stretch them further, and long to entangle in their thrilling meshes, some one, at least, of the distant stars. And without waiting for the electric conquest of the earth, we are ready at all times to take up the Grecian Conqueror's lamentation; or what is better, to stifle our tears, and be visionary warriors triumphing on visionary battle-fields, and dream-kings reigning over a dream-land. Thought, which is swifter than electricity, can waft us anywhere, and whispers at our will the "Open Sesame" of the Universe. We propose with its telegraph to go forth into Space, and see if we can obtain any answer to our questionings concerning the Nature of the Stars and their Inhabitants.

We shall take for granted that they possess inhabitants, or rather shall put the question thus: "If the stars are inhabited, is it probable that the dwellers on them resemble those on this star, or Earth, or is it more likely that they are non-terrestrial

beings, unlike us, and our plant and animal companions, and different in different stars?"

We are not anxious to compel the conclusion, that all the stars are inhabited. Many of the excellent of the earth have held that they universally are, and that, too, by rational creatures; and have thought that the denial of this did injustice to our own convictions, and to the omnipotence and bounty of God. But our standard of Utilitarianism can never be a safe one by which to estimate the works of him whose ways are not as our ways, nor does it require the view supposed.

It would not be a painful, but a pleasant thing, surely, to learn that some of the stars, such as the new planet Flora, were great gardens, like Eden of old before Adam was created; gardens of God, consecrated entirely to vegetable life, where foot of man or beast had never trod, nor wing of bird or insect fanned the breeze; where the trees never crackled before the pioneer's torch, nor rang with the woodman's axe, but *every* flower was

> "Born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Neither is it the remembrance of the Arabian Nights, nor thought of Aladdin's lamp, that makes us add that we should rejoice to learn that there was such a thing as an otherwise uninhabited star, peopled solely by magnificent crystals. What a grand thing a world would be, containing, though it contained nothing else, columns of rock crystal like icebergs, and mountains of purple amethyst, domes of rubies, pinnacles and cliffs of emeralds and diamonds, and gates and foundations of precious stones, such as John saw in the Holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven! All who reach the Happy Land are to enter heaven as little children, and it may please God, besides other methods of instruction, to teach his little ones his greatness and his power, by showing them such a world as we have imagined.

And even if some heavenly messenger, "Gabriel that stands

in the presence of God," or one of the other angels that excel in strength, should descend amongst us, and proclaim, "There is no life of any kind in any star but the earth," should we be entitled to murmur at the news. Such is the pride and selfishness of man, that he does not hesitate to proclaim any world a desert, from which himself or his fellows are excluded. But even if it should be certain that every star but the earth is a ball of lifeless granite, or barren lava, it would be for us, if we were wise, to say of it, as the Psalmist would have said, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" In the most deserted and solitary of worlds, as we might call it, God is present. The fulness of him that filleth all in all, fills it; the Saviour and the Holy Spirit are there. If our ears were not stopped like the deaf adder's, we should, if visitants of such an orb, hear a voice say, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." We leave, then, the question of the universal habitation of the heavenly bodies untouched, and intend, moreover, to refer chiefly to the nature of the stars, and not to that of their inhabitants. The character or quality of the dwellers in the heavenly bodies is, doubtless, a more generally attractive topic than that of their habitations, as most thoughtful men would consider a forlorn and degraded savage a more truly interesting object than the grandest palace. Our only hope, however, in the meanwhile, of ascertaining anything concerning the dwellers in the stars, is founded upon what we can discover concerning the stars themselves.

The direction in which our argument must proceed may be stated in a word. If we made out a rude structure on the summit of a cliff, to have all the characters of an eagle's nest, we should fairly enough infer that its inhabitants were, or had been, eagles; if we were satisfied that another erection was a beaver's dam, we should judge that beavers dwelt within. A

bee-hive would imply bees; a burrow, foxes; a mole-hill, moles; and so, if, among the heavenly bodies, we discover stars identical with our earth, we may pretty safely infer that they are, or may be, or may have been, inhabited by beings like ourselves. Direct observations on the dwellers in the stars, if dwellers there be, it is not likely we shall ever succeed in making. Of the inhabitants of the sun we shall probably never know more, than that the apostle John saw in vision an angel in it; and as for the nearest of the heavenly bodies, we may be thankful that in early life, we saw with our own eyes, as the reader knows he did, *the* man in the moon, as it is not likely that any of us who have reached maturer years shall ever see him again. Isaac Taylor thinks that our sun "may be a world of bliss, the abode of creatures endowed with incorruptibility and immutability;" in a word, Heaven. Others, whose names we are glad to leave in oblivion, have looked upon the sun as the world of woe. John Foster thought that its inhabitants might be "square, orbicular," or, as he shrewdly adds, "of any other form." We are not about to emulate these authors. The question we shall try to answer is the much simpler one,—"Are the stars and their inhabitants terrestrial or non-terrestrial, earthly or non-earthly?"

Great men have held it probable that the stars are terrestrial in nature,—i.e. fashioned of the same materials, and generally constructed like the earth. Sir Isaac Newton was of this opinion. So, to some extent, were Laplace and the elder Herschel. Humboldt has adopted it, and Mulder, the distinguished chemist of Holland. Isaac Taylor, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life," has enlarged upon it with characteristic ingenuity and eloquence. It has been widely brought before the public by Professor Nichol, and the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," and thus it has become a subject of popular interest.

The question may at first sight appear to be one, which,

however attractive to the unscientific, cannot be pronounced upon by them; and such certainly is its character. Yet it may be curious to inquire what the decision of the general public is likely to be on a subject so alluring to unreined speculation; and it has been strongly held by certain of the advocates of the telluric or terrestrial nature of the heavenly bodies, that the untutored perception of analogy, and the unaided common sense of mankind, would justify the conclusion which they favour. Nay, it has been urged that the prejudices of the more lettered and scientific portion of the public incline them to prefer the theory of a non-terrestrial chemistry, although it is difficult to see how this can be the case. To satisfy all parties, however, we shall in the first place try, if possible, to learn what the so-called common sense verdict is, or rather would be; and as we can appeal to no existing document as formally recording it, we shall suppose a jury impanelled to try the question of the chemical identity of our globe and the sidereal universe.

All fellows of colleges and of royal societies shall be excluded: all doctors of all kinds, all professors, lecturers, and the teaching class: all clergymen, lawyers, naval and military officers, civil engineers, and in general every man who puts a title before, or prints letters after his name. All critics, reviewers, writers of books, and every one else, professionally or systematically connected with scientific or with literary polemics, shall likewise be protested against; and whosoever, moreover, can be shown, on the faintest suspicion, to have made science, however slightly, a matter of study. From the residue of mankind, after the roll has thus been purged, twelve honest men and true shall be chosen, as strongly gifted with common sense as can be found. These shall form our grand jury. The case shall be tried on successive midnights, in the open court of heaven, and the cause shall be argued according to a precedent supplied by Napoleon, though not to be found in the

Napoleon Code. When the First Consul crossed the Mediterranean on his Egyptian expedition, he carried with him a cohort of savans, who ultimately did good service in many ways. Among them, however, as might be expected at that era, were not a few philosophers of the Voltaire-Diderot school. Napoleon, for his own instruction and amusement on shipboard, encouraged disputation among these gentlemen; and on one occasion they undertook to show, and, according to their own account, *did* demonstrate, by infallible logic and metaphysic, that there is no God. Bonaparte, who hated all idealogists, abstract reasoners, and logical demonstrators, no matter what they were demonstrating, would not fence with these subtle dialecticians, but had them immediately on deck, and, pointing to the stars in the clear sky, replied, by way of counter argument, "Very good, messieurs! but who made all these?"

We shall judge this case in the same way. The stars themselves shall be appealed to for a reply to the question we are curious to have answered. They shall appear at the bar, and learn that a charge has been preferred against them, that "they are of the earth earthy." The question shall be put to each, "Earthly or not earthly?" and the jury shall give their verdict according to the answer returned. Our twelve honest men, then, having sworn in the presence of the great Judge to give a righteous verdict, shall be taken to the summit of some heaven-kissing hill, and left there as long as they please, to make acquaintance with the stars. Far away from anxious author and captious critic, they shall read for themselves the lesson of the universe. The heavens shall declare the glory of God: the firmament show his handiwork. Day unto day shall utter speech in their hearing: night unto night show knowledge before them. They shall watch the guiding of Arcturus and his sons: and behold the bands of Orion: they shall feel the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and listen to the morning stars singing together. "The Sirian star, that maketh the

summer deadly," shall shine forth before them on the forehead of the sky, and they shall hearken to the solemn tread of the host of heaven, as, drawn up in their constellations, they nightly repeat their sentinel march from horizon to horizon.

And when the unsatisfied senses are still filled with desire, all needful help shall be furnished to gratify their longing. The Herschel forty-feet telescope shall be granted our jury to gaze through, and the courteous Lord Rosse will not refuse the giant reflector. Pulkowa, and Altona, and the Cape shall lend the best instruments of their observatories, and the ingenious Lassell shall record for them what he witnesses with his space-piercing tube. The wise and filial Herschel shall stand by to explain; and the eloquent Arago and sweet-tongued Humboldt make the wayfaring man, though a stranger, at home in the universe. As witnesses, however, witnesses only, shall these high priests of nature be called, and speak to facts, but offer no opinions.

Our twelve shall first cast a glance at our own solar system, and observe that no one of its planets has the same magnitude, inclination of axis, so far as that has been observed, density, time of rotation, or arrangement of orbit; but that each, in nearly all these particulars, differs greatly from its brethren. They shall notice that several of the planets have no moons: that our Earth has one relatively very large one: Jupiter, four relatively small ones: Saturn, seven of greatly varying dimensions: Uranus, as is believed, six; and Neptune, two or more. They shall see the splendid girdles which Saturn wears, and be warned that two at least of the moons of Uranus move from east to west, or in a direction opposite to that of their planet, and of all the other bodies of the solar system.

The enormous differences in the length of the planetary years shall startle them; that of Mercury, for example, being equal to about three of our months; that of Neptune, to 164 of our years. The lesser, but marked diversities in the length of their days shall awaken notice, the Mercurial day being, like our own,

twenty-four hours long, the Saturnine only ten. The variations in the amount of heat and light received from the Sun by each of its attendants shall not be forgotten; Uranus, for example, obtaining two thousand times less than Mercury, which receives seven times more than the earth. They shall also observe the extent to which the planets are subject to changes of season; the Earth knowing its four grateful vicissitudes; Jupiter knowing none; whilst the winter in Saturn under the shadow of his rings is fifteen years long. All those unresembling particulars shall be made manifest to our observant twelve. Neither shall they be forgetful of those dissimilarities in relation to atmosphere, and perhaps to physical constitution, which astronomers have detected. When so much diversity has been seen to shine through the unity of the solar system, our twelve shall gaze forth into space, to see if all be sameness there. Sameness! They shall discern stars of the first magnitude, stars of the second magnitude, of the third, of the fourth, of the seventh, down to points so small, even to the greatest telescopes, that the soberest of philosophers can devise no better name for them than star-dust; and one of them declares "that for anything experience has hitherto taught us, the number of the stars may be really infinite, in the only sense in which we can assign a meaning to the word." They shall find that the Dog-star is a sun, whose light has an intrinsic splendour sixty-three times greater than that of our own solar orb, and that he is not counted chief of the stars. They shall search in vain through the abysses for a system similar to our own, and find none, but perceive instead, multitudes of double-stars or twin suns, revolving round each other. They shall learn that there are triple systems of suns, and that there may be more complex ones; and try to conceive how unlike our planetary arrangements must be the economy of the worlds to which these luminaries furnish light. They shall gaze at purple and orange suns, at blue and green and yellow and red ones; and become

aware of double systems where the one twin appears to be a self-luminous sun, and the other a dark sphere of corresponding magnitude, like a sun gone out, as if modern science would assign an exact meaning to Origen's reference to "stars, which ray down darkness." Herschel shall show them the sidereal clusters, many of which "convey the complete idea of a globular space filled full of stars [i. e. suns] insulated in the heavens, and constituting in itself a family or society apart from the rest, and subject only to its own internal laws." Lord Rosse shall exhibit the nebulæ, resolved and unresolved. The continental observatories shall furnish records of those strange heavenly bodies which periodically wax and wane, now shining like "candles of the Lord," now darkening with Ichabod on their foreheads. Tycho Brahe shall tell of those mysterious unabiding stars, which have flashed almost in a moment into existence in the heavens, and have died away like all precocious things prematurely, appearing as if to verify the poet's prediction, that the sun himself will prove a transient meteor in the sky. The Chinese astronomers shall proclaim the paths of ancient comets, which neither Greek nor Roman had courage or science enough to trace through the heavens; and Humboldt, after describing the wanderings of the comets of later days, shall supply the commentary that so great are the differences among these eccentric bodies, "that the description of one can only be applied with much caution to another." The American observers shall detail how thick and fast the "fiery tears" fall from the November meteors: and a thousand other witnesses stand ready to affirm "of diversity there is no end." But we may suppose our somewhat distracted twelve, at this stage of the proceedings, to decline further evidence, and bethink themselves what their verdict shall be.

"These stars!" one juryman will say—a chandler we may guess, or oil merchant, or perhaps only a lamp-lighter—"these stars! these suns! 'these street lamps,' as Carlyle has called

them, 'in the city of God,' are they to be counted, my brethren, so many argand burners, each cast in the same mould, with wick clipped to the same length, and fed with the like modicum of oil, that it may spread an equal number of rays over the same square section of heaven's pavement? Nay! are we not certain that at least they differ in size and brightness? and if thus they vary in dimensions and in splendour, as well as in colour of light and in mode of arrangement, is it likeliest that in other respects they differ only in degree, and have all but one function, or that they differ in kind and in office also? Some shall be likened to fragrant wax-candles, lighting up gay drawing rooms; and others shall be murky torches following the dead to the tomb; and others Eddystone lamps, saving goodly ships from destruction; and others, rainbow-tinted vases, making the streets gay on coronation festivals: or strontia-fires, bidding armies begin battle; or Bude flames, illuminating halls of parliament; or lime-ball and electric lights on lofty mountain-tops, measuring arcs of the globe."

A second of the twelve shall arise, a blacksmith, or stoker, by the look of him. "That visible sun of ours, it should seem, is the open furnace-door of a great locomotive engine, sweeping through space. Its train goes with it, of Jupiter-Saturn first class carriages, Mars-Earthly second class, and Ceres-Vesta third ones; satellite trucks being here and there interspersed through the train; and comet engines provided to go special messages. Those far distant stars, it should seem, are locomotives too, and like enough, propel planet-trains, though no one has seen even traces of the latter. But are we free to settle that each drags its Jupiter, its Earth and Vesta carriages behind it, with the same lord and squire passengers in the first, citizens well-to-do in the second, and stout mechanics or ragged Irishmen in the third? Are the paint and lacquer, the cushions and the paddings, the door-handles and the wheels, and all the similar coach furniture, to be looked for in these hypothetical trains,

exactly as they are found in our sun's planet-carriages? Let us consider before we admit this, how many coupled engines we see; how many triplets and other locomotive wonders, which are likely to have attendants as strange as their engines, and pause before we settle that space is but a railway network, traversed by up and down trains, differing only in length and speed, and carrying in the same vehicles the same kind of passengers and goods, at the one Universal penny a mile.

"It seems, indeed, but an appeal to our ignorance to say, that that Sirius-engine, for example, differs nothing from our Sun-locomotive but in size. Its fire is far brighter and hotter than ours, and perhaps as much because it burns a different sort of fuel, as because it merely burns more of the same coke that our locomotive consumes. Neither does it seem a self-evident proposition that the Sirian machine must be made up of some sixty chemical pieces, because one of the carriages of our Sun's train consists of so many. And as for the train of the Dog-star, if there be one, it appears not unlikely that the traffic of the regions through which it runs may be very different from that of our zodiac, and that the vehicles composing the suite of Sirius may differ in many particulars from such as accompany our Sun. I, for one at least, will say that I perceive no grounds for assuming that where diversity prevails in relation to all the points that are cognizable by us, sameness should be counted to be the rule in regard to everything that is hidden from our sight."

A third juryman, who has plainly served before the mast, will make bold to ask the question — "Those ships of heaven that go sailing past, each on its mysterious God-commissioned errand, were it wisest to consider them a fleet of herring-boats or collier brigs, some larger, some smaller, but all built of the same materials, rigged in the same style, and carrying the same cargo? Or were it wiser to compare ourselves to the watchers on lonely Ascension Isle or solitary St. Helena, now signalling

a man of war with its 'Mariners of England;' then an African slaver with its doleful passengers and demon-crew; now a heavy-laden Indiaman rich with the wealth of China; then a battered South Sea whaler, filled with the spoils of slaughtered monsters of the deep; light Tahitian schooners with cocoa-nuts and arrow-root; stout American ships with ice for the epicures in India; English barks with missionaries, for the heathens of all lands. Oak ships, and teak ships, and ships hammered out of iron: sailing vessels, and ocean steamers with paddles and screw-propellers. Danes, Dutchmen, and Swedes, Frenchmen, Russians, and Spaniards, each with its different build, its unlike dialect, its strange flag and unresembling crew. All sizes and shapes and kinds of navigable craft, with all sorts of unimaginable cargoes and motley companies of sea-faring men.

"If there are all these differences among our sailing vessels, are there likely to be fewer among the ships of heaven? Do you think it probable that if by means of some loudest speaking-trumpet, we could hail each shining orb with 'Star a-hoy!' and thereafter, by means of some farthest echoing reverberating hearing-horn, could get back an answer, that from every one would be returned the same doleful or trivial earthly murmur—*Californian Diggings; Kaffre War; Ministers Outvoted; Fête at Paris; Insurrection in China; His Holiness the Pope's last Bull.*

"My friends think of this. In the azure sea above us, there are no shores or landing-places; it is one boundless PACIFIC OCEAN, where the frailest bark never hides behind a bulwark, or drops anchor in a storm. The fleets of heaven are all phantom ships, for ever sailing, but never nearing port. If they are all then as nearly as possible identical, why are there so many? If the nature and object of each is the same, why are they not pieced together so as to make up one huge vessel? They might as well have been nailed and hammered into a single mighty sun, or sun-earth, lighting up, and darkening

itself, while it floated through space, like a gigantic Noah's ark, laden with every living creature."

This is our Sailor-juryman's opinion; but we have an old Serjeant also among our twelve, and he claims to be heard next. "The Skipper," he begins, "the Skipper has likened the stars to men-of-war, and so will I, though in a different sense from him, but with a view to repeat his question: If the celestial bodies are all alike, why are there so many of them? The stars, I have been told, are the 'Host of Heaven,' 'the armies of the sky,' and if so, are something more than a regiment, and are likely to present other differences than merely a grenadier company of stars of the first magnitude; a light company of stars of the second; a mass of troops of the line, of the third; and drummer-boys of the fourth. An army, my friends, is not a *row* of pipe-clayed men, with stiff stocks and buttoned gaiters, turning their eyes to the right or the left as some martinet colonel gives the word of command. It counts not by men but by companies, not by companies but by regiments, not by regiments but by battalions, not by battalions but by nations. Its officers are dukes and archdukes, kings and emperors. It has cavalry and infantry, artillery battalions, rifle brigades, rocket companies, engineers, sappers and miners. In that small matter of arms and clothing how endless the difference. Plumed bonnet, helmet and shako, grenadier cap, cocked hat; plaid, cuirass, hussar-jacket, broadsword, sabre and spear, bayonet, pistol, carabine and musket: all kinds of dress and equipment, and every variety of weapon, worn by all sorts and conditions of men. And if man, bent only on fighting for his hearth and home, and without caring for diversity, nay, doing his best to provide against it, by 'tailor's uniform,' 'serjeant's drill,' 'pipe-clay,' 'orders of service,' and whatever else promised to smooth over differences,—has never been able to do more than iron straight and make uniform a single regiment at a time, and that for the shortest period, how is it likely to be

with that Host of Heaven as ye call them? Scarcely among earthly hosts has some latest regulation-cap become comfortable on the head of its military wearer, before he who planted it there to realise his thirst for unity, has grown weary of its sameness, and must have the felt shaped anew. This is the lesson that nature has taught him, how not two leaves can be found alike, not even two pease: and if not two alike, still less three: least of all thirty or a thousand. If, moreover, among objects of the same class or species every additional unit shows an additional difference, how much greater the probability of variety, when there is a likelihood of the individuals belonging to different tribes! Call not, then, the heavenly bodies a host, or army, or acknowledge that they must have mighty differences among them. I say not that each 'sentinel star' is unlike all others. It is enough if it be unlike many. There may be whole battalions of the same race, wielding the same weapon, and wearing the same uniform: but will this be the case with the entire army? It was not so with Pharaoh's host, or the Roman legions, with Attila's hordes or Britain's army, or with any host that man has seen. I ask no other evidence of diversity existing among the starry night-watchers than that there are millions of millions of them. Such numbers do not exhaust unity; no numbers can; but they exclude sameness when oneness of species cannot be shown; and before we have counted even our thousands, 'all things, I doubt not, will have become new.' Yes! the faulchion that Orion wields is forged of a different metal from the flaming sword of the comet, or the fiery weapon of Mars, and the club of Hercules is carved of another wood than the shaft of Bootes' spear."

A long-haired, ample-collared young gentleman, will here interrupt our militaire. "Of regimental tailoring and army cutlery I know nothing. But did not Byron write that immortal line,

"'Ye Stars! which are the poetry of heaven;'

and what think ye did he mean by that? That our sun, with the help of his family, had once since the beginning of things composed an ode; he, after much thought, giving out the first line, his planets with difficulty furnishing a line apiece, the moons attending to the stops, whilst the comets supplied the interjections and notes of admiration. His lordship, too, would intend us to understand, either that copies of this remarkable production were handed round the universe, or that, by a striking coincidence of genius, such as happened more than once to himself and Goethe, each sun with due help composed once in its existence the very same family piece; so that for millions of centuries the stars have all been chanting like the children of an infant school, the same unchanging, meagre version of 'the hand that made us is divine.'

"That might be his lordship's meaning: but might he not, perhaps, intend us to understand something very different, and expect to have our sympathy with another view of things? Our Earth, I think, alone engages to furnish a whole epic of 'Paradise Lost.' through 'Man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree,' and each sphere it is likely has, like Thalaba, its wild and wondrous tale to tell. The poetry of heaven, according to my Lord Byron, or any other of the poet guild, is no solitary sonnet, or single song, but an Olympic contest of Iliads and Odysseys, epics and lyrics, tragedies and comedies, histories in twenty-four books, isolated verses, single hymns, detached odes, and separate songs, where the same poem is never recited twice by one author, nor similar compositions made public by different poets; but in endless diversity, a countless succession of abounding rhymes flows on, of 'grave and gay, and lively and severe,' recounting the history and the destinies of the universe, and glorifying him who sits enthroned as its King."

"Ay! and the Music of the Spheres," will a sweet-tongued juryman say, "is that some unaccompanied melody; some

'Gloria Patri' of three notes; or 'God save the King upon a single string,' played endlessly upon the millions of similar barrel organs that make up the universe? or is the latter some grandest cathedral organ provided not merely with '*vox humana*,' or Earthly stops, but with unnumbered Phœbus flutes, Martial trumpets, Aries horns, Serpent clarions, and pedals touched by the feet of him who walketh on the wings of the wind? Under the vault of heaven it stands a complete orchestra, now with muted voice, as the fingers of God move over one starry bank of keys, lisping under breath some simple melody, then, as they change to another, sounding out a trumpet obligato, or 'when the Highest gives his voice,' rolling forth with open diapason a 'Jupiter symphony,' or guiding the Hallelujah chorus of the morning stars singing together. The starry choir, I ween, is no African row of monotonous performers singing in unison, and able to sing only one song, but a Russian horn-band, where each individual furnishes his indispensable single, and unlike note, towards the universal harmony, and the troop can execute all kinds of music: or a German festival-chorus with its thousand voices, and its unlike parts undulating together into one vast symphony, and flowing on as a mighty river of sound. 'There is no speech or language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.'"

The Chancellor, or Foreman, however, of our twelve, desiring impartiality, and also, as befits his office, loving unity, shall here interpose: "My friends, let not this discerning of diversity prevail with us too far. From the evidence laid before us it should seem, that this solar system of ours is a goodly branch, on the summit of whose stem blooms a brilliant sunflower, whilst round its stalk, at due distances, are arranged the components of its foliage, some twenty broad planet-leaves, and about as many moon-leaflets. Besides these, there are myriads of sharp-pointed, swift-piercing, straggling comet-

thorns, which have occasioned much annoyance to those who have handled them. With these I shall not meddle; but those far distant, non-planetary stars! were it not good to count them sunflowers also, of which on some branches indeed there are two on one stalk, and on others three; larger it may be in certain cases, and fairer than ours, purer in their tints, and varied occasionally in the hue of their petals, but sunflowers all of them, and embosomed in more or fewer leaves and leaflets like those on our own stem? It were no mean and paltry idea of a universe, or meagre scheme of its unity, to compare its clustered stars to unfading flowers blossoming on the branches of one great tree. I should liken it to such a monarch of the wood as Nebuchadnezzar beheld in his night-dream, or better to such as Ezekiel saw in waking vision. 'A cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. . . . . All the fowls of Heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. . . . . The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty.'"

"Yes!" one will reply, "that truly were a goodly scheme, and a grand unity, but were it not a better thought, productive of a grander unity, and as likely to be the true one, that that starry universe is no one flowered cedar unvaried in its beauty, but such a tree of life as the Daniel and Ezekiel of the New Testament, the beloved apostle, saw, which bare '*twelve* manner of fruit,' and 'whose leaves were for the healing of the nations?'"

"And were it not," a third will say, "grandest still, and most likely, that that midnight sky shows us no Lebanon with its single cedar, however stately, nor any one tree, however different its flowers, but a whole 'Garden of God,' with its oaks,

and its elms, and its fir-trees; its myrtles and its roses: ay, and its lilies of the valley, its daisies and violets too? Yes! stars are like stars, as flowers are like flowers, but they do not resemble each other as roses do roses, or lilies lilies; but as the rose does the lily, or the dark violet the star-eyed daisy."

Our Chancellor, caught like Absalom in the branches of his own metaphor, shall say no more on the matter in dispute, but content himself with pressing for a conclusion. And thereupon the twelve, various in their unity, shall stand up with uncovered heads in the stillness of night, and lift their unanimous voices to heaven. "By thee only, Judge of all the earth, and all the universe, can this cause be decided, and to the judgment of thy supreme court do we refer it for final issue. But, in the meanwhile, we are free to give our verdict according to the evidence laid before us, and it runs thus:—

"'*There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: star differeth from star in glory.*'" To which verdict, we, for our part, understanding the words in their widest sense, will append our heartiest Amen.

The "fulness of him that filleth all in all" is of its essence inexhaustible, as we perhaps best realise when all metaphor is set aside, and we reflect on the one quality that belongs to God's attributes: namely, that they are Infinite. It is part of his kindness to us, that he never lets us lose sight of this great prerogative of his nature, but, alike by suns and by atoms, teaches us that his power and his wisdom have no bounds.

It cannot be that he reveals himself otherwise in the oceans of space. Were we privileged to set sail among the shining archipelagoes and starry islands that fill these seas, we should search like marvelling but adoring children for wonder upon wonder, and feel a cold chill of utter disappointment if the

widest diversity did not everywhere prevail. The sense of Unity is an over-ruling power which never lays aside the sceptre, and will not be disobeyed. We should not fear that it would fade away, nay, we know that it would stand forth mightiest when its kingdom seemed to have sunk under overwhelming diversity. Unity is in nature often nearest us exactly when variety seems to have put it furthest away. We are like the sailors of Magellan who first rounded the globe. Every day they sailed further as *they* reckoned from the place of their departure, and ploughed what seemed to *them* a *straight* line of increasing length, which had all to be retraced before their first harbour could be gained: but, behold, when they had sailed longest, and seemed furthest from home, they had the least to sail over, and were nearest to port. Exactly when hope of return was faintest were they called on to exclaim, like the Ancient Mariner—

> "Oh dream of joy! is this indeed
> The lighthouse top I see?
> Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
> Is this my own countree?"

A voyage through space would in like manner turn out to be a circumnavigation. We should set sail from Unity, and traverse the great circle of a universe's variety till we came round to Unity again. The words on our lips as we dropt anchor would be, "There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord, and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

Our readers may be disposed to think, that in all that has been said we have evasively begged the question. A phantom-jury of men, professedly unlettered, but in reality bearing the same relation to the majority of the different classes they represent, that the pedlar of Wordsworth's "Excursion" does to ordinary pedlars, have disposed of the problem under discussion,

apparently unanimously enough. But if their verdict were submitted to the revision of a tribunal of men of science, it may be thought doubtful whether it would be ratified. Let us transfer, then, the question of the terrestrial or non-terrestrial character of the heavenly bodies, from the "outer court of the gentiles," in which we have hitherto heard it argued, to the "inner court of the priests," even of the high priests of Nature, who serve at her altar, the philosophers properly so called. Our space will not permit us to put on record the judgments of all of them, but we may find room to chronicle the opinions of three of the priestly dignitaries, the Astronomer, the Chemist, and the Physiologist, or Biologist.

A quotation from Sir John Herschel will show the judgment of astronomy on the question we are discussing, so far as the planets are concerned.

"Three features principally strike us as necessarily productive of extraordinary diversity in the provisions by which, if they be, like our earth, inhabited, animal life must be supported. These are, *first*, the difference in their respective supplies of light and heat from the sun; *secondly*, the differences in the intensities of the gravitating forces which must subsist at their surfaces, or the different ratios which on their several globes the *inertiæ* of bodies must bear to their *weights*; and, *thirdly, the difference in the nature of the materials of which, from what we know of their mean density, we have every reason to believe they consist.*"— *Outlines of Astronomy*, p. 310.

The two first points of diversity noted, refer to differences in the *intensity* of certain influences, which, however, we shall presently find are, of themselves, sufficient to make terrestrial life as we see it, impossible upon at least the majority of the planets. The third is a most explicit reference to a difference in the kind of materials of which the several planets consist, which their difference in density betrays. "The density of Saturn," for example, "hardly exceeds one-eighth of the mean density of the earth, so that it must consist of materials not much heavier than cork."

We shall refer to this question more particularly presently, when discussing the testimony of Chemistry as to the components of the Spheres.

Direct telescopic observation, moreover, has also supplied the astronomer with some information concerning the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies, the chief points of which we condense here, mainly from Herschel's minute descriptions of the characteristic features of each of the members of the solar system.

So far as the sun is concerned, it may suffice our present purpose to say, that nothing certain is known regarding its constitution. It is supposed to have a kind of triple atmosphere, one portion of which is luminous; the second consists of highly reflective clouds, which float below the first, and throw off its light and heat. The third is a mass of gaseous matter, believed to include the luminous and cloudy portions, and to envelope the solid sphere of the sun. In what condition the last is, either as to temperature or to illumination, is quite uncertain; nor is anything known in relation to its composition. Observations, however, on the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, have enabled astronomers to infer that the sun has not an atmosphere of the same nature as that of the Earth; and this may be said to be the only matter tolerably certain concerning solar chemistry. Mercury is too near the sun, Uranus and Neptune too distant from it; Vesta, Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and the other minor planets, too small to permit observations as to the condition of their surfaces. Venus is thought to have an atmosphere, and some have conceived they saw hills on its disc, but the existence of these is doubtful. Mars most resembles the Earth of all the planets. The outlines of what are considered continents are very distinct, and what seem to be seas are equally visible. The polar regions, too, present appearances strongly favouring the idea, that snow or ice is collected at them, thawing in the Martial summer, and becoming more

abundant in its winter. This is by far the most interesting fact, as in truth it is the only positive one, so far as we know, which the telescope has supplied in relation to planetary chemistry. To have good reasons for suspecting that so characteristic and important an earthly ingredient as water occurs in Mars, is assuredly a matter of great interest. The more abundant element of that fluid (oxygen) is also the most important constituent of air, and may perhaps exist free around the planet. A globe which had water, and an oxygen atmosphere, might certainly put in some chemical claim to be a sister of the Earth. But such speculation is premature. The presence of water does not justify the inference that free oxygen is also existent; nor does it warrant the conclusion that more than fifty other elements must be there also. It may further be noticed that the atmosphere of Mars is less distinct and abundant, and much less opaque and cloudy, than we should have expected in the case of a planet thought to possess a great body of water. Astronomers, however, appear to be by no means agreed, either as to the nature or to the extent of the Martial atmosphere. Some deny that there is one at all.

The strange fiery-red light of this star, also, implies a peculiar condition of its whole uncovered surface, very unlike what our Earth's exterior exhibits, and forbids any conclusion as to the general identity of their superficial condition or component ingredients. It still more forbids rash inferences as to terrestrial plants and animals existing on a body of unknown composition.

Nothing is known concerning the surface of Jupiter, which his cloudy atmosphere conceals from inspection; but observations on the eclipses of his moons have shown that that atmosphere does not sensibly refract light. It therefore differs from that of the Earth; but we have at present no means of ascertaining what its constituents are. The disc of Saturn is also

hidden from us by a gaseous or vaporous covering, the nature of which is unknown. His rings are perhaps naked, but they are rarely objects of full telescopic observation, and the state of their surfaces has not been minutely described.

The Earth's satellite is the only moon which has been carefully examined; and we can say more concerning its superficial condition than that of any other of the heavenly bodies. It is the least terrestrial, to appearance, of them all. The moon has no atmosphere, no air, no clouds, no rain, nor dew, nor lakes, nor rivers, nor seas! It has great plains and valleys, but to appearance, barren as the Zahara, for the lunar seasons produce no change on them; nor have traces of vegetable or animal life been detected on any part of its unfruitful surface. It has gigantic mountains, nearly every one an active or extinct volcano, with craters of enormous depth; but their summits and edges relieved from the wearing and disintegrating action of air and water, and unclothed with verdure, are in all cases rugged and sharp, unlike the worn, or covered, and everywhere rounded outlines of our hills. To this astronomical description of the moon we add the remark, that there is something altogether non-terrestrial in the existence of myriads of gigantic volcanic craters, without an atmosphere floating round the sphere containing them, or water existing at its surface; for all the active earthly volcanos pour out volumes of steam and other vapours and gases, which would soon re-clothe our globe with an atmosphere, if it were deprived of its present one.

It does not appear, then, that the telescope favours the idea that a telluric or terrestrial character is common to the members of the solar system. On the other hand, at the sun, the moon, and Jupiter, it brings into view phenomena, which, so far as we can observe them, are so marked and peculiar, as to imply a state of their surfaces quite unlike that of our planet. To the consideration of this we shall return more fully, when referring to the judgment of Biology on the Stars as Theatres

of Life. Meanwhile, we proceed to inquire what decision Chemistry gives on the problem before us. It is to this part of the discussion that we are most anxious to direct the reader's attention, not because it is intrinsically more important than the points already gone over, but because of its comparative novelty, and the erroneous interpretation which has been put upon it.

It might seem, at first sight, as if chemistry could have nothing to say on the matter: yet for ages she has hankered after an alliance with astronomy, and has chronicled the fact in her nomenclature. The alchemist was an astro-chemist, and twin-brother to the astrologer. Gold was Sol; Silver, Luna; Iron, Mars; Lead, Saturn, &c.; and we still speak of lunar caustic, and of martial and saturnine preparations, when referring to certain of the medicinal compounds of silver, iron, and lead. One of the most important of the metals every day reminds us, by its name, Mercury, of the affinity which was once thought to connect it with its namesake, the planet. The astrologist, however, long ago became an astronomer, and the alchemist a chemist; and for a lengthened period they had no dealings together. It has been otherwise latterly. The extension of both sciences has led to their meeting again, and this in a somewhat singular way.

His own little Juan Fernandez island of an earth, was apparently the only spot in the universe of which the chemist could declare, "I am monarch of all I survey." Towards the far distant stars, however, he cast wistful eyes. They were almost all suns, the astronomer told him, which for ages had evolved light and heat, and spread it through space. Can chemistry, then, which for centuries has been explaining—always more and more successfully—the evolution of heat and light on this earth, give no information concerning their production at the sun? It seems that perhaps it may. When a ray of sunlight is passed through a prism, certain "fixed lines" or dark spaces

are seen in the resulting spectrum, unlike those which the spectra of terrestrial flames exhibit. Sirius and Castor, as well as other stars, exhibit peculiar spectra also. "Now a very recent discovery of Sir D. Brewster," as Professor Graham observes, "has given to these observations an entirely chemical character. He has found that the white light of ordinary flames requires merely to be sent through a certain gaseous medium (nitrous acid vapour), to acquire more than a thousand dark lines in its spectrum. He is hence led to infer, that it is the presence of certain gases in the atmosphere of the sun which occasions the observed deficiencies in the solar spectrum. We may thus have it yet in our power to study the nature of the combustion which lights up the suns of other systems."

Such is one example of the way in which chemistry has sought to extend her dominion into space. Another is furnished by the conclusions which Wollaston drew as to the quality of the atmospheres of the Sun and of Jupiter, from the absence in them of power to refract light sensibly, as shown in the case of the Sun, during the transits of Venus, and in that of Jupiter when his moons are eclipsed by him. It has recently, however, been found possible to apply chemical analysis directly to certain of the heavenly bodies, so that, without extravagance, we can now declare that there is a Chemistry of the Stars as well as of the Earth.

The oft-quoted Oriental proverb, which teaches, that since the "mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," has in this case, for once, been reversed; for when the chemist could find no way of travelling to the spheres, behold! certain bright particular stars have come to him and submitted to analysis. We refer to the aërolites, meteorites, or meteoric stones, which, according to the most generally adopted of many theories, at one time were thought to have been projected from volcanos in the moon. They are now almost universally acknowledged to have been true stars before they

reached our earth. For a statement of the reasons which have led astronomers to this conclusion, we must refer our readers to Humboldt's "Cosmos," where the whole subject is discussed at great length. It may suffice to say, that many considerations justify the conclusion, that multitudes of asteroids, starlets, or as Sir John Herschel calls them, "meteor-planets," revolve in definite orbits round the sun, and some also as invisible, or momentarily visible, minute moons round the earth. The orbits of some of the former are believed to resemble that of the earth, but to be in a different plane, so that in the course of their revolutions round the sun, these tiny planets come, at certain periods, within the sphere of the earth's attraction, and are precipitated as meteoric stones upon its surface, as weary and forlorn birds of passage, far out at sea, are entangled in the rigging of vessels, and fall helpless on deck.

This modern theory of meteorites reads like a bald rendering of the poetical myth of the angels, whom earthly loves induced to forfeit for ever their places in the heavens, but it has invested the strange fallen stars, to which it refers, with a new interest. The largest of them is but a microscopic grain of the star-dust scattered over the sky, but it is none the less of celestial origin, and may be submitted to analysis.

The meteorites have accordingly been put upon the rack by the chemist, and all their secrets have been tortured out of them, but they have revealed fewer marvels than at one time was expected. No new chemical element or primary ingredient has been found in any of them. In other words, they contain no ultimate chemical component which the earth does not contain. This remarkable fact has seemed to many to justify the belief, that other worlds have been constructed out of the same materials as our own. It is thus, for example, turned to account by the author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." After stating that the elements, or simplest chemical constituents of the globe, are those sixty or more

substances which have hitherto resisted all attempts to reduce them to simpler forms of matter, he proceeds thus*:—

"Analogy would lead us to conclude that the modifications of the primordial matter forming our so-called elements, are as universal, or as liable to take place everywhere as are the laws of gravitation and centrifugal force. We must therefore presume that the gases, the metals, the earths, and other simple substances (besides whatever more of which we have no acquaintance), exist, or are liable to come into existence under proper conditions, as well in the Astral system, which is thirty-five thousand times more distant than Sirius, as within the bounds of our own solar system, or our own globe."—*Vestiges*, Fifth Edition, p. 30.

We leave unnoticed, till we proceed with our discussion, the assumption contained in the passage just quoted, that the earth, considered as an aggregate of chemical substances, is a type of the chemistry of the universe. It is thus justified by a reference to the meteoric stones:—

"What is exceedingly remarkable, and particularly worthy of notice as strengthening the argument that all the members of the solar system, and perhaps of other systems, have a similar constitution, no new elements are found in these bodies [meteorites]; *they contain the ordinary materials of the earth*, but associated in a manner altogether new, and unlike anything known in terrestrial mineralogy."—*Vestiges*, Fifth Edition, p. 42.

The clause of this sentence, which we have marked by italics, contrives, by an unwarrantable concealment, to convey a very false impression of the true nature of meteoric stones. They are said to "contain the ordinary materials of the earth," which no doubt they do; but it should have been added, that they contain only *some* of them; so far as we know, but the smaller part.

* The exact number of chemical elements, or simple bodies, is uncertain, as recent researches still incomplete have revealed the existence of several, whose chemical relations have not yet been fully ascertained. We use the integer 60 as sufficiently near the true number for our present purpose.

We have not on record a great number of analyses of meteoric stones, for they are comparatively rare; it would be premature, therefore, to decide that we know all their constituents. But so far as our knowledge extends, it does not appear that a third of our earthly elements has been found in these bodies. Humboldt, in his "Cosmos," quoting from Rammelsberg, the greatest living authority on the subject, enumerates only eighteen of the sixty elements as occurring in them. Professor Shepard counts nineteen as certain, and adds two more as doubtful. It is to be observed, on the other hand, that not only are the majority of the terrestrial elements, including many of the most important among them, totally wanting from meteoric stones, but those which are present are not mingled (as the quotation indeed acknowledges) in earthly proportions.

Our globe consists, speaking generally, of two opposite classes of ingredients,—namely, metals and non-metallic bodies, some of which, as oxygen in the one division, and the precious metals in the other, occur free, but the greater number in combination with some body or bodies of the unlike class. There are many more *kinds* of metals than of non-metallic substances, but the latter, taken as a whole, occur in much larger *quantities* than the former. One non-metallic body alone, oxygen, is computed to form a third of the weight of the crust of the earth. In meteoric stones, on the other hand, whilst non-metallic elements are the less numerous constituents (only a half of those occurring in the earth being found in them), they also occur in much smaller quantities than the metals. Of some of them, indeed, traces only are found.

Many of the best marked aërolites are masses of nearly pure metal, chiefly iron, with a small proportion of nickel. Others contain cobalt, manganese, chromium, copper, and other metals, diffused through them in minute quantities, associated with a small percentage of oxygen, sulphur, chlorine, &c. The stony meteorites consist chiefly of silica and metallic oxides.

Whilst thus, meteoric stones contain only a portion of the elements of the earth, that portion is made up (in the greater number of meteorites), so far as the relative quantities of its components are concerned, almost entirely of metals. A meteoric stone represents, therefore, only a third of the whole constituents of the earth so far as number is concerned, and except to a small extent, but one class of them so far as nature. A globe so constituted could never, by any process of development (unless its so-called elements suffered transmutation), become possessed of water, or an atmosphere, or give birth to terrestrial plants or animals.

It may make the matter clearer to those not minutely conversant with chemistry, who may suspect us of hypercriticism, if we illustrate the force of our argument thus. The conclusion in which we are asked to acquiesce is this strange one, that an aggregate of nineteen, or at the utmost twenty-one ingredients, is the same thing as an aggregate of sixty.* According to this view, a double flageolet of two tubes should be the same thing as a pan-pipe of seven. or an organ with scores of them; and a village fife and drum should be identical with a full military band, because the latter includes a fife and drum. It should thus make no difference whether one inherited an iceberg or a green island, Terra del Fuego or the gold district in California; for the iceberg possesses *to the extent of its possession* (namely, so much ice or solid water), what the fertile island contains, and Terra del Fuego is rich to the extent of its riches in the wealth of California.

Perhaps, however, we are dealing in a misleading exaggeration. The ingredients missing from the meteor-planets may be

* Twenty-one is the aggregate number of chemical elements found in meteoric stones, but no one meteorite contains so many. Some of the best known consist almost entirely of one ingredient. We state the case, therefore, in the way most disadvantageous for our argument when we speak of the meteoric elements as twenty-one in number.

properly enough marked by the minute analyst as absent, and yet be of no great consequence in reference to the suitableness of the latter to become theatres of life. The difference between the meteorite and the earth is perhaps only such as existed between Paganini's fiddle with one string, and Thalberg's piano with some hundred, from both of which instruments the same melody might sound. If such be the case, the author of the "Vestiges" could have no objection to allow us to place him within the receiver of an air-pump, and deprive him of only one of the sixty ingredients,—namely, oxygen—which is absent from many of the meteoric stones. Only twenty-one elements, it should seem, are needed, and we have been kinder to him than he is on paper to himself, for we have allowed him fifty-nine. Why does he pant so? and gasp for breath? Oxygen, it should seem, is no needless superfluity or choice luxury. The lung was not made to breathe without the breath of life being provided for it; and a meteoric stone, as our author before being let out of our receiver shall confess, would be as fatal as a vacuum to every terrestrial creature. Let it be further noticed that the missing elements of the meteoric stone are exactly those which are most abundant in plants and animals, and the worth of our author's reasoning will appear; but to this we shall return.

The chemical argument stripped of all exaggeration, stands thus. Several specimens of the bodies of space have been subjected to analysis,—namely, the earth, so far as its crust or accessible portion is concerned, and meteoric stones. The latter have not a common chemical composition, but are divisible into sections, each of which represents a separate example of planetary chemistry.* When the meteorites and the earth are compared, they are found to differ immensely, so far as the mode of arrangement, the relative quantities, the

* Prof. Shepard divides meteorites into two Classes—*Metallic*, and *Stony*, and each Class into three Orders, under which *thirteen* sections are included.

number and nature of their constituents are concerned. Here, then, are several unlike chemical specimens of the universe. To which among them are the other heavenly bodies to be compared? Analysis has succeeded in making one step beyond this earth, and has immediately brought to light a non-terrestrial chemistry. If it could stride on to sun, moon, and stars, what should it find? Different chemistries? or that of the earth or the meteoric stones endlessly repeated? Different chemistries, we think, and this for many reasons.

If the heavenly bodies were constructed of the terrestrial or the meteoric chemical elements, arranged in the way these are in the earth, or in the meteorites, the densities of the heavenly bodies should, within no very wide limits, be identical with the specific gravity of the earth, or of some one of the meteoric stones; but the opposite is the fact, for the Sun, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, have all a density much below that of our planet, or of any of the meteor-planets, as the following table, where the specific gravity of the earth is made unity, will show*:—

Earth, 1; Sun, 0·25; Jupiter, 0 24; Uranus, 0·17; Saturn, 0·14; Neptune, 0·23.

Apart altogether from this difference in density, it is manifest, that confining ourselves to purely chemical considerations, we could assign no satisfactory reason for preferring the earth to the meteoric stones, or the latter to the earth, as types of

* In the table in the text we have not given the sp. gr. of any of the meteorites, because their densities vary so much, that the mean of their specific gravities does not afford a datum of any value in reference to our argument. For the satisfaction, however, of the reader, we may mention that, according to Humboldt, "the specific weight of aerolites varies from 1·9 to 4·3. Their general density may be set down as 3, water being 1." Humboldt's maximum is certainly too low, for various of the American meteorites, examined by Prof. Shepard, have a density above 7; whilst, therefore, the earth is 5·6 times heavier than water, the densest of the meteorites are 7 times heavier, and the lightest within a tenth of being twice as heavy as water.

the chemical composition of one or all of the heavenly bodies; neither can we venture to affirm that we have exhausted in our globe and the meteor-planets the only existing examples of variation in composition which the universe presents, so that every star must be classed with the one or the other, inasmuch as they comprise all the diversities which occur in sidereal chemistry. On the other hand, it is not difficult to show that chemistry amply provides for every star having a different composition, and renders it exceedingly probable that different stars in this respect differ greatly.

In the first place, the chemical elements do not present that character of completeness and unity, considered as a great family, which we should expect in the raw material of a whole universe. When we subdivide them into groups, they arrange themselves unequally. Thus in several cases we find divisions of elements, such as chlorine, bromine, iodine; barium, strontium, calcium; niobium, pelopium, tantalum, in which the characteristic properties of each of the components of the group pass into those of its other members by the most delicate shadings. In other examples, again, although analogous properties are not wanting in related bodies, the particular substance (*ex. gr.*, nitrogen, or mercury) stands apart, isolated as it were, and exhibiting but remote affinities to its nearest neighbours. In all science, however, and strikingly in chemistry, isolation is the exception, and association the rule. In these cases of apparent isolation, it is possible that elements which would make up a group, and connect the solitary in friendly alliance with the families about it, may exist in other worlds, as animals supplying gaps in the zoological circles are found extinct in the strata of other eras than our own. Such hypothetically deficient elements no doubt may yet be found in our own globe, but for the present, we must adopt the rule, "de non apparentibus, et de non existentibus, eadem ratio." Or we may find all the so-called elements to be modifications

of some simpler or simplest forms or form of matter, and be able to convert that into unknown substances of the same grade as our present elements, and so satisfy the supposed need of harmony. Even if we should, however, achieve this result, it would only alter the mode of stating the problem, which would then run thus,—What forms of the primary matter are likely to occur in different globes?

Secondly, it may be remarked that some of our terrestrial elements, such as the metals of the earths proper (except aluminum) and also selenium, tellurium, molybden, vanadium, tungsten, as well as others, are not known to be of service in our globe. It would be very rash to permit our ignorance to be the measure of a question like this. These bodies may have been, or may yet be, even if they are not at present, (which, however, is only an assumption,) of the utmost value in effecting necessary changes on the earth. Man, too, as his knowledge extends, may discover economical applications of the elements in question of the greatest importance. Withal, however, we may suppose that some, at least, of these substances may not have been specially destined to be of use on our globe, but may bear the same relation to it that rudimentary organs do to the bodies of the animals possessing them, so that they are of little or no service to the structure in which they occur, but are typical of much more highly developed instruments, or arrangements, in other organisms or spheres. These seemingly useless, and sparingly distributed bodies in our earth, may be the prevailing or most important constituents of other globes, and may perform functions there of which we have no conception. Other elements, such as arsenic, yield compounds so deadly to vegetable and animal life, and so apparently unserviceable in the mineral kingdom, that one is almost driven to believe that it was not primarily for us, but for some other beings in a different world, such bodies were provided. At least, we suppose there are few who will consider the slight service which arsenical

preparations have rendered to medicine, or their efficacy in poisoning rats and flies, and the fact of their furnishing certain pigments, as an equivalent for the multitude of human beings whom they have consigned to untimely graves, and the many crimes to which they have furnished temptations.

Thirdly, nature has been very niggard to us of certain of the elements, for example, of one peculiar and very valuable class, the noble or precious metals, gold, platina, palladium, rhodium, &c. We do not refer to the scarcity of these as limiting our luxury, or count them precious in the sense of being costly. Gold and platina, to mention no others, have the desirable properties of never wasting, rusting, or corroding, and platina will not melt in the heat of a blast-furnace. Were these or the allied metals more abundant, our eating, drinking, and cooking vessels would be made of one or other of them. Our steam-boilers, railroads, furnace-bars, lamp-posts, and the like, would be constructed of platina, rhodium, or palladium, and our lighter and more elegant instruments and utensils of gold, which would be too cheap to tempt thieves to steal. One may suppose that other worlds may have been more richly favoured than we are with supplies of these or other goodly bodies, which find so limited scope for exhibiting their manifold virtues here. Can platina, *ex. gr.*, considered as a veritable, simple substance, be supposed to have been created solely to supply the terrestrial chemist with tests and crucibles? The chemist will probably think that a very satisfactory final cause for its creation, and we will not cry nay to it. But what if there be worlds where this metal is so abundant that they are sick of the sight of it, and would be glad to see a piece of rusty old iron, where the thieves steal the costly magnesia, and the royal crowns are made of the precious metal, lead? To speak more soberly, is it very unlikely that so marked and striking a metal as platina, as well as its congeners, may occur more abundantly in other worlds framed on a different ideal from

ours? We have no wish, however, to try our hand at improving God's fair and beautiful world.

To sum up the matter, we observe, without insisting on more, that we have no ground for assuming that we see on this earth all the kinds of elementary, or quasi-elementary matter which can exist. Still less are we justified in affirming that we have manifested on this globe the only modes of arrangement or of distribution, so far as relative quantity is concerned, of which our elements are susceptible. The very opposite is likely to be the case. The fact of their being *many* chemical elements awakens the suspicion that they were intended to be arranged in *many* ways. Had our globe been a ball of iron, or of lead, we should have had nothing to suspect in space but iron or lead. But when there are more than sixty earthly constituents, arranged, too, in a quite arbitrary way, we cannot resist the expectation that they will be found apportioned among the celestial spheres, not in that one way, but in various ways: here a few, there many together; in one globe, bodies of one class; in another, of another; in no one, perhaps, exactly the arrangement that prevails in any of the rest. Our globe may be called a mosaic of some sixty pieces, but it has not pleased the Great Artist to make equal use of each of the sixty. Not more than a half of them can be detected except by minute inspection, and the predominating tints are only some six or seven. Other stars may be mosaics constructed out of more or fewer of the same pieces, but they are, in all probability, put together according to different patterns. Let it not be forgotten that the omission of a single element would make a great difference. A globe in all other respects identical with ours would be utterly unfitted for being the theatre of life such as we see, if it wanted, as we have already noticed, but the one body oxygen, or hydrogen, or nitrogen, or carbon. The addition in considerable quantity of a single new potent element would equally derange the economy of a world. The arrangement in

a different way, without addition or abstraction, of existing elements would be as efficacious a cause of disturbance. If, for example, the nitrogen and oxygen of our atmosphere were suddenly to combine (and every thunderstorm occasions combination), we might be maddened by laughing-gas, or drowned in an ocean of nitric acid. The shades of variation in such a case would become shadows of most portentous depth and darkness.

If any one, indeed, will consider how many tunes can be made with the seven primary notes of music; how many numbers can be combined out of the ten numerals; how many words out of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, he may conceive how enormously great is the number of worlds, each quite distinct, which could be constructed out of the sixty elements. In the first place, there is a means of variety in the *number* of the simple bodies. One globe, like our earth, contains them all. Others, like the meteoric stones, may contain only some of them. Secondly, the *relative quantities* of the elements may vary. On one globe, the abounding element may be oxygen, as in our earth; in another, platina. A third cause of variety will be the *condition* of the elements. With us, hundreds of tons of chlorine are locked up in mountains of rock salt. In other worlds, that gas may be free, and form an atmosphere like our air.

Add these modes of varying composition together, and employ them all, and where will the variety stop? Millions of millions of worlds would not exhaust it. To what extent this susceptibility of variation has been taken advantage of by the Architect of the Heavens we cannot tell; but to suppose that it has been turned to no account seems a conception meagre beyond endurance. If we but knew the use to which the spheres are put, we might possibly hazard a conjecture concerning their composition, but of that we are altogether ignorant. Yet to suppose that the Infinite One has exhausted

the counsels of his wisdom in arranging the chemistry of our globe, and could only therefore repeat that endlessly through space, or to affirm that such a monotonous arrangement of the great world or universe is in keeping with the endless diversity visible in the little one which we inhabit, is a view of things that may not be entertained for a moment.

We close this long chemical discussion with one remark. Speculation set aside, the testimony of chemistry in reference to the heavenly bodies is neither more nor less than this, that every one of them which has been submitted to analysis, differs in composition from all the rest. Absolute chemical identity of any two or more has never been observed, whilst the extremes of difference between those least like each other, if denoted on a scale, would be 60 and 1; the maximum of this scale being the earth with its sixty ingredients, the minimum, those well known meteorites, which are little else than lumps of malleable iron. The importance of this fact has been overlooked, because, beginning with the earth, we have found the meteor-planets composed of fewer ingredients than it, and these all terrestrial.

Assuredly it would have been a more remarkable circumstance, if the meteoric elements had all been novel, and possessed of striking and unfamiliar properties; and something like disappointment has been felt because they are not. But we must not on this account disregard the fact that the meteorites are non-telluric in their chemical characters. They are so, as much by the terrestrial elements they want, as they would have been by the novel elements they might have possessed. Had a single non-terrestrial element been found in a meteoric stone, our philosophers would have been lost in wonder. Yet within the last ten years, six or seven new elements, namely, Didymium, Lanthanum, Niobium, Pelopium, Tantalum, Erbium, Terbium, have been discovered in our own planet, and none but professed chemists have paid any attention to the

fact, nor has the discovery perceptibly altered any of our scientific beliefs. Had but one of those obscure metals been found in a meteorite, and in it alone, speculations would have abounded on its nature and uses. Nevertheless, the addition of six or seven such metals to our globe, by the tacit confession of all science, is of infinitely less importance to the earth, than the loss of one such element as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, or carbon would be. To find, therefore, one of the latter absent, is truly a more interesting fact in relation to terrestrial chemistry, than it would be to find *all* of the recently discovered metals, or as many more similar elements, present. The most richly endowed of the meteoric stones, moreover, contain not a majority, but less than a fourth of the terrestrial elements, and of many of the most characteristically terrestrial elements, only traces. As soon as this fact is distinctly perceived, men will cease to complain that there are no new meteoric elements, and none will refuse to acknowledge that so far as analysis has proceeded, terrestrial and sidereal chemistry are quite different.

It remains now only to consider what the judgment of physiology or biology is likely to be concerning the manifestation of life in the heavenly bodies. It has to a considerable extent been anticipated or implied, in what has been stated already.

Life, as it exists on this globe, is compatible only with certain conditions, which may not be overstepped without causing its annihilation. The whole of these need not be enumerated, as the failure of one is as fatal to existence, as the absence of all. The three to which Sir John Herschel has referred, namely, difference in the quantity of heat and light reaching each globe; variation in the intensity of gravity at its surface; and in the quality of its component materials, may suffice to illustrate this. Light and heat are essential to the development and maintenance of earthly life, but their excess is as destructive to it as their deficiency. What, then, shall we say of the sun, whose

heat we know by direct trial to be of such intensity, that after great degradation or reduction, it can still melt the most infusible minerals, and dissipate every metal in vapour; and whose light is so intolerably brilliant, "that the most vivid flames disappear, and the most intensely ignited solids appear only as black spots on the disc of the sun, when held between it and the eye?" If the temperature of the solid sphere or body of the sun be such as those phenomena imply, it must be the abode, if inhabited at all, of beings such as Sir Thomas Browne refers to, who can "lie immortal in the arms of fire." It is within possibility, however, that the body of the sun, is black as midnight and cold as death, so that as the eye sees all things but itself, he illuminates every sphere but his own, and is light to other stars, but darkness to his own gaze. Or the light and heat of his blazing envelope may be so tempered by the reflective clouds of his atmosphere, which throw them off into space, that an endless summer, a nightless summer-day, reigns on his globe. Such an unbroken summer, however, though pleasant to dream of, would be no boon to terrestrial creatures, to whom night is as essential as day, and darkness and rest as light and action. The probabilities are all in favour of the temperature of the sun's solid sphere being very high, nor will any reasonable hypothesis justify the belief that the economy of his system in relation to the distribution of light and heat can resemble ours.

We can assert this still more distinctly of the planets. We should be blinded with the glare and burnt up if transported to Mercury, where the sun acts as if seven times hotter than on this earth; and we should shiver in the dark, and be frozen to death if removed to Uranus, where the sun is three hundred times colder than he is felt to be by us. To pass from Uranus to Mercury, would be to undergo in the latter exposure to a temperature some two thousand times higher than we had experienced in the former, whilst on this earth the range of

existence lies within some two hundred degrees of the Fahrenheit thermometer.

As for our satellite, Sir John Herschel says of it, "The climate of the moon must be very extraordinary: the alternation being that of unmitigated and burning sunshine, fiercer than an equatorial noon, continued for a whole fortnight, and the keenest severity of frost, far exceeding that of our polar winters, for an equal time." It would seem, then, that though all else were equal, the variations in amount of light and heat, would alone necessitate the manifestation of a non-terrestrial life upon the sun, and the spheres which accompany the earth in its revolutions around it. All else, however, is not equal. The intensity of gravity at the surfaces of the different heavenly bodies differs enormously. At the sun it is nearly twenty-eight times greater than at the earth. "The efficacy of muscular power to overcome weight is therefore proportionably nearly twenty-eight times less on the sun than on the earth. An ordinary man, for example, would not only be unable to sustain his own weight on the sun, but would literally be crushed to atoms under the load." "Again, the intensity of gravity, or its efficacy in counteracting muscular power, and repressing animal activity on Jupiter, is nearly two and a half times that on the earth, on Mars is not more than one-half, on the moon one-sixth, and on the smaller planets probably not more than one-twentieth; giving a scale of which the extremes are in the proportion of sixty to one."

From this account it appears that we should be literally mercurial in Mercury, saturnine in Saturn, and anything but jovial in Jupiter, where we should be two and a half times heavier and duller than here. On the smaller planets we should feel like swimmers in the Dead Sea, or as if in a bath of quicksilver, where to sink is impossible. "A man placed on one of them would spring with ease sixty feet high, and sustain no greater shock in his descent than he does on the

earth from leaping a yard. On such planets giants might exist, and those enormous animals which on earth require the buoyant power of water to counteract their weight, might there be denizens of the land." If the fixed stars be suns, of what ponderous adamant must the beings be fashioned which exist on their surfaces! Were it possible for us, clothed in some frigorific asbestos garment, to endure unscathed the flames of Sirius, it would only be to be crushed to powder against his enormous globe. Here, then, is a second point of diversity, of itself sufficient to forbid the development of the earth-life we see here on almost any other of the heavenly bodies.

And we do not require to enlarge upon the third point of diversity—variation in the chemical composition of the spheres. The absence of an atmosphere from the moon, and the peculiar characters of that of Jupiter and of the sun, have already been referred to as forbidding the appearance of terrestrial life under their skies. The impossibility of its manifestation on meteor-planets such as have reached our earth has also been sufficiently dwelt upon.

In the face of the immense diversity which has thus been shown to prevail through space, it should seem impossible to hold the belief that the stars are all but so many Earths. The author of the "Vestiges," however, in his blind zeal for the nebular hypothesis of a common physical origin of all worlds, and solicitous to save God the trouble of taking care of his own universe, thinks otherwise.

"We *see*," says he, speaking as if the nebular hypothesis were an established fact, "that matter has originally been diffused in one mass, of which the spheres are portions. Consequently, *inorganic matter must be presumed to be everywhere the same*, although probably with differences in the proportions of ingredients in different globes, and also some difference of conditions. Out of a certain number of the elements of inorganic matter are composed the elements of organic bodies, both

vegetable and animal, *such must be the rule* in Jupiter and in Sirius as it is here. We are, therefore, *all but certain* that herbaceous and ligneous fibre, that flesh and blood, are the constituents of the organic beings of all those spheres which are as yet seats of life." (p. 171.)

He proceeds a little further on to say, "Where there is light, there will be eyes; and these, in other spheres, will be the same in all respects as the eyes of tellurian animals, with only such differences as may be necessary to accord with minor peculiarities of condition and of situation. It is," he adds, "but a small stretch of the argument to suppose that one conspicuous organ of a large portion of our animal kingdom being thus universal, a parity in all the other organs,—species for species, class for class, kingdom for kingdom,—is highly likely, and that thus the inhabitants of all the other globes of space have not only a general but a particular resemblance to those of our own." (p. 172.) How baseless this reasoning is, with its "small stretch" at the close, we need not stop to demonstrate anew, but a few words may be added, in reference to the concluding argument concerning the relation of eyes to light.

It is a hasty and unwarrantable conclusion that every illuminated globe must contain living eyes. On our own earth there are many animals without organs of vision; so that we cannot conclude that eyes are a necessary reaction of light and life upon each other. Worlds may be supplied with light for other reasons than to endow their inhabitants with the faculty of sight. Our sun is a centre of many influences. We know at least three which may be separated from each other—light, heat, and what has been called actinic or chemical force; but probably electricity and magnetism also emanate from his orb. Terrestrial plants and animals are powerfully affected by most, probably by all of those; but the inhabitants of other spheres

may not have organs enabling them to take advantage of more than some, perhaps only of one of the forces in question. On the other hand, the sun may be the source of agencies of which we know nothing, which are about us and yet do not affect us, because we have no channels or senses by which they can find access to us. The dwellers in other planets may have organs of which we have no conception, enabling them to enjoy these either as substitutes for the influences which affect us, or in addition to them.

Our sun, it is true, sends light to his several planets and their moons, but that they all make the same use of it is in no degree probable. They may, some of them at least, be "old in rayless blindness," yet not like Schiller's Proserpine, "aching for the gold-bright light in vain." They may have "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out;" but so likely enough have we, and at more entrances, perhaps, than one. The sun may impartially distribute the same gifts, though in unequal quantities, to his family; but it depends on each member of the circle what improvement is made of them. Mercury, who receives Benjamin's portion, may well be expected to show a different result from the newly-discovered, scantily-endowed Neptune, who has so long and so mysteriously tempted Uranus from his course. We would liken the different planets and satellites of our system to so many pieces of stained glass in a cathedral window; on every one, the same seven-tinted light falls, but the chemical composition, and molecular arrangement of each transparent sheet determines whether it turns to account the whole seven and gleams white, or profits only by certain of them, and shows, in consequence, green or red, blue, purple, or yellow. If some tiny fly, whose dominion was limited to the inside of a single pane, should suppose that, as its kingdom was bathed in unchanging red, every other sheet of glass must be "vermeil tinctured" also, because it knew that on every one

the same light fell, it would greatly err, as we are wise enough to know. But we who are "crushed before the moth," probably err as widely, if we affirm that each of the planets is a mirror reflecting the sun in the same way. He is probably like a fountain, sending forth a river charged with many dissimilar substances, and each of the planets resembles a filter, separating from the stream what its construction enables it to retain, and what was intended and is fitted to be appropriated by it.

Even, however, if we should concede to our author that wherever there is light there will be eyes, surely a few more data are necessary, before a whole animal can be assumed. Can we infer that lungs or other breathing-organs exist, unless we make it probable that there is an atmosphere to breathe? Can we take for granted wings of birds or of insects, unless we show that there is air to fan? or, may we count on the "hearing ear" before we establish that there is a gaseous or aqueous medium to transmit the undulations of sound? If there be no water, will there be paddles of whales or of turtles, or fins of fishes? If no carbon, will there be leaf or stem of flower or tree? If no lime, bone or skeleton of any animal? The existence of all these organs cannot be assumed merely because there is light. But, in truth, as little can organs of vision. For if there be no water, there can be no blood; and if no blood, then not even eyes, at least earthly eyes, however constant and brilliant the light may be.

The unequivocal testimony, then, of physical science, as it seems to us, is against the doctrine that life, as it appears on the stars, must be terrestrial in its nature, though we are far from wishing to affirm that planets closely resembling the earth may not occur in space. It is enough for our argument to show that there are myriads of stars, which, for the reasons already given, are altogether non-terrestrial in their characters.

It remains, then, to inquire, whether we are to come to the conclusion, that the stars are uninhabited, inasmuch as terrestrial life is the only possible one, or to believe that there exists a diversified astral life which is manifested on them. Abstaining from anything like an attempt to define positively the probable characteristics of the latter, if it exists, we may say this much on the matter. There are fewer characters of universality in terrestrial life than in terrestrial chemistry. There is a plant-life and an animal-life, which are quite separable, and may exist apart, and there are different kinds of each. To mention but one example: the egg of the butterfly has one life, and the caterpillar which springs from it has another; and the chrysalis into which the caterpillar changes has a third, and the butterfly which rises from the chrysalis has a fourth; and so there may be worlds which know only a germinal, or a caterpillar, a chrysalis, or a butterfly life.

Further, in this world we see plants and the lowest animals possessing only the sense of touch, if the former can be said to be endowed even with that. Gradually as we ascend in the animal scale, additional senses are manifested, till four more appear in the highest animals. But who shall tell us that these five are the only possible, or even the only existing channels of communication with the outer world? We might, besides the general argument from analogy against such a conception, refer to those agencies influencing living beings, which have been recognised for centuries as implying some supersensuous relation to external nature. It would be unwise to allow the extravagances of animal magnetism to prevent us from recognising the indications which several of its phenomena afford, of perceptions of outward things not easily referable to the operation of any of the known senses. Nevertheless, that so-called, and as yet questionable science, has, for a season at least, fallen into the hands of those with whom the gratification

of wonder is a much greater object than the discovery of truth, and we fear to build much upon it. We can find, in another and quite unexceptionable quarter, a substantial foundation on which to assert the probability of life being manifested very differently in other spheres than it is in our own globe. We refer to the assurance which the New Testament gives us, that our human spirits are destined to occupy bodies altogether unlike our present ones.

From the remarkable way in which the Apostle Paul likens the "natural body" to a seed which is to be sown, and grow up a "spiritual body," one is led to believe that the immortal future tabernacle is to bear the same relation of difference, and yet of derivation to the present mortal one which a tree does to a seed. The one will be as unlike the other as the oak is unlike the acorn, though but in a sense the expansion of it.

Whether this be the doctrine or not which the Apostle teaches, it is at least certain, that he announces that a great and inconceivable alteration is to come over our bodies. Doubtless, our spirits are to be changed also, but more, as it seems, in the way of intensification of faculties, desires, passions, and affections—on the one hand, good, on the other, evil—which have been exercised or experienced, in their fainter manifestations, in the present state of existence, than by the introduction of positively new elements into our intellectual and moral being. We do not urge this point; it is enough if it be acknowledged to be a Scripture doctrine, that human spirits, reminiscent of their past history, and conscious of their identity, are, however otherwise changed, to occupy bodies totally unlike our present ones. If, however, it be supposed that the "spiritual" occupants of our future tabernacles are to differ totally from us, it only adds to the force of the argument, as it implies the greater diversity as to the manner in which being may manifest

itself. It is part, then, of the scheme of God's universe, that spirits clothed in non-earthly bodies shall dwell in it. It is idle, therefore, to say that terrestrial life is certainly the probable sidereal one, since it is not the only existing, or at least the only contemplated mode of being. In looking at the stars as habitations of living creatures, we have at least two unlike examples of the way in which mind and matter admit of association to choose from, as patterns of what astral life may be. But the further lesson is surely taught us, that there may exist other manifestations of life than only these two. For the spell of simplicity once broken by a single variation, we know not how many more to expect, whilst the conclusion is not to be resisted, that other variations there will be. The same Apostle who dwells on the resurrection, tells us, in reference to the happy dead, that eye "hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." They are not only, therefore, to have bodily organs different from ours, but these are to be gratified by sights which our eyes have not witnessed, by sounds to which our ears have never listened, and by a perception of phenomena inconceivable by us. There are here indicated the two great elements of variety to which we have already referred; a theatre of existence totally unlike the present one, and organs of relation to it different from those of terrestrial beings.

The argument might be greatly extended, but we cannot attempt here an exhaustive discussion of the subject. The sum of the whole inquiry is this: — Astronomy declares that there are unlike theatres of existence in the heavens, — suns, moons, and planets; Chemistry demonstrates that different kinds of construction, that of the earth, and those of the meteoric stones, prevail through space; Physiology contemplates the possibility of a non-terrestrial life unfolding itself in

the stars; and the Bible reveals to us, that there is an immortal heavenly, as well as a mortal earthly life.

The consideration of all this leaves no place for the thought, that the tide of life which ebbs and flows through the universe is but the undulation of so many streamlets identical with that which bathes the shores of our globe. In our Father's house are many mansions, and the Great Shepherd watches over countless flocks, and has other sheep which are not of this fold.

THE END.

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JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

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The Works of JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D., *Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin. Containing Additional Letters, Tracts, and Poems not hitherto published. With Notes, and a Life of the Author, by* WALTER SCOTT, Esq. 19 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1815.

BY far the most considerable change which has taken place in the world of letters, in our days, is that by which the wits of Queen Anne's time have been gradually brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed, without competition, for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies, some twenty-five years ago, we can perfectly remember that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift, and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. All who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history; allusions to them abounded in all popular discourses and all ambitious conversation; and they and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. New books, even when allowed to have merit, were never thought of as fit to be placed in the same class, but were gene-

rally read and forgotten, and passed away like the transitory meteors of a lower sky; while *they* remained in their brightness, and were supposed to shine with a fixed and unalterable glory.

All this, however, we take it, is now pretty well altered; and in so far as persons of our antiquity can judge of the training and habits of the rising generation, those celebrated writers no longer form the manual of our studious youth, or enter necessarily into the institution of a liberal education. Their names, indeed, are still familiar to our ears; but their writings no longer solicit our habitual notice, and their subjects begin already to fade from our recollection. Their high privileges and proud distinctions, at any rate, have evidently passed into other hands. It is no longer to them that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration; nor is it in their pages that the pretenders to wit and eloquence now search for allusions that are sure to captivate, and illustrations that cannot be mistaken. In this decay of their reputation they have few advocates, and no imitators: and from a comparison of many observations, it seems to be clearly ascertained, that they are declined considerably from "the high meridian of their glory," and may fairly be apprehended to be "hastening to their setting." Neither is it time alone that has wrought this obscuration; for the fame of Shakespeare still shines in undecaying brightness; and that of Bacon has been steadily advancing and gathering new honours during the whole period which has witnessed the rise and decline of his less vigorous successors.

There are but two possible solutions for phenomena

of this sort. Our taste has either degenerated—or its old models have been fairly surpassed; and we have ceased to admire the writers of the last century, only because they are too good for us—or because they are not good enough. Now, we confess we are no believers in the absolute and permanent corruption of national taste; on the contrary, we think that it is, of all faculties, that which is most sure to advance and improve with time and experience; and that, with the exception of those great physical or political disasters which have given a check to civilisation itself, there has always been a sensible progress in this particular; and that the general taste of every successive generation is better than that of its predecessors. There are little capricious fluctuations, no doubt, and fits of foolish admiration or fastidiousness, which cannot be so easily accounted for: but the great movements are all progressive: and though the progress consists at one time in withholding toleration from gross faults, and at another in giving their high prerogative to great beauties, this alternation has no tendency to obstruct the general advance; but, on the contrary, is the best and the safest course in which it can be conducted.

We are of opinion, then, that the writers who adorned the beginning of the last century have been eclipsed by those of our own time; and that they have no chance of ever regaining the supremacy in which they have thus been supplanted. There is not, however, in our judgment, any thing very stupendous in this triumph of our contemporaries; and the greater wonder with us, is, that it was so long delayed, and left for them to achieve. For the truth is, that the writers of the former age had not a great

deal more than their judgment and industry to stand on; and were always much more remarkable for the fewness of their faults than the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won much more by good conduct and discipline, than by enterprising boldness or native force; — nor can it be regarded as any very great merit in those who had so little of the inspiration of genius, to have steered clear of the dangers to which that inspiration is liable. Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy — no pathos, and no enthusiasm; — and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. They never meddle with the great scenes of nature, or the great passions of man; but content themselves with just and sarcastic representations of city life, and of the paltry passions and meaner vices that are bred in that lower element. Their chief care is to avoid being ridiculous in the eyes of the witty, and above all to eschew the ridicule of excessive sensibility or enthusiasm—to be at once witty and rational themselves, with as good a grace as possible; but to give their countenance to no wisdom, no fancy, and no morality, which passes the standards current in good company.—Their inspiration, accordingly, is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense; and they have scarcely any invention but what is subservient to the purposes of derision and satire. Little gleams of pleasantry, and sparkles of wit, glitter through their compositions; but no glow of feeling—no blaze of imagination—no flashes of genius, ever irradiate their substance. They never pass

beyond "the visible diurnal sphere," or deal in any thing that can either lift us above our vulgar nature, or ennoble its reality. With these accomplishments, they may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers,—but scarcely for men of genius; and it is certainly far more surprising, that persons of this description should have maintained themselves, for near a century, at the head of the literature of a country that had previously produced a Shakespeare, a Spenser, a Bacon, and a Taylor, than that, towards the end of that long period, doubts should have arisen as to the legitimacy of the title by which they laid claim to that high station. Both parts of the phenomenon, however, we dare say, had causes which better expounders might explain to the satisfaction of all the world. We see them but imperfectly, and have room only for an imperfect sketch of what we see.

Our first literature consisted of saintly legends, and romances of chivalry,—though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character, by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gaiety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth, it received a copious infusion of classical images and ideas: but it was still intrinsically romantic—serious—and even somewhat lofty and enthusiastic. Authors were then so few in number, that they were looked upon with a sort of veneration, and considered as a kind of inspired persons;—at least they were not yet so numerous, as to be obliged to abuse each other, in order to obtain a share of distinction for themselves;—and they neither affected a tone of derision in their writings, nor wrote in fear of derision from others. They were filled with their subjects, and dealt with them

fearlessly in their own way; and the stamp of originality, force, and freedom, is consequently upon almost all their productions. In the reign of James I., our literature, with some few exceptions, touching rather the form than the substance of its merits, appears to us to have reached the greatest perfection to which it has yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still farther in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first, to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions; and a deeper shade of austerity was thrown upon the intellectual character of the nation. Her genius, however, though less captivating and adorned than in the happier days which preceded, was still active, fruitful, and commanding; and the period of the civil wars, besides the mighty minds that guided the public councils, and were absorbed in public cares, produced the giant powers of Taylor, and Hobbes, and Barrow—the muse of Milton—the learning of Coke—and the ingenuity of Cowley.

The Restoration introduced a French court—under circumstances more favourable for the effectual exercise of court influence than ever before existed in England: but this of itself would not have been sufficient to account for the sudden change in our literature which ensued. It was seconded by causes of far more general operation. The Restoration was undoubtedly a popular act;—and, indefensible as the conduct of the army and the civil leaders was on that occasion, there can be no question that the severities of Cromwell, and the extravagancies

of the sectaries, had made republican professions hateful, and religious ardour ridiculous, in the eyes of a great proportion of the people. All the eminent writers of the preceding period, however, had inclined to the party that was now overthrown; and their writings had not merely been accommodated to the character of the government under which they were produced, but were deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles, which were those of their respective authors. When the restraints of authority were taken off, therefore, and it became profitable, as well as popular, to discredit the fallen party, it was natural that the leading authors should affect a style of levity and derision, as most opposite to that of their opponents, and best calculated for the purposes they had in view. The nation, too, was now for the first time essentially divided in point of character and principle, and a much greater proportion were capable both of writing in support of their own notions, and of being influenced by what was written. Add to all this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation; and that the grace, and brevity, and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France, were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and of contrast; and it will not be difficult to understand how it came to supplant that which had been established of old in the country,—and that so suddenly, that the same generation, among whom Milton had been formed to the severe sanctity of wisdom and the noble independence of genius, lavished its loudest applauses on the obscenity and servility of such writers as Rochester and Wycherly.

This change, however, like all sudden changes, was too fierce and violent to be long maintained at the same pitch; and when the wits and profligates of King Charles had sufficiently insulted the seriousness and virtue of their predecessors, there would probably have been a revulsion towards the accustomed taste of the nation, had not the party of the innovators been reinforced by champions of more temperance and judgment. The result seemed at one time suspended on the will of Dryden — in whose individual person the genius of the English and of the French school of literature may be said to have maintained a protracted struggle. But the evil principle prevailed! Carried by the original bent of his genius, and his familiarity with our older models, to the cultivation of our native style, to which he might have imparted more steadiness and correctness — for in force and in sweetness he was already matchless — he was unluckily seduced by the attractions of fashion, and the dazzling of the dear wit and gay rhetoric in which it delighted, to lend his powerful aid to the new corruptions and refinements; and, in fact, to prostitute his great gifts to the purposes of party rage or licentious ribaldry.

The sobriety of the succeeding reigns allayed this fever of profanity; but no genius arose sufficiently powerful to break the spell that still withheld us from the use of our own peculiar gifts and faculties. On the contrary, it was the unfortunate ambition of the next generation of authors, to improve and perfect the new style, rather than to return to the old one; — and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency — increased its precision and correctness — made its plea-

santry and sarcasm more polished and elegant—and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense, which recommended itself to all who had, and all who had not any relish for higher beauties.

This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits—and to this praise they are justly entitled. This was left for them to do, and they did it well. They were invited to it by the circumstances of their situation, and do not seem to have been possessed of any such bold or vigorous spirit, as either to neglect or to outgo the invitation. Coming into life immediately after the consummation of a bloodless revolution, effected much more by the cool sense, than the angry passions of the nation, they seem to have felt that they were born in an age of reason, rather than of feeling or fancy; and that men's minds, though considerably divided and unsettled upon many points, were in a much better temper to relish judicious argument and cutting satire, than the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination. To those accordingly they made no pretensions; but, writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Men grew ashamed of admiring, and afraid of imitating writers of so little skill and smartness; and the

opinion became general, not only that their faults were intolerable, but that even their beauties were puerile and barbarous, and unworthy the serious regard of a polite and distinguishing age.

These, and similar considerations, will go far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant. One cause undoubtedly was, the real excellence of their productions, in the style which they had adopted. It was hopeless to think of surpassing them in that style; and, recommended as it was by the felicity of their execution, it required some courage to depart from it, and to recur to another, which seemed to have been so lately abandoned for its sake. The age which succeeded, too, was not the age of courage or adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than the reigns of the two first Georges, and the greater part of that which ensued. There were two little provincial rebellions indeed, and a fair proportion of foreign war; but there was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large, to rouse their passions, or excite their imaginations — nothing like the agitations of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, or of the civil wars in the seventeenth. They went on, accordingly, minding their old business, and reading their old books, with great patience and stupidity: And certainly there never was so remarkable a dearth of original talent — so long an *interregnum* of native genius — as during about sixty years in the middle of the last century. The dramatic art was dead fifty years before — and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, too,

showed that the old fire was burnt out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray, with the talents, rather of a critic than a poet — with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness, or invention — began and ended a small school, which we could scarcely have wished to become permanent, admirable in many respects as some of its productions are — being far too elaborate and artificial, either for grace or for fluency, and fitter to excite the admiration of scholars, than the delight of ordinary men. However, he had the merit of not being in any degree French, and of restoring to our poetry the dignity of seriousness, and the tone at least of force and energy. The Whartons, both as critics and as poets, were of considerable service in discrediting the high pretensions of the former race, and in bringing back to public notice the great stores and treasures of poetry which lay hid in the records of our older literature. Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture, which no elegance of language could easily have rendered popular, but which had merits of no vulgar order for those who could study it. Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity. And, last of all, came Cowper, with a style of complete originality, — and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions, that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry.

In philosophy and prose writing in general, the case was

nearly parallel. The name of Hume is by far the most considerable which occurs in the period to which we have alluded. But, though his thinking was English, his style is entirely French; and being naturally of a cold fancy, there is nothing of that eloquence or richness about him, which characterizes the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon — and continues, with less weight of matter, to please in those of Cowley and Clarendon. Warburton had great powers; and wrote with more force and freedom than the wits to whom he succeeded—but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox, and rendered useless to mankind by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper. Adam Smith was nearly the first who made deeper reasonings and more exact knowledge popular among us; and Junius and Johnson the first who again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction—and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift.

This brings us down almost to the present times—in which the revolution in our literature has been accelerated and confirmed by the concurrence of many causes. The agitations of the French Revolution, and the discussions as well as the hopes and terrors to which it gave occasion — the genius of Edmund Burke, and some others of his land of genius—the impression of the new literature of Germany, evidently the original of our lake-school of poetry, and of many innovations in our drama—the rise or revival of a more evangelical spirit, in the body of the people — and the vast extension of our political and commercial

relations, which have not only familiarized all ranks of people with distant countries, and great undertakings, but have brought knowledge and enterprise home, not merely to the imagination, but to the actual experience of almost every individual,—all these, and several other circumstances, have so far improved or excited the character of our nation, as to have created an effectual demand for more profound speculation, and more serious emotion than was dealt in by the writers of the former century, and which, if it has not yet produced a corresponding supply in all branches, has at least had the effect of decrying the commodities that were previously in vogue, as unsuited to the altered condition of the times.

Of those ingenious writers, whose characteristic certainly was not vigour, any more than tenderness or fancy, SWIFT was indisputably the most vigorous—and perhaps the least tender or fanciful. The greater part of his works being occupied with politics and personalities that have long since lost all interest, can now attract but little attention, except as memorials of the manner in which politics and personalities were then conducted. In other parts, however, there is a vein of peculiar humour and strong satire, which will always be agreeable—and a sort of heartiness of abuse and contempt of mankind, which produces a greater sympathy and animation in the reader than the more elaborate sarcasms that have since come into fashion. Altogether, his merits appear to be more *unique* and inimitable than those of any of his contemporaries; and as his works are connected in many parts with historical events which it must always be of importance to understand, we conceive that there are none, of which a

new and careful edition is so likely to be acceptable to the public, or so worthy to engage the attention of a person qualified for the undertaking. In this respect, the projectors of the present publication must be considered as eminently fortunate — the celebrated person who has here condescended to the functions of an editor, being almost as much distinguished for the skill and learning required for that humbler office, as for the creative genius which has given such unexampled popularity to his original compositions — and uniting to the minute knowledge and patient research of the Malones and Chalmerses, a vigour of judgment and a vivacity of style to which they had no pretensions. In the exercise of these comparatively humble functions, he has acquitted himself, we think, on the present occasion, with great judgment and ability. The edition, upon the whole, is much better than that of Dryden. It is less loaded with long notes and illustrative quotations; while it furnishes all the information that can reasonably be desired, in a simple and compendious form. It contains upwards of a hundred letters, and other original pieces of Swift's never before published — and, among the rest, all that has been preserved of his correspondence with the celebrated Vanessa. Explanatory notes and remarks are supplied with great diligence to all the passages over which time may have thrown any obscurity; and the critical observations that are prefixed to the more considerable productions, are, with a reasonable allowance for an editor's partiality to his author, very candid and ingenious.

The Life is not everywhere extremely well written, in a literary point of view; but is drawn up, in substance, with great intelligence, liberality, and good feeling. It is quite

fair and moderate in politics; and perhaps rather too indulgent and tender towards individuals of all descriptions, —more full, at least, of kindness and veneration for genius and social virtue, than of indignation at baseness and profligacy. Altogether, it is not much like the production of a mere man of letters, or a fastidious speculator in sentiment and morality; but exhibits throughout, and in a very pleasing form, the good sense and large toleration of a man of the world,—with much of that generous allowance for the

"Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,"

which genius too often requires, and should therefore always be most forward to show. It is impossible, however, to avoid noticing, that Mr. Scott is by far too favourable to the personal character of his author; whom we think, it would really be injurious to the cause of morality to allow to pass, either as a very dignified or a very amiable person. The truth is, we think, that he was extremely ambitious, arrogant, and selfish; of a morose, vindictive, and haughty temper; and, though capable of a sort of patronising generosity towards his dependants, and of some attachment towards those who had long known and flattered him, his general demeanour, both in public and private life, appears to have been far from exemplary. Destitute of temper and magnanimity—and, we will add, of principle, in the former; and, in the latter, of tenderness, fidelity, or compassion.

The transformation of a young Whig into an old Tory —the gradual falling off of prudent men from unprofitable virtues, is perhaps, too common an occurrence, to deserve

much notice, or justify much reprobation. But Swift's desertion of his first principles was neither gradual nor early, —and was accomplished under such circumstances as really require to be exposed a little, and cannot well be passed over in a fair account of his life and character. He was bred a Whig under Sir William Temple—he took the title publicly in various productions; and, during all the reign of King William, was a strenuous, and indeed an intolerant advocate of Revolution principles and Whig pretensions. His first patrons were Somers, Portland, and Halifax; and, under that ministry, the members of which he courted in private and defended in public, he received church preferment to the value of near 400*l.* a year (equal at least to 1200*l.* at present), with the promise of still farther favours. He was dissatisfied, however, because his livings were not in England; and having been sent over on the affairs of the Irish clergy in 1710, when he found the Whig ministry in a tottering condition, he temporized for a few months, till he saw that their downfal was inevitable; and then, without even the pretext of any public motive, but on the avowed ground of not having been sufficiently rewarded for his former services, he went over in the most violent and decided manner to the prevailing party; for whose gratification he abused his former friends and benefactors, with a degree of virulence and rancour, to which it would not be too much to apply the term of brutality: and, in the end, when the approaching death of the Queen, and their internal dissensions made his services of more importance to his new friends, openly threatened to desert them also, and retire altogether from the scene, unless they made a suitable provision for him;

and having in this way extorted the deanery of St. Patrick's, which he always complained of as quite inadequate to his merits, he counselled measures that must have involved the country in a civil war, for the mere chance of keeping his party in power; and, finally, on the Queen's death, retired in a state of despicable despondency and bitterness to his living, where he continued, to the end of his life, to libel liberty and mankind with unrelenting and pitiable rancour—to correspond with convicted traitors to the constitution they had sworn to maintain—and to lament as the worst of calamities, the dissolution of a ministry which had no merit but that of having promised him advancement, and of which several of the leading members immediately indemnified themselves by taking office in the court of the Pretender.

As this part of his conduct is passed over a great deal too slightly by his biographer; and as nothing can be more pernicious than the notion, that the political sins of eminent persons should be forgotten in the estimate of their merits, we must beg leave to verify the comprehensive sketch we have now given, by a few references to the documents that are to be found in the volumes before us. Of his original Whig professions no proof will probably be required; the fact being notorious, and admitted by all his biographers. Abundant evidence, however, is furnished by his first successful pamphlet in defence of Lord Somers and the other Whig lords, impeached in 1701; — by his own express declaration in another work (vol. iii. p. 240), that "having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, he was naturally inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics;"

—by the copy of verses in which he deliberately designates himself "a Whig, and one who wears a gown;" — by his exulting statement to Tisdal, whom he reproaches with being a Tory, and says — "To cool your insolence a little, know that the Queen, and Court, and House of Lords, and half the Commons almost, are Whigs, and the number daily increases:" — and, among innumerable other proofs, by the memorable verses on Whitehall, in which, alluding to the execution of King Charles in front of that building, he is pleased to say, with more zeal than good prosody,

> "That theatre produced an action truly great,
> On which eternal acclamations wait," &c.

Such being the principles, by the zealous profession of which he had first obtained distinction and preferment, and been admitted to the friendship of such men as Somers, Addison, and Steele, it only remains to be seen on what occasion, and on what considerations, he afterwards renounced them. It is, of itself, a tolerably decisive fact, that this change took place just when the Whig ministry went out of power, and their adversaries came into full possession of all the patronage and interest of the government. The whole matter, however, is fairly spoken out in various parts of his own writings: — and we do not believe there is anywhere on record a more barefaced avowal of political apostasy, undisguised and unpalliated by the slightest colour or pretence of public or conscientious motives. It is quite a singular fact, we believe, in the history of this sort of conversion, that he nowhere pretends to say that he had become aware of any danger to the country from the continuance of the Whig ministry

— nor ever presumes to call in question the patriotism or penetration of Addison and the rest of his former associates, who remained faithful to their first professions. His only apology, in short, for this sudden dereliction of the principles which he had maintained for near forty years — for it was at this ripe age that he got the first glimpse of his youthful folly — is a pretence of ill usage from the party with whom he had held them; a pretence — to say nothing of its inherent baseness — which appears to be utterly without foundation, and of which it is enough to say, that no mention is made, till that same party is overthrown. While they remain in office, they have full credit for the sincerity of their good wishes (see vol. xv. p. 250, &c.): — and it is not till it becomes both safe and profitable to abuse them, that we hear of their ingratitude. Nay, so critically and judiciously timed is this discovery of their unworthiness, that, even after the worthy author's arrival in London in 1710, when the movements had begun which terminated in their ruin, he continues, for some months, to keep on fair terms with them, and does not give way to his well considered resentment, till it is quite apparent that his interest must gain by the indulgence. He says, in the Journal to Stella, a few days after his arrival: — "The Whigs would gladly lay hold on me, as a twig, while they are drowning, — and their great men are making me their clumsy apologies. But my Lord Treasurer (Godolphin) received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, that I am almost vowing revenge." In a few weeks after — the change being by that time complete — he takes his part definitively, and makes his approaches to Harley, in a manner which we

should really imagine no *rat* of the present day would have confidence enough to imitate. In mentioning his first interview with that eminent person, he says: — "I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and *got myself represented* (which I might justly do) *as one extremely ill used by the last ministry*, after some obligation, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me." (Vol. xv. p. 350.) About the same period, he gives us farther lights into the conduct of this memorable conversion, in the following passages of the Journal.

"Oct. 7. He (Harley) told me he must bring Mr. St. John and me acquainted: and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do everything *to bring me over*. He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's coffee-house in a hackney-coach.

"I must tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loath to trouble him, in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, 'That was no place for friends.'

"I believe, never was any thing compassed so soon: and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley; who *is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to shew the rascals of the other party, that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better.* He speaks all the kind things to me in the world. — Oct. 14. I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed." *Life*, vol. i. p. 126.

"Nov. 8. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot

them, ungrateful dogs. I will make them repent their usage of me, before I leave this place. They say the same thing here *of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had,*" &c. &c.

If he really ever scrupled about going lengths with his Whig friends (which we do not believe), he seems to have resolved, that his fortune should not be hurt by any delicacy of this sort in his new connection; — for he took up the cudgels this time with the ferocity of a hireling, and the rancour of a renegade. In taking upon himself the conduct of the paper called "The Examiner," he gave a new character of acrimony and bitterness to the contention in which he mingled,—and not only made the most furious and unmeasured attacks upon the body of the party to which it had formerly been his boast that he belonged, but singled out, with a sort of savage discourtesy, a variety of his former friends and benefactors, and made them, by name and description, the objects of the most malignant abuse. Lord Somers, Godolphin, Steele, and many others with whom he had formerly lived in intimacy, and from whom he had received obligations, were successively attacked in public with the most rancorous personalities, and often with the falsest insinuations: in short, as he has himself emphatically expressed it in the Journal, he "libelled them all round." While he was thus abusing men he could not have ceased to esteem, it is quite natural, and in course, to find him professing the greatest affection for those he hated and despised. A thorough partisan is a thorough despiser of sincerity; and no man seems to have got over that weakness more completely than the reverend person before us. In every page of the Journal to Stella,

we find a triumphant statement of things he was writing or saying to the people about him, in direct contradiction to his real sentiments. We may quote a line or two from the first passage that presents itself. "I desired my Lord Radnor's brother to let my Lord know I would call on him at six, which I did; and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us; and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable. But he is a scoundrel; *and though I said I only talked from my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence.*" (Vol. iii. p. 2.) We think there are not many, even of those who have served a regular apprenticeship to corruption and jobbing, who could go through their base task with more coolness and hardihood than this pious neophite.

These few references are, of themselves, sufficient to show the spirit and the true motives of this dereliction of his first principles; and seem entirely to exclude the only apology which the partiality of his biographer has been able to suggest, viz. that though, from first to last, a Whig in politics, he was all along still more zealously a High-Churchman as to religion; and left the Whigs merely because the Tories seemed more favourable to ecclesiastical pretensions. It is obvious, however, that this is quite inadmissible. The Whigs were as notoriously connected with the Low-Church party when he joined and defended them, as when he deserted and reviled them; — nor is this anywhere made the specific ground of his revilings. It would not have been very easy, indeed, to have asserted such a principle as the motive of his libels on the Earl of Nottingham, who, though a Whig, was a zealous High-

Churchman, or his eulogies on Bolingbroke, who was pretty well known to be no Churchman at all. It is plain, indeed, that Swift's High-Church principles were all along but a part of his selfishness and ambition; and meant nothing else than a desire to raise the consequence of the order to which he happened to belong. If he had been a layman, we have no doubt he would have treated the pretensions of the priesthood, as he treated the persons of all priests who were opposed to him, with the most bitter and irreverent disdain. Accordingly, he is so far from ever recommending Whig principles of government to his High-Church friends, or from confining his abuse of the Whigs to their tenets in matters ecclesiastical, that he goes the whole length of proscribing the party, and proposing with the desperation of a true apostate, that the Monarch should be made substantially absolute by the assistance of a military force, in order to make it impossible that their principles should ever again acquire a preponderance in the country. It is impossible, we conceive, to give any other meaning to the advice contained in his "Free Thoughts on the State of Affairs," which he wrote just before the Queen's death, and which Bolingbroke himself thought too strong for publication, even at that critical period. His leading injunction there, is to adopt a system of the most rigorous exclusion of all Whigs from every kind of employment; and that, as they cannot be too much or too soon disabled, they ought to be proceeded against with as strong measures as can possibly consist with the lenity of our government; so that in no time to come it should be in the power of the Crown, even if it wished it, to choose an ill majority in the House of

Commons. This great work, he adds very explicitly, could only be well carried on by an entire new-modelling of *the army:* and especially of the Royal Guards,—which, as they then stood, he chooses to allege were fitter to guard a prince to the bar of a high court of justice, than to secure him on the throne. (Vol. v. p. 404.) This, even Mr. Scott is so little able to reconcile with the alleged Whig principles of his author, that he is forced to observe upon it, that it is "daring, uncompromising counsel; better suited to the genius of the man who gave it, than to that of the British nation, and most likely, if followed, to have led to a civil war." After this admission, it really is not very easy to understand by what singular stretch of charity the learned editor conceives he may consistently hold, that Swift was always a good Revolution Whig as to politics, and only sided with the Tories —reluctantly we must suppose, and with great tenderness to his political opponents—out of his overpowering zeal for the Church.

While he thus stooped to the dirtiest and most dishonourable part of a partisan's drudgery, it was not to be expected that he should decline any of the mean arts by which a Court party may be maintained. Accordingly, we find him regular in his attendance upon Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite; and, after reading the contemptuous notices that occur of her in some of his Whig letters, as "one of the Queen's dressers, who, by great intrigue and flattery, had gained an ascendant over her," it is very edifying to find him writing periodical accounts of the progress of her pregnancy, and "praying God to preserve her life, which is of great importance to this nation," &c. &c.

A connection thus begun upon an avowed dissatisfaction with the reward of former services, cannot, with consistency, be supposed to have had any thing but self-interest as its foundation: and though Swift's love of power, and especially of the power of wounding, was probably gratified by his exertions in behalf of the triumphant party, no room is left for doubting that these exertions were substantially prompted by a desire to better his own fortune, and that his opinion of the merits of the party depended entirely upon their power and apparent inclination to perform this first of all duties. The thing is spoken out continually in the confidential Journal to Stella; and though he was very angry with Harley for offering him a bank note for fifty pounds, and refused to be his chaplain, this was very plainly because he considered these as no sufficient pay for his services — by no means because he wished to serve without pay. Very soon after his profession of Toryism, he writes to Stella — "This is the last sally I shall ever make; but *I hope it will turn to some account.* I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last." And a little after — "My new friends are very kind; and I have promises enough. To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little; and I *would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am.*" At last, he seems to have fairly asked for the see of Hereford (vol. xvi. p. 45.); and when this is refused, he says, "I dined with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind with a p—! Less of civility, and more of interest!" At last, when the state of the Queen's health made the duration of the ministry extremely pre-

carious, and the support of their friends more essential, he speaks out like a true Swiss, and tells them that he will run away and leave them, if they do not instantly make a provision for him. In the Journal to Stella, he writes, that having seen the warrants for three deaneries, and none of them for him, he had gone to the Lord Treasurer, and "told him I had nothing to do but to go back to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here *unless I had something honourable immediately given to me.* He afterwards told me he had stopped the warrants, and hoped something might be compassed for me," &c. And in the page following we find, that all his love for his dear friend the Lord Treasurer, would not induce him ever to see him again, if he was disappointed in this object of ambition. "The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? In the mean time, I prepare for my journey, and see no great people;—*nor will I see Lord Treasurer any more* if I go." (Vol. iii. p. 207.) It is under this threat that he extorts the Deanery of St. Patrick's,—which he accepts with much grumbling and discontent, and does not enter into possession till all hope of better preferment seems for the time at an end. In this extremity he seems resolved, however, to make the most of it; and finding that the expenses of his induction and the usual payments to government on the occasion come to a considerable sum, he boldly resolves to ask a thousand pounds from the ministers, on the score of his past services, in order to make himself easy. This he announces to Stella soon after the appointment. "I hope in time they will be persuaded *to*

give me some money to clear off these debts. They expect I shall pass the next winter here; and *then I will drive them to give me a sum of money.*" And a little after—"I shall be sadly cramped, unless the queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord Treasurer rallies me upon it, and, I am sure, intends it—but *quando?*" And again—"Lord Treasurer uses me barbarously. He laughs when I mention a thousand pounds—though a thousand pounds is a very serious thing." It appears, however, that this modest request never was complied with; for, though Bolingbroke got the Queen's warrant for it, to secure Swift's attachment after he had turned out Harley, yet her Majesty's immediate death rendered the gift unavailing.

If any thing were wanting to show that his change of party and his attachment to that which was now uppermost, was wholly founded on personal, and in no degree on public considerations, it would be supplied by the innumerable traits of personal vanity, and the unrestrained expressions of eulogy or abuse, according as that vanity was gratified or thwarted, that are scattered over the whole journal and correspondence,—and which are utterly irreconcileable with the conduct of a man who was acting on any principle of dignity or fairness. With all his talent and all his pride, indeed, it appears that Swift exhibited, during this period of favour, as much of the ridiculous airs of a *parvenu*—of a low-bred underling brought suddenly into contact with wealth and splendour, as any of the base understrappers that ever made party disgusting. The studied rudeness and ostentatious arrogance with which he withheld the usual tribute of respect

that all well-bred persons pay to rank and office, may be reckoned among the signs of this. But for a fuller picture, we would refer to the Diary of Bishop Kennet, who thus describes the demeanour of this politic partisan in the year 1713.

"Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me. When I came to the antichamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my Lord Treasurer, that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of 200*l. per annum* as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book, and wrote down several things, as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said 'he was too fast.'—'How can I help it,' said the doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which 'he must have them all subscribe;'—'for,' says he, 'the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him.' Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off *just before prayers.*"—*Life*, vol. i. pp. 139, 140.

We are very unwilling, in any case, to ascribe to unworthy motives what may be sufficiently accounted for

upon better considerations; but we really have not charity enough to impute Swift's zealous efforts to prevent the rupture between Harley and Bolingbroke, or his continued friendship with both after that rupture took place, to his personal and disinterested affection for those two individuals. In the first place, he had a most manifest interest to prevent their disunion, as that which plainly tended to the entire dissolution of the ministry, and the ruin of the party on which he depended; and, as to his remaining the friend of both after they had become the most rancorous enemies of each other, it must be remembered that they were still respectively the two most eminent individuals with whom he had been connected; and that, if ever that party should be restored to power, from which alone he could now look for preferment, he who stood well with *both* these statesmen would have a double chance of success. Considering, indeed, the facility with which he seems to have cast off friendships far more intimate than the inequality of their condition renders it possible that those of Oxford or Bolingbroke could be with him, whenever party interest interfered with them; — considering the disrespect with which he spoke of Sir William Temple's memory after he had abjured his principles; — the coarseness with which he calls Lord Somers "a false deceitful rascal," after having designated him as the modern Aristides, for his blameless integrity; — and the unfeeling rancour with which he exposes the personal failings and pecuniary embarrassments of Steele, with whom he had been long so closely united; — it would seem to require something more than the mere personal attachment of a needy pamphleteer to two rival peers, to account

for his expressions of affection for both, after one had supplanted the other. The natural solution, indeed, seems to lie sufficiently open. After the perfidy he had shown to the Whig party, and the virulence with which he had revenged his own apostasy, there was no possibility of his being again received by *them*. His only chance, therefore, was in the restoration of the Tories, and his only policy to keep well with both their great leaders.

Mr. Scott, indeed, chooses to represent him as actuated by a romantic attachment to Lord Oxford, and pronounces an eloquent encomium on his devoted generosity in applying for leave of absence, upon that nobleman's disgrace, in order to be able to visit him in his retirement. Though he talks of such a visit, however, it is certain that he never did pay it; and that he was all the time engaged in the most friendly correspondence with Bolingbroke, from whom, the very day after he had kicked out his dear friend with the most undisguised anger and contempt, he condescended to receive an order for the thousand pounds he had so long solicited from his predecessor in vain. The following, too, are the terms in which Bolingbroke, at that very time, thought there was no impropriety, and could be no offence, in writing of Oxford, in a private confidential letter to this his dear devoted friend. "Your state of late passages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation; and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so much real pride and awkward humility; — to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness; — to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition

to abuse the other," &c. &c. (Vol. xvi. p. 219.) If Swift's feelings for Oxford had borne any resemblance to those which Mr. Scott has imputed to him, it is not conceivable that he should have continued upon a footing of the greatest cordiality with the man who, after supplanting him, could speak in those terms of his fallen rival. Yet Swift's friendship, as they called it, with Bolingbroke, continued as long as that with Oxford; and we find him not only giving him his advice how to act in the government which had now fallen entirely into his hands, but kindly offering, "if his own services may be of any use, to attend him by the beginning of winter." (Id. p. 215.) Those who know of what stuff political friendships are generally made, indeed, will not require even this evidence to prove the hollowness of those in which Swift was now connected. The following passage, in a letter from Lewis, the most intimate and confidential of all his coadjutors, dated only a week or two before Oxford's disgrace, gives a delicious picture, we think, of the whole of those persons for whom the learned Dean was thus professing the most disinterested attachment, and receiving, no doubt, in return, professions not less animated and sincere. It is addressed to Swift in July, 1714.

"I meet with no man or woman, who pretend upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. Our female friend (Mrs. Masham) told the dragon (Lord Oxford) in her own house, last Thursday morning, these words: 'You never did the Queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any.' He made no reply, *but supped with her and Mercurialis* (Bolingbroke) *that night at her own house.*—His *revenge is not the less meditated for that.* He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. *Those who range under his*

banner, call her ten thousand bitches and kitchen wenches: Those who hate him do the same. And from my heart, I grieve that she should give such a loose to her passion; for she is susceptible of true friendship, and has many social and domestic virtues. The great attorney (Lord Chancellor Harcourt) who made you the sham offer of the Yorkshire living, had a long conference with the dragon on Thursday, *kissed him at parting*, and *cursed him at night!*"—Vol. xvi. p. 173, 174.

The death of Queen Anne, however, which happened on the 1st of August thereafter, speedily composed all those dissensions, and confounded the victors and the vanquished in one common proscription. Among the most miserable and downcast of all the mourners on that occasion, we confess we were somewhat surprised to find our reverend author. He who, but a few months before, was willing to have hazarded all the horrors of a civil war, for the chance of keeping his party in office, sunk instantly into pitiable and unmanly despondency upon the final disgrace of that party. We are unwilling to believe, and we do not in fact believe, that Swift was privy to the designs of Bolingbroke, Ormond, and Mar, to bring in the Pretender on the Queen's demise, and are even disposed to hold it doubtful whether Oxford concurred in those measures; but we are sure that no man of common firmness could have felt more sorrow and despair, if the country had been conquered by a lawless invader, than this friend of the Act of Settlement did upon the quiet and regular transmission of the sceptre to the appointed heir; and the discomfiture of those ministers who are proved to have traitorously conspired to accomplish a counter-revolution, and restore a dynasty which he always affected to consider as justly rejected. How all this sorrow is to be

reconciled to the character of a good revolution Whig, we leave it to the learned editor, who has invested him with that character, to discover. To us it merely affords new evidence of the selfishness and ambition of the individual, and of that utter and almost avowed disregard of the public, which constituted his political character. Of the sorrow and despondency itself, we need produce no proofs, —for they are to be found in every page of his subsequent writings. His whole life, indeed, after this event, was one long fit of spleen and lamentation; and, to the very end of his days, he never ceases bewailing the irreparable and grievous calamity which the world had suffered in the death of that most imbecile princess. He speaks of it, in short, throughout, as a pious divine might be supposed to speak of the fall of primeval man from the state of innocence. The sun seems darkened for ever in his eyes, and mankind degenerated beyond the toleration of one who was cursed with the remembrance of their former dignity! And all this for what?—because the government was, with the full assent of the nation, restored to the hands of those whose talents and integrity he had once been proud to celebrate—or rather because it was taken from those who would have attempted, at the evident risk of a civil war, to defeat that solemn settlement of which *he* had always approved, and in virtue of which alone the late Sovereign had succeeded;—because the liberties of the nation were again to be secured in peace, under the same councils which had carried its glories so high in war—and the true friends of the Revolution of 1688 to succeed to that patronage which had previously been exercised by its virtual enemies! Such were the public calamities which

he had to lament as a patriot;—and the violence done to his political attachments seems to have been of the same character. His two friends were Bolingbroke and Oxford; and both these had been abusing each other, and endeavouring to supplant each other, with all their might, for a long period of time;—and, at last, one of them did this good office for the other, in the most insulting and malignant manner he could devise: and yet the worthy Dean had charity enough to love them both just as dearly as ever. He was always a zealous advocate, too, for the Act of Settlement; and has in twenty places expressed his abomination of all who could allow themselves to think of the guilt of calling in the Pretender. If, therefore, he could love and honour and flatter Bolingbroke, who not only turned out his beloved Oxford, but actually went over to the Pretender, it is not easy to see why he should have been so implacable towards those older friends of his, who only turned out Bolingbroke in order to prevent the Pretender from being brought in. On public grounds, in short, there is nothing to be said for him;—nor can his conduct or feelings ever receive any explanation upon such principles. But every thing becomes plain and consistent when we look to another quarter—when we consider, that by the extinction of the Tory party, his hopes of preferment were also extinguished; and that he was no longer to enjoy the dearer delight of bustling in the front of a triumphant party—of inhaling the incense of adulation from its servile dependants—and of insulting with impunity the principles and the benefactors he had himself deserted.

That this was the true key to his feelings, on this and on every other occasion, may be concluded indeed with

safety, not only from his former, but from his after life. His Irish politics may all be referred to one principle — a desire to insult and embarrass the government by which he was neglected, and with which he despaired of being reconciled: — A single fact is decisive upon this point. While his friends were in power we hear nothing of the grievances of Ireland; and to the last we hear nothing of its radical grievance, the oppression of its Catholic population. His object was, not to do good to Ireland, but to vex and annoy the English ministry. To do this however with effect, it was necessary that he should speak to the interests and the feelings of some party who possessed a certain degree of power and influence. This unfortunately was not the case in that day with the Catholics; and though this gave them only a stronger title to the services of a truly brave or generous advocate, it was sufficient to silence Swift. They are not so much as named above two or three times in his writings — and then only with scorn and reprobation. In the topics which he does take up, it is no doubt true, that he frequently inveighs against real oppression and acts of indisputable impolicy; yet it is no want of charity to say, that it is quite manifest that these were not his reasons for bringing them forward, and that he had just as little scruple to make an outcry, where no public interest was concerned, as where it was apparent. It was sufficient for him, that the subject was likely to excite popular prejudice and clamour, — or that he had some personal pique or animosity to gratify. The Drapier's letters are a sufficient proof of the influence of the former principle; and the Legion Club, and the numberless brutalities against Tighe and Bettesworth, of the latter.

Every body is now satisfied of the perfect harmlessness, and indeed of the great utility of Wood's scheme for a new copper coinage: and the only pretexts for the other scurrilities to which we have alluded were, that the Parliament had shown a disposition to interfere for the alleviation, in some inconsiderable particulars, of the intolerable oppression of the tithe system, — to the detriment, as Swift imagined, of the order to which he himself belonged; and that Mr. Tighe had obtained for a friend of his own, a living which Swift had wished to secure for one of his dependants.

His main object in all this, we make no doubt, was personal pique and vengeance; — yet it is probable, that there was occasionally, or throughout, an expectation of being again brought into the paths of power and preferment, by the notoriety which these publications enabled him to maintain, and by the motives which they held out to each successive ministry, to secure so efficient a pen in their favour. That he was willing to have made his peace with Walpole, even during the reign of George I., is admitted by Mr. Scott, — though he discredits the details which Lord Chesterfield and others have given, apparently from very direct authority, of the humiliating terms upon which he was willing to accede to the alliance; — and it is certain that he paid his court most assiduously to the successor of that Prince, both while he was Prince of Wales, and after his accession to the throne. The manner in which he paid his court, too, was truly debasing, and especially unworthy of a High-Churchman and a public satirist. It was chiefly by flatteries and assiduity to his mistress, Mrs. Howard! with whom he maintained a close

correspondence, and upon whom he always professed mainly to rely for advancement. When George I. died, Swift was amongst the first to kiss the hands of the new Sovereign, and indulged anew in the golden dreams of preferment. Walpole's recal to power however soon overcast those visions; and he then wrote to the mistress, humbly and earnestly entreating her, to tell him sincerely what were his chances of success. She flattered him for a while with hopes; but at last he discovered that the prejudice against him was too strong to be overcome; and ran back in terrible humour to Ireland, where he railed ever after with his usual vehemence against the King, the Queen, and the concubine. The truth, it seems, was, that the latter was disposed to favour him; but that her influence with the King was subordinate to that of the Queen, who made it a principle to thwart all applications which were made through that channel.

Such, we think, is a faithful sketch of the political career of this celebrated person; — and if it be correct in the main, or even in any material particulars, we humbly conceive that a more unprincipled and base course of proceeding never was held up to the scorn and ridicule of mankind. To the errors and even the inconsistencies of honest minds, we hope we shall always be sufficiently indulgent; and especially to such errors in practical life as are incident to literary and ingenious men. For Swift, however, there is no such apology. His profession, through life, was much more that of a politician than of a clergyman or an author. He was not led away in any degree by heated fancy, or partial affection — by deluding visions of impossible improvements, or excessive indignation at incur-

able vices. He followed, from first to last, the eager, but steady impulse of personal ambition and personal animosity; and in the dirty and devious career into which they impelled him, he never spared the character or the feelings of a single individual who appeared to stand in his way. In no respect, therefore, can he have any claim to lenity; — and now, when his faults are of importance only as they may serve the purpose of warning or misleading to others, we consider it as our indispensable duty to point them out in their true colours; and to show that even when united to talents as distinguished as his, political profligacy and political rancour must lead to universal distrust and avoidance during the life of the individual, and to contempt and infamy thereafter.

Of Swift's personal character, his ingenious biographer has given almost as partial a representation, as of his political conduct; — a great part of it indeed has been anticipated, in tracing the principles of that conduct; — the same arrogance and disdain of mankind, leading to profligate ambition and scurrility in public life, and to domineering and selfish habits in private. His character seems to have been radically overbearing and tyrannical; — for though, like other tyrants, he could stoop low enough where his interests required it, it was his delight to exact an implicit compliance with his humours and fancies, and to impose upon all around him the task of observing and accommodating themselves to his habits, without the slightest regard to their convenience or comfort. Wherever he came, the ordinary forms of society were to give way to his pleasure; and every thing, even to the domestic arrangements of a family, to be suspended for his

caprice. — If he was to be introduced to a person of rank, he insisted that the first advances and the first visit should be made to him. If he went to see a friend in the country, he would order an old tree to be cut down, if it obstructed the view from his window — and was never at his ease unless he was allowed to give nicknames to the lady of the house, and make lampoons upon her acquaintance. On going for the first time into any family, he frequently prescribed beforehand the hours for their meals, sleep, and exercise: and insisted rigorously upon the literal fulfilment of the capitulation. From his intimates he uniformly exacted the most implicit submission to all his whims and absurdities; and carried his prerogative so far, that he sometimes used to chase the Grattans and other accommodating friends, through the apartments of the Deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with a large whip, till he thought he had enough of exercise. All his jests have the same character of insolence and coarseness. When he first came to his curate's house, he announced himself as "his master;" took possession of the fireside, and ordered his wife to take charge of his shirts and stockings. When a young clergyman was introduced to him, he offered him the dregs of a bottle of wine, and said, he always kept a poor parson about him to drink up his dregs. Even in hiring servants, he always chose to insult them, by inquiring into their qualifications for some filthy and degrading office. And though it may be true, that his after conduct was not exactly of a piece with those preliminaries, it is obvious, that as no man of proper feelings could submit to such impertinence, so no man could have a right to indulge in it. Even considered merely as a manner assumed to try

the character of those with whom he lived, it was a test which no one but a tyrant could imagine himself entitled to apply; — and Swift's practical conclusion from it was just the reverse of what might be expected. He attached himself to those only who were mean enough to bear this usage, and broke with all who resented it. While he had something to gain or to hope from the world, he seems to have been occasionally less imperious; but, after he retired to Ireland, he gave way without restraint to the native arrogance of his character; and, accordingly, confined himself almost entirely to the society of a few easy-tempered persons, who had no talents or pretensions to come in competition with his; and who, for the honour of his acquaintance, were willing to submit to the dominion he usurped.

A singular contrast to the rudeness and arrogance of this behaviour to his friends and dependants, is afforded by the instances of extravagant adulation and base humility, which occur in his addresses to those upon whom his fortune depended. After he gets into the society of Bolingbroke and Oxford, and up to the age of forty, these are composed in something of a better taste; but the true models are to be found in his addresses to Sir William Temple, the first and most honoured of his patrons, upon whose sickness and recovery he has indited a heroic epistle and a Pindaric ode, more fulsome and extravagant than any thing that had then proceeded from the pen even of a poet-laureate; and to whom, after he had left his family in bad humour, he sends a miserable epistle, entreating a certificate of character, in terms which are scarcely consistent with the consciousness of deserving it; and are, at all events, infinitely inconsistent with the proud and peremptory tone which he

assumed to those who would bear with it. A few lines may be worth quoting. He was then full twenty-seven years of age, and a candidate for ordination. After explaining this, he adds —

"I entreat that your honour will consider this, and will please to send me some certificate of my behaviour during almost three years in your family; wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say any thing to my advantage. The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family, that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour's *mercy*, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any farther than for *infirmities*.

"This is all I dare beg at present from your honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard. What is left me to wish, next to the health and prosperity of your honour and family, is, that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet for so many favours I have received; which, whatever effect they have had upon my fortune, shall never fail to have the greatest upon my mind, in approving myself, upon all occasions, your honour's most obedient and most dutiful servant."—Vol. xv. p. 230, 231.

By far the most characteristic, and at the same time the most discreditable and most interesting part of Swift's history, however, is that which relates to his connection with the three unfortunate women, whose happiness he ruined, and whose reputation he did what was in him to destroy. We say, the three women—for though *Varina* was cast off before he had fame or practice enough in composition to celebrate her in song, like *Stella* or *Vanessa*, her injuries seem to have been nearly as great, and altogether as unpardonable as those of the other two. Soon

after leaving college, he appears to have formed, or at least professed, an attachment to a Miss Jane Waryng, the sister of a fellow student, to whom his assiduities seem to have rendered him acceptable, and with whom he corresponded for a series of years, under the preposterous name of Varina. There appear to be but two letters of this correspondence preserved, both written by Swift, one in the height of his passion, and the other in its decline—and both extremely characteristic and curious. The first is dated in 1696, and is chiefly remarkable for its extreme badness and stupidity; though it is full enough of love and lamentation. The lady, it seems, had long before confessed a mutual flame; but prudential considerations made her averse to an immediate union,—upon which the lover raves and complains in the following deplorable sentences,—written, it will be observed, when he was on the borders of thirty, and proving, along with his early poems, how very late he came to the use of his faculties.

"Madam—Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. *I find myself hugely infected with this malady*, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends, is in perpetual danger to be re-

moved for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action would furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doating upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it.

"Would to Heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me: *they hale me a thousand ways, and I not able to bear them. It is so, by Heaven:* The love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning. It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune; and now your love is finishing my ruin: and is it so then? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina: and (I wonder) will she weep at parting, a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me?

"Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honourable, unlimited love; yet either nature *and our ancestors* have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible that you can yet be insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted? *By Heaven, Varina, you are more experienced and have less virgin innocence than I.* Would not your conduct make one think you were hugely skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve.

"Farewell, madam; and may love make you a while forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, *that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours,* JON. SWIFT."—Vol. xv. p. 232-237.

Notwithstanding these tragic denunciations, he neither died—nor married—nor broke off the connection, for four years thereafter; in the latter part of which, having been

at last presented to two livings in Ireland, worth near 400*l.* a year, the lady seems to have been reduced to remind him of his former impatience, and fairly to ask him, whether his affections had suffered any alteration. His answer to this appeal is contained in the second letter; — and is, we think, one of the most complete patterns of meanness, selfishness, and brutality, we have ever met with. The truth undoubtedly was, that his affections were estranged, and had probably settled by this time on the unfortunate Stella: but instead of either fairly avowing this inconstancy, or honourably fulfilling engagements, from which inconstancy perhaps could not release him, he thinks fit to write, in the most frigid, insolent, and hypocritical terms, undervaluing her fortune and person, and finding fault with her humour; — and yet pretending, that if she would only comply with certain conditions which he specifies, he might still be persuaded to venture himself with her into the perils of matrimony. It will be recollected, that when he urged immediate marriage so passionately in 1696, he had no provision in the world, and must have intended to live on her fortune, which yielded about 100*l.* a year, and that he thought her health as well as happiness would be saved by the match. In 1700, when he had got two livings, he addresses her as follows: —

"I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than 300*l.* a year? (it must have been near 500*l.*) have you such an inclination to my person and

humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ———? have you so much good nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts or cities without him? *In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men, who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made, I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy.*" —Vol. xv. p. 247, 248.

He then tells her, that if every thing else were suitable, he should not care whether her person were beautiful, or her fortune large.

"Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire, indeed, a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest."—Vol. xv. p. 248.

To complete the picture of his indifference, or rather his ill-disguised disinclination, he adds —

"The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, *you can best draw consequences from it.* The place where Dr. Bolton lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me, is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the *first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present.*"—Vol. xv. p. 246.

The lady, as was to be expected, broke off all corre-

spondence after this letter — and so ended Swift's first matrimonial engagement, and first eternal passion! — What became of the unhappy person whom he thus heartlessly abandoned, with impaired health, and mortified affections, after a seven years' courtship, is nowhere explained. The fate of his next victim is at least more notorious.

Esther Johnson, better known to the reader of Swift's works by the name of *Stella*, was the child of a London merchant, who died in her infancy; when she went with her mother, who was a friend of Sir W. Temple's sister, to reside at Moorpark, where Swift was then domesticated. Some part of the charge of her education devolved upon him; — and though he was twenty years her senior, the interest with which he regarded her, appears to have ripened into something as much like affection as could find a place in his selfish bosom. Soon after Sir William's death, he got his Irish livings, besides a considerable legacy; — and as she had a small independence of her own, it is obvious that there was nothing to prevent their honourable and immediate union. Some cold-blooded vanity or ambition, however, or some politic anticipation of his own possible inconstancy, deterred him from this onward and open course; and led him to an arrangement which was dishonourable and absurd in the beginning, and in the end productive of the most accumulated misery. He prevailed upon her to remove her residence from the bosom of her own family in England, to his immediate neighbourhood in Ireland, where she took lodgings with an elderly companion, of the name of Mrs. Dingley — avowedly for the sake of his society and protection, and

on a footing of intimacy so very strange and unprecedented, that whenever he left his parsonage house for England or Dublin, these ladies immediately took possession, and occupied it till he came back.—A situation so extraordinary and undefined, was liable of course to a thousand misconstructions; and must have been felt as degrading by any woman of spirit and delicacy: and accordingly, though the master of this Platonic seraglio seems to have used all manner of paltry and insulting practices, to protect a reputation which he had no right to bring into question,—by never seeing her except in the presence of Mrs. Dingley, and never sleeping under the same roof with her,—it is certain both that the connection was regarded as indecorous by persons of her own sex, and that she herself felt it to be humiliating and improper. Accordingly, within two years after her settlement in Ireland, it appears that she encouraged the addresses of a clergyman of the name of Tisdall, between whom and Swift there was a considerable intimacy; and that she would have married him, and thus sacrificed her earliest attachment to her freedom and her honour, had she not been prevented by the private dissuasions of that false friend, who did not choose to give up his own claims to her, although he had not the heart or the honour to make her lawfully his own. She was then a blooming beauty, of little more than twenty, with fine black hair, delicate features, and a playful and affectionate character. It seems doubtful to us, whether she originally felt for Swift any thing that could properly be called love—and her willingness to marry another in the first days of their connection, seems almost decisive on the subject; but the

ascendancy he had acquired over her mind, and her long habit of submitting her own judgment and inclinations to his, gave him at least an equal power over her, and moulded her pliant affections into too deep and exclusive a devotion. Even before his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, it is utterly impossible to devise any apology for his not marrying her, or allowing her to marry another; the only one that he ever appears to have stated himself, viz. the want of a sufficient fortune to sustain the expenses of matrimony, being palpably absurd in the mouth of a man born to nothing, and already more wealthy than nine-tenths of his order; but, after he obtained that additional preferment, and was thus ranked among the well beneficed dignitaries of the establishment, it was plainly an insult upon common sense to pretend that it was the want of money that prevented him from fulfilling his engagements. Stella was then twenty-six, and he near forty-five; and both had hitherto lived very far within an income that was now more than doubled. That she now expected to be made his wife appears from the pains he takes in the Journal indirectly to destroy that expectation; and though the awe in which he habitually kept her, probably prevented her either from complaining, or inquiring into the cause, it is now certain that a new attachment, as heartless, as unprincipled, and as fatal in its consequences as either of the others, was at the bottom of this cruel and unpardonable proceeding.

During his residence in London, from 1710 to 1712, he had leisure, in the intervals of his political labours, to form the acquaintance of Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, whose unfortunate love he has recorded, with no great delicacy,

under the name of Vanessa. This young lady, then only in her twentieth year, joined to all the attractions of youth, fashion, and elegance, the still more dangerous gifts of a lively imagination, a confiding temper, and a capacity of strong and permanent affection. Swift, regardless of the ties which bound him to Stella, allowed himself to be engaged by those qualities; and, without explaining the nature of those ties to his new idol, strove by his assiduities to obtain a return of affection—while he studiously concealed from the unhappy Stella the wrong he was conscious of doing her. We willingly borrow the words of his partial biographer, to tell the rest of a story, which, we are afraid, we should tell with little temper ourselves.

"While Vanessa was occupying much of his time, and much doubtless of his thoughts, she is never once mentioned in the Journal directly by name, and is only twice casually indicated by the title of Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter. There was, therefore, a consciousness on Swift's part that his attachment to his younger pupil was of a nature which could not be gratifying to her predecessor, although he probably shut his own eyes to the consequences of an intimacy which he wished to conceal from those of Stella. Miss Vanhomrigh, in the mean while, conscious of the pleasure which Swift received from her society, and of the advantages of youth and fortune which she possessed, and ignorant of the peculiar circumstances in which he stood with respect to another, naturally, and surely without offence either to reason or virtue, gave way to the hope of forming an union with a man whose talents had first attracted her admiration, and whose attentions, in the course of their mutual studies, had, by degrees, gained her affections, and seemed to warrant his own. The friends continued to use the language of friendship, but with the assiduity and earnestness of a warmer passion, until Vanessa rent asunder the veil, by

intimating to Swift the state of her affections; and in this, as she conceived, she was justified by his own favourite, though dangerous maxim, of doing that which seems in itself right, without respect to the common opinion of the world. We cannot doubt that he actually felt the 'shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise,' expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not courage to take the open and manly course of avowing those engagements with Stella, or other impediments which prevented him from accepting the hand and fortune of her rival. — Without, therefore, making this painful but just confession, he answered the avowal of Vanessa's passion, at first in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem. Vanessa seems neither to have been contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration; but to the very close of her life persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passion, than this cold proffer was calculated to afford.

"The effect of his increasing intimacy with the fascinating Vanessa, may be plainly traced in the Journal to Stella, which, in the course of its progress, becomes more and more cold and indifferent, — breathes fewer of those aspirations after the quiet felicity of a life devoted to M.D. and the willows at Laracor, — uses less frequently the affectionate jargon called the 'little language,' in which his fondness at first displays itself, — and, in short, exhibits all the symptoms of waning affection. Stella was neither blind to the altered style of his correspondence, nor deaf to the rumours which were wafted to Ireland. Her letters are not preserved; but from several passages of the Journal it appears that they intimated displeasure and jealousy, which Swift endeavours to appease.

"Upon Swift's return to Ireland, we may guess at the disturbed state of his feelings, wounded at once by ungratified ambition, and harassed by his affection being divided between two objects, each worthy of his attachment, and each having great claims upon him, while neither was likely to remain con-

tented with the limited return of friendship in exchange for love, and that friendship too divided with a rival. The claims of Stella were preferable in point of date; and, to a man of honour and good faith, in every respect irresistible. She had resigned her country, her friends, and even hazarded her character, in hopes of one day being united to Swift. But if Stella had made the greater sacrifice, Vanessa was the more important victim. She had youth, fortune, fashion; all the acquired accomplishments and information in which Stella was deficient, possessed at least as much wit, and certainly higher powers of imagination. That he had no intention to marry Vanessa is evident from passages in his letters, which are inconsistent with such an arrangement; as, on the other hand, their whole tenor excludes that of a guilty intimacy.—On the other hand, his conduct with respect to Stella was equally dubious. So soon as he was settled in the Deanery-house, his first care was to secure lodgings for Mrs. Dingley and Stella, upon Ormond's Quay, on the other side of the Liffey; and to resume, with the same guarded caution, the intercourse which had formerly existed between them. But circumstances soon compelled him to give that connection a more definite character.

"Mrs. Vanhomrigh was now dead. Her two sons survived her but a short time; and the circumstances of the young ladies were so far embarrassed by inconsiderate expenses, as gave them a handsome excuse for retiring to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Celbridge. The arrival of Vanessa in Dublin excited the apprehensions of Swift, and the jealousy of Stella. However imprudently the Dean might have indulged himself and the unfortunate young lady, by frequenting her society during his residence in England, there is no doubt that he was alive to all the hazards that might accrue to the reputation and peace of both, by continuing the same intimacy in Dublin. But the means of avoiding it were no longer in his power, although his re-iterated remonstrances assumed even the character of unkindness. She im-

portuned him with complaints of neglect and cruelty ; and it was obvious, that any decisive measure to break their correspondence would be attended with some such tragic consequence as, though late, at length concluded their story. Thus engaged in a labyrinth, where perseverance was wrong and retreat seemed almost impossible, Swift resolved to temporise, in hopes, probably, that time, accident, the mutability incident to violent affections, might extricate himself and Vanessa from the snare in which his own culpable imprudence had involved them. Meanwhile he continued to bestow on her those marks of regard, which it was impossible to refuse to her feelings towards him, even if they had not been reciprocal. But the conduct which he adopted as kindest to Miss Vanhomrigh, was likely to prove fatal to Stella. His fears and affections were next awakened for that early favourite, whose suppressed grief and jealousy, acting upon a frame naturally delicate, menaced her health in an alarming manner. The feelings with which Swift beheld the wreck which his conduct had occasioned, will not bear description. Mrs. Johnson had forsaken her country, and clouded even her reputation, to become the sharer of his fortunes when at their lowest ; and the implied ties by which he was bound to make her compensation, were as strong as the most solemn promise, if indeed even promises of future marriage had not been actually exchanged between them. He employed Dr. St. George Ashe, bishop of Clogher, his tutor and early friend, to request the cause of her melancholy ; and he received the answer which his conscience must have anticipated—it was her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her own character sustained from the long subsistence of the dubious and mysterious connection between them. To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy. To this communication Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony :—one, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune ; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which

gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence proposed, he said, he had not yet achieved, being still embarrassed by debt; and, on the other hand, he was past that term of life after which he had determined never to marry. Yet he was ready to go through the ceremony for the ease of Mrs. Johnson's mind, providing it should remain a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly. To these hard terms Stella subscribed; they relieved her own mind at least from all scruples on the impropriety of their connection; and they soothed her jealousy, by rendering it impossible that Swift should ever give his hand to her rival. They were married in the garden of the deanery, by the bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716." — vol. i. p. 229—238.

Even admitting all the palliations that are here suggested, it is plain that Swift's conduct is utterly indefensible — and that his ingenious biographer thinks nearly as ill of it as we do. Supposing it possible that a man of his penetration should have inspired an innocent young girl with a violent passion, without being at all aware of it, what possible apology can there be for his not disclosing his engagements with Mrs. Johnson, and peremptorily breaking off all intercourse with her rejected rival? — He was bound to *her* by ties even more sacred than those of actual marriage — and was no more at liberty, under such circumstances, to disguise that connection than the other: — or if he had himself unconsciously imbibed an irresistible passion for his younger admirer, it would have been far less guilty or dishonourable to have avowed this to Stella, and followed the impulse of such a fatal attachment. In either of these ways, he would have spared at least one of his victims. But he had not the apology of any such pas-

sion; and, desirous apparently of saving himself the shock of any unpleasant disclosure, or wishing to secure to himself the gratification of both their attachments, he endeavoured basely to conceal from each the share which the other had in his affections, and sacrificed the peace of both to the indulgence of this mean and cold-blooded duplicity. The same disgusting selfishness is, if possible, still more apparent, in the mortifying and degrading conditions he annexed to his nominal marriage with Stella, for the concealment of which no reason can be assigned, to which it is possible to listen with patience,—at least after the death of Vanessa had removed all fear of its afflicting or irritating that unhappy rival. This tragical event, of which Swift was as directly and as guiltily the cause, as if he had plunged a dagger into her heart, is described with much feeling by Mr. Scott, who has added a fuller account of her previous retirement than any former editor.

"About the year 1717, she retired from Dublin to her house and property near Celbridge, to nurse her hopeless passion in seclusion from the world. Swift seems to have foreseen and warned her against the consequences of this step. His letters uniformly exhort her to seek general society, to take exercise, and to divert, as much as possible, the current of her thoughts from the unfortunate subject which was preying upon her spirits. He even exhorts her to leave Ireland. Until the year 1720, he never appears to have visited her at Celbridge; they only met when she was occasionally in Dublin. But in that year, and down to the time of her death, Swift came repeatedly to Celbridge; and, from the information of a most obliging correspondent, I am enabled to give account of some minute particulars attending them.

"Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially

in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority. her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention,—and he added that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels, indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing-materials on the table before them.

"Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift, while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or countenance of a female relation. But Miss Van-

homrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of an union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connection with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long excited her secret jealousy: although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him, then in Ireland, 'If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*' Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly perhaps to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed; and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connection. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and, full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table: and, instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed, yet cherished hopes which had so

long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 248—253.

Among the novelties of the present edition, is what is called a complete copy of the correspondence betwixt Swift and this unfortunate lady. To us it is manifest that it is by no means a complete copy;—and, on the whole, the parts that are now published for the first time, are of less moment than those that had been formerly printed. But it is altogether a very interesting and painful collection; and there is something to us inexpressibly touching in the innocent fondness, and almost childish gaiety, of Vanessa at its commencement, contrasted with the deep gloom into which she sinks in its later stages; while the ardour of affection which breathes through the whole, and the tone of devoted innocence and simplicity of character which are every where preserved, make us both hate and wonder at the man who could deliberately break a heart so made to be cherished. We cannot resist the temptation of extracting a little of the only part of this whole publication in which any thing like heart or tenderness is to be discovered. His first letter is written immediately after their first separation, and whilst she yet believed that his slowness in returning her passion arose, as he had given her ample warrant to suppose (see the whole of the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, vol. xiv.) from nothing but a sense of the unsuitableness of their years and habits, which would give way to the continued proofs of its constancy and ardour. He had

written her a cold note on his journey, to which she thus rapturously answers:—

"Now you are good beyond expression, in sending me that dear voluntary from St. Alban's. It gives me more happiness than you can imagine, or I describe, to find that your head is so much better already. I do assure you all my wishes are employed for the continuance of it. I hope the next will tell me they have been of force. Pray why did not you remember me at Dunstable, as well as Moll? Lord! what a monster is Moll grown since. But nothing of poor Hess; except that the mark will be in the same place of Davila where you left it. Indeed, it is not much advanced yet; for I have been studying of Rochefoucault to see if he described as much of love as I found in myself a Sunday, and I find he falls very short of it. I am very impatient to hear from you at Chester. It is impossible to tell you how often I have wished you a cup of coffee and an orange at your inn."—vol. xix. p. 403, 404.

Upon hearing of his arrival in Ireland, she writes again in the same spirit.

"Here is now three long weeks passed since you wrote to me. Oh! happy Dublin, that can employ all your thoughts, and happy Mrs. Emerson, that could hear from you the moment you landed. Had it not been for her, I should be yet more uneasy than I am. I really believe, before you leave Ireland, I shall give you just reason to wish I did not know my letters, or at least that I could not write: and I had rather you should wish so, than entirely forget me. Mr. Lewis has given me '*Les Dialogues des Morts*,' and I am so charmed with them, that I am resolved to quit my *body*, let the consequence be what it will, except you will talk to me, for I find no conversation on earth comparable to yours; so, if you care I should stay, do but talk, and you will keep me with pleasure."—vol. xix. p. 407—409.

There is a great deal more of this trifling of a heart at

ease, and supported by enchanting hopes. It is miserable to think how sadly the style is changed, when she comes to know better the object on whom she had thus irretrievably lavished her affections. The following is the first letter that appears after she followed him to Ireland in 1714; and it appears to us infinitely more touching and pathetic, in the truth and simplicity of the wretchedness it expresses, than all the eloquent despair of all the heroines of romance. No man, with a heart, we think, could receive such letters and live.

"You bid me be easy, and you'd see me as often as you could: you had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a person in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. 'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world: I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me! for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your look so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may but have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you. Forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this, and live."—vol. xix. p. 421.

And a little after,

"I am, and cannot avoid being in the spleen to the last de-

gree. Every thing combines to make me so. Yet this and all other disappointments in life I can bear with ease, but that of being neglected by . . . . Spleen I cannot help, so you must excuse it. I do all I can to get the better of it; but it is too strong for me. I have read more since I saw Cad., than I did in a great while passed, and chose those books that required most attention, on purpose to engage my thoughts, but I find the more I think the more unhappy I am.

"I had once a mind not to have wrote to you, for fear of making you uneasy to find me so dull; but I could not keep to that resolution, for the pleasure of writing to you. The satisfaction I have in your remembering me when you read my letters, and the delight I have in expecting one from Cad., makes me rather choose to give you some uneasiness, than to add to my own."—vol. xix. p. 431, 432.

As the correspondence draws to a close, her despair becomes more eloquent and agonizing. The following two letters are dated in 1720.

"Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you;—yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. 'Tis now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, how have you forgot me! You endeavour by severities to force me from you: Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that 'tis not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for . . . . .

"Put my passion under the utmost restraint,—send me as distant from you as the earth will allow,—yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only

seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, don't flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change on you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell me tenderly. No: don't; tell it so that it may cause my present death, and don't suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me."—vol. xix. p. 441. 442.

"Tell me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote last to you. No, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not at ease. I have worn on my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of .... who thinks not of me. How many letters must I send you before I shall receive an answer? Can you deny me in my misery the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect, and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to do so great a charity. I firmly believe, could I know your thoughts, which no human creature is capable of guessing at (because never any one living thought like you), I should find you have often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven: but that would not spare you,—for was I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by?—you are present every where: your dear image is always before

mine eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?"—vol. xix. p. 442. 443.

From this heart-breaking scene we turn to another, if possible, still more deplorable. Vanessa was now dead. The grave had heaped its tranquillising mould on her agitated heart, and given her tormentor assurance, that he should no more suffer from her reproaches on earth; and yet, though with her the last pretext was extinguished for refusing to acknowledge the wife he had so infamously abused, we find him, with this dreadful example before his eyes, persisting to withhold from his remaining victim, that late and imperfect justice to which her claim was so apparent, and from the denial of which she was sinking before his eyes in sickness and sorrow to the grave. It is utterly impossible to suggest any excuse or palliation for such cold-blooded barbarity. Even though we were to believe with Mr. Scott, that he had ceased to be a man, this would afford no apology for his acting like a beast! He might still have acknowledged his wife in public; and restored to her the comfort and the honour of which he had robbed her without the excuse of violent passion, or thoughtless precipitation. He was rich, far beyond what either of them could have expected when their union was first contemplated; and had attained a name and a station in society which made him independent of riches. Yet, for the sake of avoiding some small awkwardness or inconvenience to himself,—to be secured from the idle talking of those who might wonder why, since they were

to marry, they did not marry before—or perhaps merely to retain the object of his regard in more complete subjection and dependence, he could bear to see her pining, year after year, in solitude and degradation, and sinking at last into an untimely grave, prepared by his hard and unrelenting refusal to clear her honour to the world, even at her dying hour. There are two editions of this dying scene — one on the authority of Mr. Sheridan, the other on that of Mr. Theophilus Swift, who is said to have received it from Mrs. Whiteway. Mr. Scott, who is unable to discredit the former, and is inclined at the same time to prefer the least disreputable for his author, is reduced to the necessity of supposing, that both may be true, and that Mr. Sheridan's story may have related to an earlier period than that reported by Mrs. Whiteway. We shall lay both before our readers. Mr. Sheridan says,

"'A short time before her death, a scene passed between the Dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetic terms to grant her dying request: "That, as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she adjured him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife.'

"'Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterward during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs. Johnson

into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and, sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors.'"—vol. i. p. 357.

If this be true, Swift must have had the heart of a monster; and it is of little consequence, whether, when her death was nearer, he pretended to consent to what his unhappy victim herself then pathetically declared to be "too late;" and to what, at all events, certainly never was done. Mrs. Whiteway's statement is as follows:—

"'When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the Deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlour. The Dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint; but having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic) was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed; the Dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs. Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room; but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed,—it was half shut: the rooms were close adjoining. Mrs. Whiteway had too much honour to listen, but could not avoid observing, that the Dean and Mrs. Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was too weak to raise her voice. Mrs. Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity, but at length she heard the Dean say, in an audible voice, *Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,* to which Stella answered with a sigh, *It is too late.*'"—vol. i. p. 355, 356.

With the consciousness of having thus barbarously destroyed all the women for whom he had ever professed affection, it is not wonderful that his latter days should have been overshadowed with gloom and dejection; but it was not the depression of late regret, or unavailing self-condemnation, that darkened his closing scene. It was but the rancour of disappointed ambition, and the bitterness of proud misanthropy; and we verily believe, that if his party had got again into power, and given him the preferment he expected, the pride and joy of his vindictive triumph would have been but little alloyed by the remembrance of the innocent and accomplished women of whom we have no hesitation to pronounce him the murderer. In the whole of his later writings, indeed, we shall look in vain for any traces of that penitential regret, which was due to the misery he had occasioned, even if it had arisen without his guilt, or even of that humble and solemn self-reproach which is apt to beset thoughtful men in the decline of life and animation, even when their conduct has been generally blameless, and the judgment of the candid finds nothing in them to condemn; on the contrary, there is nowhere to be met with, a tone of more insolent reproach, and intolerant contempt to the rest of the world, or so direct a claim to the possession of sense and virtue, which that world was no longer worthy to employ. Of women, too, it is very remarkable, that he speaks with unvaried rudeness and contempt, and rails indeed at the whole human race, as wretches with whom he thinks it an indignity to share a common nature. All this, we confess, appears to us intolerable; for, whether we look to the fortune or the conduct of this extraordinary

person, we really recollect no individual who was less entitled to be either discontented or misanthropical — to complain of men or of accidents. Born almost a beggar, and neither very industrious nor very engaging in his early habits, he attained, almost with his first efforts, the very height of distinction, and was rewarded by appointments, which placed him in a state of independence and respectability for life. He was honoured with the acquaintance of all that was distinguished for rank, literature, or reputation; — and, if not very generally beloved, was, what he probably valued far more, admired and feared by most of those with whom he was acquainted. When his party was overthrown, neither his person nor his fortune suffered; — but he was indulged, through the whole of his life, in a licence of scurrility and abuse, which has never been permitted to any other writer, — and possessed the exclusive and devoted affection of the only two women to whom he wished to appear interesting. In this *history*, we confess we see but little apology for discontent and lamentation; — and in his *conduct*, there is assuredly still less for misanthropy. In public life, we do not know where we could have found any body half so profligate and unprincipled as himself, and the friends to whom he finally attached himself; — nor can we conceive that complaints of venality, and want of patriotism, could ever come with so ill a grace from any quarter, as from him who had openly deserted and libelled his original party, without the pretext of any other cause than the insufficiency of the rewards they bestowed upon him, — and joined himself with men, who were treacherous, not only to their first professions, but to their country and to

each other, to all of whom he adhered, after their mutual hatred and villanies were detected. In private life, again, with what face could he erect himself into a rigid censor of morals, or pretend to complain of men in general, as unworthy of his notice, after breaking the hearts of two, if not three, amiable women, whose affections he had engaged by the most constant assiduities, — after savagely libelling almost all his early friends and benefactors, and exhibiting, in his daily life and conversation, a picture of domineering insolence and dogmatism, to which no parallel could be found, we believe, in the history of any other individual, and which rendered his society intolerable to all who were not subdued by their awe of him, or inured to it by long use? He had some right, perhaps, to look with disdain upon men of ordinary understandings; but for all that is the proper object of reproach, he should have looked only *within*: and whatever may be his merits as a writer, we do not hesitate to say, that he was despicable as a politician, and hateful as a man.

With these impressions of his personal character, perhaps it is not easy for us to judge quite fairly of his works. Yet we are far from being insensible to their great and very peculiar merits. Their chief peculiarity is, that they were almost all what may be called occasional productions —not written for fame or for posterity—from the fulness of the mind, or the desire of instructing mankind — but on the spur of the occasion — for promoting some temporary and immediate object, and producing a practical effect, in the attainment of which their whole importance centred. With the exception of the Tale of a Tub, Gulliver, the Polite Conversation, and about half a volume of poetry,

this description will apply to almost all that is now before us; — and it is no small proof of the vigour and vivacity of his genius, that posterity should have been so anxious to preserve these careless and hasty productions, upon which their author appears to have set no other value than as means for the attainment of an end. The truth is, accordingly, that *they are* very extraordinary performances: and, considered with a view to the purposes for which they were intended, have probably never been equalled in any period of the world. They are written with great plainness, force, and intrepidity — advance at once to the matter in dispute — give battle to the strength of the enemy, and never seek any kind of advantage from darkness or obscurity. Their distinguishing feature, however, is the force and vehemence of the invective in which they abound; — the copiousness, the steadiness, the perseverance, and the dexterity with which abuse and ridicule are showered upon the adversary. This, we think, was, beyond all doubt, Swift's great talent, and the weapon by which he made himself formidable. He was, without exception, the greatest and most efficient *libeller* that ever exercised the trade; and possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualifications which it requires: — a clear head — a cold heart — a vindictive temper — no admiration of noble qualities — no sympathy with suffering — not much conscience — not much consistency — a ready wit — a sarcastic humour — a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature — and a complete familiarity with every thing that is low, homely, and familiar in language. These were his gifts; — and he soon felt for what ends they were given. Almost all his works are libels; generally upon

individuals, sometimes upon sects and parties, sometimes upon human nature. Whatever be his end, however, personal abuse, direct, vehement, unsparing invective, is his means. It is his sword and his shield, his panoply and his chariot of war. In all his writings, accordingly, there is nothing to raise or exalt our notions of human nature,—but every thing to vilify and degrade. We may learn from them, perhaps, to dread the consequences of base actions, but never to love the feelings that lead to generous ones. There is no spirit, indeed, of love or of honour in any part of them; but an unvaried and harassing display of insolence and animosity in the writer, and villany and folly in those of whom he is writing. Though a great polemic, he makes no use of general principles, nor ever enlarges his views to a wide or comprehensive conclusion. Every thing is particular with him, and, for the most part, strictly personal. To make amends, however, we do think him quite without a competitor in personalities. With a quick and sagacious spirit, and a bold and popular manner, he joins an exact knowledge of all the strong and the weak parts of every cause he has to manage; and, without the least restraint from delicacy, either of taste or of feeling, he seems always to think the most effectual blows the most advisable, and no advantage unlawful that is likely to be successful for the moment. Disregarding all the laws of polished hostility, he uses, at one and the same moment, his sword and his poisoned dagger — his hands, and his teeth, and his envenomed breath, — and does not even scruple, upon occasion, to imitate his own yahoos, by discharging on his unhappy victims a shower of filth, from which neither courage nor

dexterity can afford any protection. — Against such an antagonist, it was, of course, at no time very easy to make head; and accordingly his invective seems, for the most part, to have been as much dreaded, and as tremendous as the personal ridicule of Voltaire. Both were inexhaustible, well directed, and unsparing; but even when Voltaire drew blood, he did not mangle the victim, and was only mischievous when Swift was brutal. Any one who will compare the epigrams on M. Franc de Pompignan with those on Tighe or Bettesworth, will easily understand the distinction.

Of the few works which he wrote in the capacity of an author, and not of a party zealot or personal enemy, the Tale of a Tub was by far the earliest in point of time, and has, by many, been considered as the first in point of merit. We confess we are not of that opinion. It is by far too long and elaborate for a piece of pleasanty; — the humour sinks, in many places, into mere buffoonery and nonsense; — and there is a real and extreme tediousness arising from the too successful mimicry of tediousness and pedantry. All these defects are apparent enough even in the main story, in which the incidents are without the shadow of verisimilitude or interest, and by far too thinly scattered; but they become insufferable in the interludes or digressions, the greater part of which are to us utterly illegible, and seem to consist almost entirely of cold and forced conceits, and exaggerated representations of long-exploded whims and absurdities. The style of this work, which appears to us greatly inferior to the History of John Bull or even of Martinus Scriblerus, is evidently more elaborate than that of Swift's other

writings,—but has all its substantial characteristics. Its great merit seems to consist in the author's perfect familiarity with all sorts of common and idiomatical expressions, his unlimited command of established phrases, both solemn and familiar, and the unrivalled profusion and propriety with which he heaps them up and applies them to the exposition of the most fantastic conceptions. To deliver absurd notions or incredible tales in the most authentic, honest, and direct terms that have been used for the communication of truth and reason, and to luxuriate in all the variations of that grave, plain, and perspicuous phraseology, which dull men use to express their homely opinions, seems to be the great art of this extraordinary humourist, and that which gives their character and their edge to his sly strokes of satire, his keen sarcasms, and bitter personalities.

The voyages of Captain Lemuel Gulliver is indisputably his greatest work. The idea of making fictitious travels the vehicle of satire as well as of amusement, is at least as old as Lucian; but has never been carried into execution with such success, spirit, and originality, as in this celebrated performance. The brevity, the minuteness, the homeliness, the unbroken seriousness of the narrative, all give a character of truth and simplicity to the work, which at once palliates the extravagance of the fiction, and enhances the effect of those weighty reflections, and cutting severities in which it abounds. Yet though it is probable enough, that without those touches of satire and observation the work would have appeared childish and preposterous, we are persuaded that it pleases chiefly by the novelty and vivacity of the extraordinary pictures

it presents, and the entertainment we receive from following the fortunes of the traveller in his several extraordinary adventures. The greater part of the wisdom and satire at least appears to us to be extremely vulgar and common-place; and we have no idea that they could possibly appear either impressive or entertaining, if presented without these accompaniments. A considerable part of the pleasure we derive from the voyages of Gulliver, in short, is of the same description with that which we receive from those of Sinbad the Sailor; and is chiefly heightened, we believe, by the greater brevity and minuteness of the story, and the superior art that is employed to give it an appearance of truth and probability, in the very midst of its wonders. Among those arts, as Mr. Scott has judiciously observed, one of the most important is the exact adaptation of the narrative to the condition of its supposed author.

"The character of the imaginary traveller is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas, without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is perhaps strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner. The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchantman, or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there was such a reality given to his whole person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style, and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this

memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind. The exact calculations preserved in the first and second part, have also the effect of qualifying the extravagance of the fable. It is said that in natural objects where proportion is exactly preserved, the marvellous, whether the object be gigantic or diminutive, is lessened in the eyes of the spectator; and it is certain, in general, that proportion forms an essential attribute of truth, and consequently of verisimilitude, or that which renders a narration probable. If the reader is disposed to grant the traveller his postulates as to the existence of the strange people whom he visits, it would be difficult to detect any inconsistency in his narrative. On the contrary, it would seem that he and they conduct themselves towards each other precisely as must necessarily have happened in the respective circumstances which the author has supposed. In this point of view, perhaps the highest praise that could have been bestowed on Gulliver's Travels, was the censure of a learned Irish prelate, who said the book contained *some* things which he could not prevail upon himself to believe."—vol. i. pp. 340, 341.

That the interest does not arise from the satire but from the plausible description of physical wonders, seems to be farther proved by the fact, that the parts which please the least are those in which there is most satire and least of those wonders. In the voyage to Laputa, after the first description of the flying island, the attention is almost exclusively directed to intellectual absurdities; and every one is aware of the dulness that is the result. Even as a satire, indeed, this part is extremely poor and defective; nor can any thing show more clearly the author's incapacity for large and comprehensive views than his signal failure in all those parts which invited him to such contemplations. In the multitude of his vulgar and farcical representations of particular errors in phi-

losophy, he nowhere appears to have any sense of its true value or principles; but satisfies himself with collecting or imagining a number of fantastical quackeries, which tend to illustrate nothing but his contempt for human understanding. Even where his subject seems to invite him to something of a higher flight, he uniformly shrinks back from it, and takes shelter in common-place derision. What, for instance, can be poorer than the use he makes of the evocation of the illustrious dead—in which Hannibal is conjured up, just to say that he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp; and Aristotle, to ask two of his commentators, "whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?" The voyage to the Houyhnhnms is commonly supposed to displease by its vile and degrading representations of human nature; but, if we do not strangely mistake our own feelings on the subject, the impression it produces is not so much that of disgust as of dulness. The picture is not only extravagant, but bald and tame in the highest degree; while the story is not enlivened by any of those numerous and uncommon incidents which are detailed in the two first parts, with such an inimitable air of probability as almost to persuade us of their reality. For the rest, we have observed already, that the scope of the whole work, and indeed of all his writings, is to degrade and vilify human nature; and though some of the images which occur in this part may be rather coarser than the others, we do not think the difference so considerable as to account for its admitted inferiority in the power of pleasing.

His only other considerable works in prose, are the

"Polite Conversation," which we think admirable in its sort, and excessively entertaining; and the "Directions to Servants," which, though of a lower pitch, contains as much perhaps of his peculiar, vigorous, and racy humour, as any one of his productions. The Journal to Stella, which was certainly never intended for publication, is not to be judged of as a literary work at all—but to us it is the most interesting of all his productions—exhibiting not only a minute and masterly view of a very extraordinary political crisis, but a truer, and upon the whole, a more favourable picture of his own mind, than can be gathered from all the rest of his writings—together with innumerable anecdotes characteristic not only of various eminent individuals, but of the private manners and public taste and morality of the times, more nakedly and surely authentic than any thing that can be derived from contemporary publications.

Of his Poetry, we do not think there is much to be said; —for we cannot persuade ourselves that Swift was in any respect a poet. It would be proof enough, we think, just to observe that, though a popular and most miscellaneous writer, he does not mention the name of Shakspeare above two or three times in any part of his works, and has nowhere said a word in his praise. His partial editor admits that he has produced nothing which can be called either sublime or pathetic; and we are of the same opinion as to the beautiful. The merit of correct rhymes and easy diction, we shall not deny him; but the diction is almost invariably that of the most ordinary prose, and the matter of his pieces no otherwise poetical, than that the Muses and some other persons of the Heathen mythology

are occasionally mentioned. He has written lampoons and epigrams, and satirical ballads and abusive songs in great abundance, and with infinite success. But these things are not poetry;—and are better in verse than in prose, for no other reason than that the sting is more easily remembered, and the ridicule occasionally enhanced, by the hint of a ludicrous parody, or the drollery of an extraordinary rhyme. His witty verses, where they are not made up of mere filth and venom, seem mostly framed on the model of Hudibras; and are chiefly remarkable, like those of his original, for the easy and apt application of homely and familiar phrases, to illustrate ingenious sophistry or unexpected allusions. One or two of his imitations of Horace, are executed with spirit and elegance, and are the best, we think, of his familiar pieces; unless we except the verses on his own death, in which, however, the great charm arises, as we have just stated, from the singular ease and exactness with which he has imitated the style of ordinary society, and the neatness with which he has brought together and reduced to metre such a number of natural, characteristic, and common-place expressions. The Cadenus and Vanessa is, of itself, complete proof that he had in him none of the elements of poetry. It was written when his faculties were in their perfection, and his heart animated with all the tenderness of which it was ever capable—and yet it is as cold and as flat as the ice of Thulé. Though describing a real passion, and a real perplexity, there is not a spark of fire, nor a throb of emotion in it from one end to the other. All the return he makes to the warm-hearted creature who had put her destiny into his hands, consists in a frigid

mythological fiction, in which he sets forth, that Venus and the Graces lavished their gifts on her in her infancy, and moreover got Minerva, by a trick, to inspire her with wit and wisdom. The style is mere prose—or rather a string of familiar and vulgar phrases tacked together in rhyme, like the general tissue of his poetry. However, it has been called not only easy but elegant, by some indulgent critics—and therefore, as we take it for granted nobody reads it now-a-days, we shall extract a few lines at random, to abide the censure of the judicious. To us they seem to be about as much poetry as so many lines out of Coke upon Littleton.

"But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much adored
For wisdom at Jove's council board;
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:

She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought;
And therefore the deductions naught,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects."

Vol. xiv. pp. 448, 449.

The Rhapsody of Poetry, and the Legion Club, are the only two pieces in which there is the least glow of poetical animation; though, in the latter, it takes the shape of ferocious and almost frantic invective, and, in the former, shines out but by fits in the midst of the usual small wares of cant phrases and snappish misanthropy. In the Rhapsody, the following lines, for instance, near the beginning, are vigorous and energetic.

"Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
"Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of bridewell or the stews;
Nor infants dropp'd the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire."

Vol. xiv. pp. 310, 311.

Yet, immediately after this nervous and poetical line, he drops at once into the lowness of vulgar flippancy.

> "What hope of custom in the fair,
> While not a soul demands your ware?" &c.

There are undoubtedly many strong lines, and much cutting satire in this poem; but the staple is a mimicry of Hudibras, without the richness or compression of Butler; as, for example,

> "And here a simile comes pat in:
> Though chickens take a month to fatten,
> The guests in less than half an hour
> Will more than half a score devour.
> So, after toiling twenty days
> To earn a stock of pence and praise,
> Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
> Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
> Gone to be never heard of more,
> Gone where the chickens went before.
> How shall a new attempter learn
> Of different spirits to discern,
> And how distinguish which is which,
> The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?"
>
> Vol. xiv. pp. 311, 312.

The Legion Club is a satire, or rather a tremendous invective on the Irish House of Commons, who had incurred the reverend author's displeasure for entertaining some propositions about alleviating the burden of the tithes in Ireland; and is chiefly remarkable, on the whole, as a proof of the extraordinary liberty of the press which was indulged to the disaffected in those days—no prosecution having been instituted, either by that Honourable House itself, or by any of the individual members, who

are there attacked in a way in which no public men were ever attacked, before or since. It is also deserving of attention, as the most thoroughly animated, fierce, and energetic, of all Swift's metrical compositions; and though the animation be altogether of a ferocious character, and seems occasionally to verge upon absolute insanity, there is still a force and a terror about it which redeems it from ridicule, and makes us shudder at the sort of demoniacal inspiration with which the malison is vented. The invective of Swift appears in this, and some other pieces, like the infernal fire of Milton's rebel angels, which

> "Scorch'd and blasted and o'erthrew—"

and was launched even against the righteous with such impetuous fury,

> "That whom it hit none on their feet might stand,
> Though standing else as rocks—but down they fell
> By thousands, angel on archangel rolled."

It is scarcely necessary to remark, however, that there is never the least approach to dignity or nobleness in the style of these terrible invectives; and that they do not even pretend to the tone of a high-minded disdain or generous impatience of unworthiness. They are honest, coarse, and violent effusions of furious anger and rancorous hatred; and their effect depends upon the force, heartiness, and apparent sincerity with which those feelings are expressed. The author's object is simply to villify his opponent,—by no means to do honour to himself. If he can make his victim writhe, he cares not what may be thought of his tormentor;—or rather, he is contented, provided he can make *him* sufficiently disgusting, that a

good share of the filth which he throws should stick to his own fingers; and that he should himself excite some of the loathing of which his enemy is the principal object. In the piece now before us, many of the personalities are too coarse and filthy to be quoted; but the very opening shows the spirit in which it is written.

"As I stroll the city oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college,
Half the globe from sense and knowledge!
By the prudent architect,
Placed against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
'Near the church'—you know the rest.
"Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion Club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear:
Such a noise and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
"Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones and melt the lead:
Drive them down on every scull,
When the den of thieves is full;

Quite destroy the harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
"Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the House;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our noses with their votes.
"Let Sir Tom, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy!
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman! traitor! vile seducer!
Perjured rebel! bribed accuser!
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide!
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole!"

Vol. x. pp. 548—550.

This is strong enough, we suspect, for most readers; but we shall venture on a few lines more, to show the tone in which the leading characters in the country might be libelled by name and surname in those days.

"In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
"Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involved in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels," &c.

"Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player!
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your ——;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them."

Vol. x. pp. 553, 554.

Such were the libels which a Tory writer found it safe to publish under a Whig administration in 1736; and we do not find that any national disturbance arose from their impunity,—though the libeller was the most celebrated

and by far the most popular writer of the age. Nor was it merely the exasperation of bad fortune that put that polite party upon the use of this discourteous style of discussion. In all situations, the Tories have been the great libellers—and, as is fitting, the great prosecutors of libels; and even in this early age of their glory, had themselves, when in power, encouraged the same licence of defamation, and in the same hands. It will scarcely be believed, that the following character of the Earl of Wharton, then actually Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was publicly printed and sold, with his Lordship's name and addition at full length, in 1710, and was one of the first productions by which the reverend penman bucklered the cause of the Tory ministry, and revenged himself on a parsimonious patron. We cannot afford to give it at full length—but this specimen will answer our purpose.

"Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution, has some years passed his grand climacteric, without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind; and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five-and-twenty. Whether he walks, or whistles, or talks bawdy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each, beyond a templar of three years' standing.—He seems to be but an ill dissembler, and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he most practises, and most values himself upon. The ends he has gained by lying, appear to be more owing to the frequency, than the art of them: his lies being sometimes detected in an hour, often in a day, and always in a week. He tells them freely in mixed companies, although he knows half of those that hear him to be his enemies, and is sure they will discover them the moment they leave him. He swears solemnly he loves and will serve you; and your back is

no sooner turned, but he tells those about him, you are a dog and a rascal. He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk bawdy and blasphemy at the chapel-door. He is a presbyterian in politics, and an atheist in religion; but he chooses at present to whore with a papist. — He has sunk his fortune by endeavouring to ruin one kingdom, and has raised it by going far in the ruin of another.

"He bears the gallantries of his lady with the indifference of a stoick; and thinks them well recompensed, by a return of children to support his family, without the fatigues of being a father.

"He has three predominant passions, which you will seldom find united in the same man, as arising from different dispositions of mind, and naturally thwarting each other: these are, love of power, love of money, and love of pleasure; they ride him sometimes by turns, sometimes all together. Since he went into Ireland, he seems most disposed to the second, and has met with great success; having gained by his government, of under two years, five-and-forty thousand pounds, by the most favourable computation, half in the regular way, and half in the prudential.

"He was never yet known to refuse, or keep a promise, as I remember he told a lady, but with an exception to the promise he then made (which was to get her a pension); yet he broke even that, and, I confess, deceived us both. But here I desire to distinguish between a promise and a bargain; for he will be sure to keep the latter, when he has the fairest offer."—Vol. iv. pp. 149—152.

We have not left ourselves room now to say much of Swift's style, or of the general character of his literary genius: — But our opinion may be collected from the remarks we have made on particular passages, and from our introductory observations on the school or class of authors, with whom he must undoubtedly be rated. On

the subjects to which he confines himself, he is unquestionably a strong, masculine, and perspicuous writer. He is never finical, fantastic, or absurd—takes advantage of no equivocations in argument—and puts on no tawdriness for ornament. Dealing always with particulars, he is safe from all great and systematic mistakes; and, in fact, reasons mostly in a series of small and minute propositions, in the handling of which, dexterity is more requisite than genius; and practical good sense, with an exact knowledge of transactions, of far more importance than profound and high-reaching judgment. He did not write history or philosophy, but party pamphlets and journals;—not satire, but particular lampoons:—not pleasantries for all mankind, but jokes for a particular circle. Even in his pamphlets, the broader questions of party are always waived, to make way for discussions of personal or immediate interest. His object is not to show that the Tories have better principles of government than the Whigs,—but to prove Lord Oxford an angel, and Lord Somers a fiend, to convict the Duke of Marlborough of avarice or Sir Richard Steele of insolvency;—not to point out the wrongs of Ireland, in the depression of her Catholic population, her want of education, or the discouragement of her industry; but to raise an outcry against an amendment of the copper or the gold coin, or against a parliamentary proposition for remitting the tithe of *agistment*. For those ends, it cannot be denied, that he chose his means judiciously, and used them with incomparable skill and spirit. But to choose such ends, we humbly conceive, was not the part either of a high intellect or a high character; and his genius must share in the disparagement which ought

perhaps to be confined to the impetuosity and vindictiveness of his temper.

Of his style, it has been usual to speak with great, and, we think, exaggerated praise. It is less mellow than Dryden's — less elegant than Pope's or Addison's — less free and noble than Lord Bolingbroke's — and utterly without the glow and loftiness which belonged to our earlier masters. It is radically a low and homely style — without grace and without affectation; and chiefly remarkable for a great choice and profusion of *common* words and expressions. Other writers, who have used a plain and direct style, have been for the most part jejune and limited in their diction. and generally give us an impression of the poverty as well as the tameness of their language; but Swift, without ever trespassing into figured or poetical expressions, or ever employing a word that can be called fine, or pedantic, has a prodigious variety of good set phrases always at his command, and displays a sort of homely richness, like the plenty of an old English dinner, or the wardrobe of a wealthy burgess. This taste for the plain and substantial was fatal to his poetry, which subsists not on such elements; but was in the highest degree favourable to the effect of his humour, very much of which depends on the imposing gravity with which it is delivered, and on the various turns and heightenings it may receive from a rapidly shifting and always appropriate expression. Almost all his works, after the Tale of a Tub, seem to have been written very fast, and with very little minute care of the diction. For his own ease, therefore, it is probable they were all pitched on a low key, and set about on the ordinary tone of a familiar letter or conversation;

as that from which there was little hazard of falling, even in moments of negligence, and from which any rise that could be effected, must always be easy and conspicuous. A man fully possessed of his subject, indeed, and confident of his cause, may almost always write with vigour and effect, if he can get over the temptation of writing finely, and really confine himself to the strong and clear exposition of the matter he has to bring forward. Half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors, arises from a want of matter,—and the other half, from a paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place. Swift had complete confidence in himself; and had too much real business on his hands, to be at leisure to intrigue for the fame of a fine writer; — in consequence of which, his writings are more admired by the judicious than if he had bestowed all his attention on their style. He was so much a man of business, indeed, and so much accustomed to consider his writings merely as means for the attainment of a practical end—whether that end was the strengthening of a party, or the wounding a foe—that he not only disdained the reputation of a composer of pretty sentences, but seems to have been thoroughly indifferent to all sorts of literary fame. He enjoyed the notoriety and influence which he had procured by his writings; but it was the glory of having carried his point, and not of having written well, that he valued. As soon as his publications had served their turn, they seem to have been entirely forgotten by their author; — and, desirous as he was of being richer, he appears to have thought as little of making money as immortality by means of them. He mentions somewhere, that except 300*l.* which he got for

Gulliver, he never made a farthing by any of his writings. Pope understood his trade better,—and not only made knowing bargains for his own works, but occasionally borrowed his friends' pieces, and pocketed the price of the whole. This was notoriously the case with three volumes of Miscellanies, of which the greater part were from the pen of Swift.

In humour and in irony, and in the talent of debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with all the world in thinking the Dean of St. Patrick's without a rival. His humour, though sufficiently marked and peculiar, is not to be easily defined. The nearest description we can give of it, would make it consist in expressing sentiments the most absurd and ridiculous—the most shocking and atrocious —or sometimes the most energetic and original—in a sort of composed, calm, and unconscious way, as if they were plain, undeniable, commonplace truths, which no person could dispute, or expect to gain credit by announcing— and in maintaining them, always in the gravest and most familiar language, with a consistency which somewhat palliates their extravagance, and a kind of perverted ingenuity, which seems to give pledge for their sincerity. The secret, in short, seems to consist in employing the language of humble good sense, and simple undoubting conviction, to express, in their honest nakedness, sentiments which it is usually thought necessary to disguise under a thousand pretences—or truths which are usually introduced with a thousand apologies. The basis of the art is the personating a character of great simplicity and openness, for whom the conventional or artificial distinctions of society are supposed to have no existence; and

making use of this character as an instrument to strip vice and folly of their disguises, and expose guilt in all its deformity, and truth in all its terrors. Independent of the moral or satire, of which they may thus be the vehicle, a great part of the entertainment to be derived from works of humour, arises from the contrast between the grave, unsuspecting indifference of the character personated, and the ordinary feelings of the world on the subjects which he discusses. This contrast it is easy to heighten, by all sorts of imputed absurdities: in which case, the humour degenerates into mere farce and buffoonery. Swift has yielded a little to this temptation in the Tale of a Tub; but scarcely at all in Gulliver, or any of his later writings in the same style. Of his talent for reviling, we have already said at least enough, in some of the preceding pages.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

BY

LORD JEFFREY.

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1853.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

(October, 1804.)

The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, *Author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison; selected from the original Manuscripts bequeathed to his Family. To which are prefixed, a Biographical Account of that Author, and Observations on his Writings.* By Anna Lætitia Barbauld. 6 vols. 8vo. Phillips, London: 1804.

The public has great reason to be satisfied, we think, with Mrs. Barbauld's share in this publication. She has contributed a very well written Introduction; and she has suppressed about twice as many letters as are now presented to our consideration. Favourably as we are disposed to think of all for which she is directly responsible, the perusal of the whole six volumes has fully convinced us that we are even more indebted to her forbearance than to her bounty.

The fair biographer unquestionably possesses very considerable talents, and exercises her powers of writing with singular judgment and propriety. Many of her observations are acute and striking, and several of them very fine and delicate. Yet this is not, perhaps, the general character of her genius; and it must be acknowledged, that she has a tone and manner which is something formal and heavy; that she occasionally delivers trite and obvious truths with

the pomp and solemnity of important discoveries, and sometimes attempts to exalt and magnify her subject by a very clumsy kind of declamation. With all those defects, however, we think the life and observations have so much substantial merit, that most readers will agree with us in thinking that they are worth much more than all the rest of the publication.

She sets off indeed with a sort of formal dissertation upon novels and romances in general; and, after obligingly recapitulating the whole history of this branch of literature, from the Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus to the Gil Blas and Nouvelle Heloise of modern times, she proceeds to distinguish these performances into three several classes, according to the mode and form of narration adopted by the author. The first, she is pleased to inform us, is the narrative or epic form, in which the whole story is put into the mouth of the author, who is supposed, like the Muse, to know every thing, and is not obliged to give any account of the sources of his information; the second is that in which the hero relates his own adventures; and the third is that of epistolary correspondence, where all the agents in the drama successively narrate the incidents in which they are principally concerned. It was with Richardson, Mrs. Barbauld then informs us, that this last mode of novel writing originated; and she enters into a critical examination of its advantages and disadvantages, and of the comparative probability of a person despatching a narrative of every interesting incident or conversation in his life to his friends by the post, and of his sitting down, after his adventures are concluded, to give a particular account of them to the public.

There is something rather childish, we think, in all this investigation; and the problem of comparative probability seems to be stated purely for the pleasure of the solution. No reader was ever disturbed, in the middle of an interesting story, by any scruple about the means or the inducements which the narrator may be presumed to have had for telling it. While he is engaged with the story, such an inquiry never suggests itself; and when it is suggested, he recollects that the whole is a fiction, invented by the author for his amusement, and that the best way of communicating it must be that by which he is most interested and least fatigued. To us it appears very obvious, that the first of the three modes, or the author's own narrative, is by far the most eligible; and for this plain reason, that it lays him under much less restraint than either of the other two. He can introduce a letter or a story whenever he finds it convenient, and can make use of the dramatic or conversational style as often as the subject requires it. In epistolary writing there must be a great deal of repetition and egotism; and we must submit, as on the stage, to the intolerable burden of an insipid confidant, with whose admiration of the hero's epistles the reader may not always be disposed to sympathise. There is one species of novel indeed (but only one) to which the epistolary style is peculiarly adapted; that is, the novel in which the whole interest depends, not upon the adventures, but on the characters of the persons represented, and in which the story is of very subordinate importance, and only serves as an occasion to draw forth the sentiments and feelings of the agents. The Heloise of Rousseau may be considered as the model of this species of writing; and Mrs. Barbauld

certainly overlooked this obvious distinction, when she asserted that the author of that extraordinary work is to be reckoned among the imitators of Richardson. In the Heloise there is scarcely any narrative at all; and the interest may be said to consist altogether in the eloquent expression of fine sentiments and exalted passion. All Richardson's novels, on the other hand, are substantially narrative; and the letters of most of his characters contain little more than a minute journal of the conversations and transactions in which they were successively engaged. The style of Richardson might be perfectly copied, though the epistolary form were to be dropped; but no imitation of the Heloise could be recognised, if it were not in the shape of letters.

After finishing her discourse upon Novels, Mrs. Barbauld proceeds to lay before her readers some account of the life and performances of Richardson. The biography is very scanty, and contains nothing that can be thought very interesting. He was the son of a joiner in Derbyshire; but always avoided mentioning the town in which he was born. He was intended at first for the Church; but his father, finding that the expense of his education would be too heavy, at last bound him apprentice to a printer. He never was acquainted with any language but his own. From his childhood he was remarkable for invention, and was famous among his schoolfellows for amusing them with tales and stories which he composed extempore, and usually rendered, even at that early age, the vehicle of some useful moral. He was constitutionally shy and bashful; and instead of mixing with his companions in noisy sports and exercises, he used to read and converse with the sedate

part of the other sex, or assist them in the composition of their love-letters. The following passage, extracted by Mrs. Barbauld from one of the suppressed letters, is more curious and interesting, we think, than any thing in those that are published.

"As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favourite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary to the others. I have been directed to chide, and even to repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time that the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing *this* word, or *that* expression, to be softened or changed. One highly gratified with her lover's fervour and vows of everlasting love has said, when I have asked her direction—I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly. All her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."—Vol. i. Introduction, p. xxxix, xl.

We add Mrs. Barbauld's observation on this passage, for the truth of the sentiment it contains, though more inelegantly written than any other sentence in her performance.

"Human nature is human nature in every class; the hopes and the fears, the perplexities and the struggles, of these low-

bred girls in probably an obscure village, supplied the future author with those ideas which, by their gradual development, produced the characters of a Clarissa and a Clementina; nor was he probably happier, or amused in a more lively manner, when sitting in his grotto, with a circle of the best-informed women in England about him, who in after times courted his society, than in reading to these girls in, it may be, a little back shop, or a mantua-maker's parlour with a brick floor."—Introd. p. xl, xli.

During his apprenticeship, he distinguished himself only by exemplary diligence and fidelity; though he informs us, that he even then enjoyed the correspondence of a gentleman, of great accomplishments, from whose patronage, if he had lived, he entertained the highest expectations. The rest of his worldly history seems to have been pretty nearly that of Hogarth's virtuous apprentice. He married his master's daughter, and succeeded to his business; extended his wealth and credit by sobriety, punctuality, and integrity; bought a residence in the country; and, though he did not attain to the supreme dignity of Lord Mayor of London, arrived in due time at the respectable situation of Master of the Worshipful Company of Stationers. In this course of obscure prosperity, he appears to have continued till he had passed his fiftieth year, without giving any intimation of his future celebrity, and even without appearing to be conscious that he was differently gifted from the other flourishing traders of the metropolis. He says of himself, we observe, in one of these letters—"My business, till within these few years, filled all my time. I had no leisure; nor, being unable to write by a regular plan, knew I that I had so much invention, till I almost accidentally slid into the writing of Pamela. And besides, little did I

imagine that any thing I could write would be so kindly received by the world." Of the origin and progress of this first work he has himself left the following authentic account.

"Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. Will it be any harm, said I, in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite? They were the more urgent with me to begin the little volume for this hint. I set about it; and, in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue; the above story recurred to my thought: and hence sprung Pamela."—Introd. p. liii.

This publication, we are told, which made its first appearance in 1740, was received with a burst of applause. Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit. Mr. Pope said it would do more good than volumes of sermons; and another literary oracle declared, that if all other books were to be burnt, Pamela and the Bible should be preserved! Its success was not less brilliant in the world of fashion. "Even at Ranelagh," Mrs. Barbauld assures us, "it was usual for the ladies to hold up the volumes to one another, to show they had got the book that every one was talking of." And, what will appear still more extraordinary, one gentleman declares, that he will give it to *his son* as soon as he can read, that he may have an early impression of virtue.—After faithfully reciting these and other testimonies of the high estimation in which this work was once held by all ranks of people, Mrs. Barbauld subjoins some

very acute and judicious observations both on its literary merits and its moral tendency. We cannot find room for the whole of this critique; but there is so much good sense and propriety in the following passage, that we cannot refrain from inserting it.

"So long as Pamela is solely occupied in schemes to escape from her persecutor, her virtuous resistance obtains our unqualified approbation; but from the moment she begins to entertain hopes of marrying him, we admire her guarded prudence rather than her purity of mind. She has an end in view, an interested end; and we can only consider her as the conscious possessor of a treasure, which she is wisely resolved not to part with but for its just price. Her staying in his house a moment after she found herself at liberty to leave it, was totally unjustifiable; her repentant lover ought to have followed her to her father's cottage, and to have married her from thence. The familiar footing upon which she condescends to live with the odious Jewkes, shows also, that her fear of offending the man she hoped to make her husband, had got the better of her delicacy and just resentment; and the same fear leads her to give up her correspondence with honest Mr. Williams, who had generously sacrificed his interest with his patron in order to effect her deliverance. In real life, we should, at this period, consider Pamela as an interested girl: but the author says, she married Mr. B. because he had won her affection; and we are bound, it may be said, to believe an author's own account of his characters. But again, is it quite natural that a girl, who had such a genuine love for virtue, should feel her heart attracted to a man who was endeavouring to destroy that virtue? Can a woman value her honour infinitely above her life, and hold in serious detestation every word and look contrary to the nicest purity, and yet be won by those very attempts against her honour to which she expresses so much repugnance? — His attempts were of the grossest nature; and previous to, and during those attempts, he en-

deavoured to intimidate her by sternness. He puts on the master too much to win upon her as the lover. Can affection be kindled by outrage and insult? Surely, if her passions were capable of being awakened in his favour, during such a persecution, the circumstance would be capable of an interpretation very little consistent with that delicacy the author meant to give her. The other alternative is, that she married him for

'The gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares.'

Indeed, the excessive humility and gratitude expressed by herself and her parents on her exaltation, shows a regard to rank and riches beyond the just measure of an independent mind. The pious goodman Andrews should not have thought his virtuous daughter so infinitely beneath her licentious master, who, after all, married her to gratify his own passions."—Introd. p. lxiii—lxvi.

The first part of this work, which concludes with the marriage of the heroine, was written in three months; and was founded, it seems, on a real story which had been related to Richardson by a gentleman of his acquaintance. It was followed by a second part, confessedly very inferior to the first, and was ridiculed by Fielding in his Joseph Andrews; an offence for which he was never forgiven.

Within eight years after the appearance of Pamela, Richardson's reputation may be said to have attained its zenith, by the successive publication of the volumes of his Clarissa. We have great pleasure in laying before our readers a part of Mrs. Barbauld's very judicious observations upon this popular and original performance. After a slight sketch of the story, she observes,

"The plot, as we have seen, is simple, and no underplots interfere with the main design—no digressions, no episodes

It is wonderful that, without these helps of common writers, he could support a work of such length. With Clarissa it begins —with Clarissa it ends. We do not come upon unexpected adventures and wonderful recognitions, by quick turns and surprises; we see her fate from afar, as it were through a long avenue, the gradual approach to which, without ever losing sight of the object, has more of simplicity and grandeur than the most cunning labyrinth that can be contrived by art. In the approach to the modern country-seat, we are made to catch transiently a sideview of it through an opening of the trees, or to burst upon it from a sudden turning in the road; but the old mansion stood full in the eye of the traveller as he drew near it, contemplating its turrets, which grew larger and more distinct every step that he advanced; and leisurely filling his eye and his imagination with still increasing ideas of its magnificence. As the work advances, the character rises; the distress is deepened; our hearts are torn with pity and indignation; bursts of grief succeed one another, till at length the mind is composed and harmonized with emotions of milder sorrow; we are calmed into resignation, elevated with pious hope, and dismissed glowing with the conscious triumphs of virtue."—Introd. p. lxxxiii, lxxxiv.

She then makes some excellent remarks on the conduct of the story, and on the characters that enliven it; on that of the heroine, she observes,

"In one instance, however, Clarissa certainly sins against the delicacy of her character, that is, in allowing herself to be made a show of, to the loose companions of Lovelace. But how does her character rise, when we come to the more distressful scenes; the view of her horror when, deluded by the pretended relations, she re-enters the fatal house; her temporary insanity after the outrage, in which she so affectingly holds up to Lovelace the licence he had procured; and her dignified behaviour when she first sees her ravisher after the perpetration of his crime! What finer subject could be pre-

sented to the painter than the prison scene, where she is represented kneeling amidst the gloom and horror of that dismal abode; illuminating, as it were, the dark chamber, her face reclined on her crossed arms, her white garments floating round her in the negligence of woe; Belford contemplating her with respectful commisseration: or, the scene of calmer but heart-piercing sorrow in the interview Colonel Morden has with her in her dying moments! She is represented fallen into a slumber, in her elbow-chair, leaning on the widow Lovick, whose left arm is around her neck; one faded cheek resting on the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faintish flush, the other pale and hollow, as if already iced over by death; her hands, the blueness of the veins contrasting their whiteness, hanging lifeless before her—the widow's tears dropping unfelt upon her face—Colonel Morden, with his arms folded, gazing on her in silence, her coffin just appearing behind a screen. What admiration, what reverence, does the author inspire us with for the innocent sufferer, the sufferings too of such a peculiar nature!

"There is something in virgin purity, to which the imagination willingly pays homage. In all ages something saintly has been attached to the idea of unblemished chastity; but it was reserved for Richardson to overcome all circumstances of dishonour and disgrace, and to throw a splendour around the *violated virgin*, more radiant than she possessed in her first bloom. He has drawn the triumph of mental chastity; he has drawn it uncontaminated, untarnished, and incapable of mingling with pollution.—The scenes which follow the death of the heroine, exhibit grief in an affecting variety of forms, as it is modified by the characters of different survivors. They run into considerable length; but we have been so deeply interested, that we feel it a relief to have our grief drawn off, as it were, by a variety of sluices, and we are glad not to be dismissed till we have shed tears, even to satiety."—Introd. p. xciii—xcvii.

This criticism, we think, is equally judicious and refined;

and we could easily prolong this extract, in a style not at all inferior. With regard to the morality of the work, Mrs. Barbauld is very indignant at the notion of its being intended to exhibit a rare instance of female chastity.

She objects, with some reason, to the number of interviews which Clarissa is represented to have had with Lovelace after the catastrophe; and adds, "If the reader, on casually opening the book, can doubt of any scene between them, whether it passes before or after the outrage, that scene is one too much."—The character of Lovelace, she thinks, is very much of a fancy piece; and affirms, that our national manners do not admit of the existence of an original. If he had been placed in France, she observes, and his gallantries directed to married women, it might have been more natural; "but in England Lovelace would have been run through the body, long before he had seen the face either of Clarissa or Colonel Morden."

Mrs. Barbauld gives us a copious account of the praise and admiration that poured in upon the author from all quarters, on the publication of this extraordinary work; he was overwhelmed with complimentary letters, messages, and visits. But we are most gratified with the enthusiasm of one of his female correspondents, who tells him that she is very sorry, "that he was not a *woman, and blest with the means of shining as Clarissa did;* for a person capable of drawing such a character, would certainly be able to act in the same manner, *if in a like situation!*"

After Clarissa, at an interval of about five years, appeared his Sir Charles Grandison. Upon this work, also, Mrs. Barbauld has made many excellent observations, and pointed out both its blemishes and beauties, with a very

delicate and discerning hand. Our limits will not permit us to enter upon this disquisition: we add only the following acute paragraph.

"Sir Charles, as a Christian, was not to fight a duel; yet he was to be recognised as the finished gentleman, and could not be allowed to want the most essential part of the character, the deportment of a man of honour, courage, and spirit. And, in order to exhibit his spirit and courage, it was necessary to bring them into action by adventures and rencounters. His first appearance is in the rescue of Miss Byron; a meritorious action, but one which must necessarily expose him to a challenge. How must the author untie this knot? He makes him so very good a swordsman, that he is always capable of disarming his adversary without endangering either of their lives. But are a man's principles to depend on the science of his fencing-master? Every one cannot have the skill of Sir Charles, every one cannot be the *best* swordsman; and the man whose study it is to avoid fighting, is not quite so likely as another to be the best."—Introd. p. cxxvii. cxxviii.

Besides his great works, Richardson published only a paper in the Rambler (the 97th); an edition of Æsop's Fables, with Reflections; and a volume of Familiar Letters for the use of persons in inferior situations. It was this last work which gave occasion to Pamela: it is excellently adapted to its object, and we think may be of singular use to Mr. Wordsworth and his friends, in their great scheme of turning all our poetry into the language of the common people. In this view we recommend it very earnestly to their consideration.

There is little more to be said of the transactions or events of Richardson's life. His books were pirated by the Dublin booksellers; at which he was very angry, and could obtain no redress. He corresponded with a great

number of females; and gradually withdrew himself from the fatigues of business to his country residence at Parson's Green; where his life was at last terminated in 1761, by a stroke of apoplexy, at the age of seventy-two.

His moral character was in the highest degree exemplary and amiable. He was temperate, industrious, and upright; punctual and honourable in all his dealings; and with a kindness of heart, and a liberality and generosity of disposition that must have made him a very general favourite, even if he had never acquired any literary distinction.—He had a considerable share of vanity, and was observed to talk more willingly on the subject of his own works than on any other. The lowness of his original situation, and the lateness of his introduction into polite society, had given to his manners a great shyness and reserve; and a consciousness of his awkwardness and his merit together, rendered him somewhat jealous in his intercourse with persons in more conspicuous situations, and made him require more courting and attention than every one was disposed to pay. He had high notions of parental authority, and does not seem always quite satisfied with the share of veneration which his wife could be prevailed on to show for him. He was particularly partial to the society of females; and lived, indeed, as Mrs. Barbauld has expressed it, in a flower-garden of ladies. Mrs. Barbauld will have it, that this was in the way of his profession as an author; and that he frequented their society to study the female heart, and instruct himself in all the niceties of the female character. From the tenor of the correspondence now before us, however, we are more inclined to believe, with Dr. Johnson, that this partiality

was owing to his love of continual superiority, and that he preferred the conversation of ladies, because they were more lavish of their admiration, and more easily engaged to descant on the perplexities of Sir Charles, or the distresses of Clarissa. His close application to business, and the sedentary habits of a literary life, had materially injured his health. He loved to complain, as most invalids do who have any hope of being listened to, and scarcely writes a letter without some notice of his nervous tremors, his giddiness and catchings. "I had originally a good constitution," he says, in one place, "and hurt it by no intemperance, but that of application."

In presenting our readers with this imperfect summary of Mrs. Barbauld's biographical dissertation, we have discharged by far the most pleasing part of our task; and proceed to the consideration of the correspondence which it introduces, with considerable heaviness of spirit and the most unfeigned reluctance. The letters are certainly authentic; and they were bought, we have no doubt, for a fair price from the legal proprietors; but their publication, we think, was both improper and injudicious, as it can only tend to lower a very respectable character, without communicating any gratification or instruction to others. We are told, indeed, in the preface, "that it was the employment of Mr. Richardson's *declining* years, to select and arrange the collection from which this publication has been made; and that he always looked forward to their publication at some distant period;" nay, "that he was not without thoughts of publishing them in his lifetime; and that, after his death, they remained in the hands of his last surviving daughter, upon whose decease they be-

came the property of his grandchildren, and were purchased from them at a very liberal price by Mr. Phillips." We have no doubt that what Mrs. Barbauld has here stated to the public, was stated to her by her employers: but we cannot read any one volume of the letters, without being satisfied that the idea of such a publication could only come into the mind of Richardson after his judgment was impaired by the infirmities of "*declining* years;" and we have observed some passages in those which are now published, that seem to prove sufficiently his own consciousness of the impropriety of such an exposure, and the absence of any idea of giving them to the world. In the year 1755, when nine-tenths of the whole collection must have been completed, we find him expressing himself in these words to his friend Mr. Edwards:

"I am employing myself at present in looking over and sorting and classing my correspondences and other papers. This, when done, will amuse me, by reading over again a very ample correspondence, and in comparing the sentiments of my correspondents at the time, with the present, and improving from both. The many letters and papers I shall destroy will make an executor's work the easier; and if any of my friends desire their letters to be returned, they will be readily come at for that purpose. Otherwise they will amuse and direct *my children*, and teach them to honour their father's friends *in their closets* for the favours done him." — Vol. iii. p. 113, 114.

Accordingly, they remained in the closet till the death of the *last of his children;* and then the whole collection is purchased by a bookseller, and put into the hands of an editor, who finds it expedient to suppress two-thirds of it!

Those who have looked into the volumes in question,

will be at no loss to comprehend the reasons of the unqualified reprehension we are inclined to bestow on their publication. For the information of those who have not had an opportunity of seeing them, we may observe that, so far from containing any view of the literature, the politics, or manners of the times—any anecdotes of the eminent and extraordinary personages to whom the author had access—or any pieces of elegant composition, refined criticism, or interesting narrative, they consist almost entirely of compliments and minute criticisms on his novels; a detail of his ailments and domestic concerns; and some tedious prattling disputations with his female correspondents, upon the duties of wives and children; the whole so loaded with gross and reciprocal flattery, as to be ridiculous at the outset, and disgusting in the repetition. Compliments and the novels form indeed the staples of the whole correspondence: we meet with the divine Clarissa, and the more divine Sir Charles, in every page, and are absolutely stunned with the clamorous raptures and supplications with which the female train demand the conversion of Lovelace, and the death or restoration of Clementina. Even when the charming books are not the direct subject of the correspondence, they appear in eternal allusions, and settle most of the arguments by an authoritative quotation. In short, the Clarissa and Grandison are the scriptures of this congregation; and the members of it stick as close to their language upon all occasions, as any of our sectaries ever did to that of the Bible. The praises and compliments, again, which are interchanged among all the parties, are so extremely hyperbolical as to be ludicrous, and so incessant as to be

excessively fatiguing. We shall trouble our readers with but a very few specimens.

The first series of letters is from Aaron Hill, a poet of some notoriety, it seems, in his day; but, if we may judge from these epistles, a very bad composer in prose. The only amusing things we have met with in this volume of his inditing, are his prediction of his own great fame, and of the speedy downfal of Pope's; and his scheme for making English wine of a superior quality to any that can be imported. Of Pope he says, that he died "in the wane of his popularity; and that it arose originally only from meditated little personal assiduities, and a *certain bladdery swell of management.*" And a little after—

"But rest his memory in peace! It will very rarely be disturbed by the time he himself is ashes. It is pleasant to observe the justice of forced fame, she lets down those, at once, who got themselves pushed upward; and lifts none above the fear of falling, but a few who never teased her.

"What she intends to do with *me*, the Lord knows!"—Vol. i. p. 107.

In another place he adds, "For my part, I am *afraid* to be popular; I see so many who write to the living, and deserve not to live, that I content myself with a resurrection when dead:" and after lamenting the unpopularity of some of his writings, he says, "But there *will* arise a time in which they will be seen in a far different light. *I know it* on a surer hope than that of vanity." The wine project, which is detailed in many pages, requires no notice. As a specimen of the adulation with which Richardson was incensed by all his correspondents, we may add the following sentences.

"Where will your wonders end? or how could I be able to express the joy it gives me to discern your genius rising with the grace and boldness of a pillar! &c. Go on, dear sir (I *see* you will and must), to charm and captivate the world, and force a scribbling race to learn and practise one rare virtue — to be pleased with what disgraces them." — "There is a manner (so beyond the matter, extraordinary always too as that is) in whatever you say or do, that makes it an impossibility to speak those sentiments which it is equally impossible not to conceive in reverence and affection for your goodness."

In allusion to the promise of Sir Charles, he says —

"I am greatly pleased at the hint you gave of a design to raise another Alps upon this Appenine: we can never see too many of his works who has no equal in his labours."

These passages, we believe, will satisfy most readers; but those who have any desire to see more, may turn up any page in the volume. It may be of some use, perhaps, as a great commonplace for the materials of "soft dedication."

The next series of letters is from Miss Fielding, who wrote *David Simple*, and Miss Collier, who assisted in writing *The Cry*. What modern reader knows any thing about The Cry, or David Simple? And if the elaborate performances of these ladies have not been thought worthy of public remembrance, what likelihood is there that their private and confidential letters should be entitled to any notice? They contain nothing, indeed, that can be interesting to any description of readers; and only prove that Richardson was indulgent and charitable to them, and that their gratitude was a little too apt to degenerate into flattery.

The letters of Mrs. Pilkington and of Colley Cibber appear to us to be still less worthy of publication. The former seems to have been a profligate silly actress, reduced to beggary in her old age, and distressed by the misconduct of her ill-educated children. The compassionate heart of Richardson led him to pity and relieve her; and she repays him with paltry adulation, interlarded, in the bombastic style of the green room, with dramatic misquotations misapplied. Of the letters of Cibber, Mrs. B. says that "they show in every line the man of wit and the man of the world." We are sorry to dissent from so respectable an opinion; but the letters appear to us in every respect contemptible and disgusting; without one spark of wit or genius of any sort, and bearing all the traces of vanity, impudence, affectation, and superannuated debauchery, which might have been expected from the author. His first epistle is to Mrs. Pilkington (for the editor has more than once favoured us with letters that have no sort of relation to Richardson or his writings), and sets off in this manner:

"Thou frolicsome farce of fortune! What! Is there another act of you to come then? I was afraid, some time ago, you had made your last exit. Well! but without wit or compliment, I am glad to hear you are so tolerably alive," &c.

We can scarcely conceive that this pitiful slang could appear to Mrs. Barbauld like the pleasantry of a man of fashion. His letters to Richardson are, if any thing, rather more despicable. After reading some of the proof sheets of Sir Charles, he writes,

"Z——ds! I have not patience, till I know what is become of her. Why, you — I do not know what to call you! — Ah!

ah! you may laugh if you please; but how will you be able to look me in the face, if the lady should ever be able to show *hers* again? What piteous, d——d, disgraceful pickle have you plunged her in? For God's sake, send me the sequel; or — I don't know what to say!"——

The following is an entire letter:

"The delicious meal I made of Miss Byron on Sunday last has given me an appetite for another slice of her, off from the spit, before she is served up to the public table. If about five o'clock to-morrow afternoon will not be inconvenient, Mrs. Brown and I will come and piddle upon a bit more of her; but pray let your whole family, with Mrs. Richardson at the head of them, come in for their share. This, sir, will make me more and more yours," &c.

After these polite effusions, we have a correspondence with Mr. Edwards, the author of the Canons of Criticism, a good deal of which is occupied as usual with flattery and mutual compliments, and the rest with consultations about their different publications. Richardson exclaims, "Oh that you could resolve to publish your pieces in two pretty volumes!" And Mr. Edwards sends him long epistles in exaltation of Sir Charles and Clarissa. It is in this correspondence that we meet with the first symptom of that most absurd and illiberal prejudice which Richardson indulged against all the writings of Fielding. He writes to Mr. Edwards—

"Mr. Fielding has met with the disapprobation you foresaw he would meet with, of his Amelia. He is, in every paper he publishes under the title of the Common Garden, contributing to his own overthrow. He has been overmatched in his own way by people whom he had despised, and whom he thought he had vogue enough, from the success his spurious brat Tom

Jones so unaccountably met with, to write down, but who have turned his own artillery against him, and beat him out of the field, and made him even poorly in his Court of Criticism give up his Amelia, and promise to write no more on the like subjects."—Vol. iii. p. 33—34.

This, however, is but a small specimen of his antipathy. He says to his French translator, "Tom Jones is a dissolute book. *Its run is over*, even with us. Is it true that France had virtue enough to refuse to license such a profligate performance?" But the worst of all is the following—

"I have not been able to read any more than the first volume of Amelia. Poor Fielding! I could not help *telling his sister*, that I was equally surprised at, and concerned for his continued lowness. Had your brother, said I, been born in a stable, or been a runner at a sponging-house, we should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company; but it is beyond my conception, that a man of family, and who had some learning, and who really is a writer, should descend so excessively low in all his pieces. Who can care for any of his people? A person of honour asked me, the other day, what he could mean, by saying, in his Covent Garden Journal, that he had followed Homer and Virgil in his Amelia? I answered, that he was justified in saying so; because he must mean Cotton's Virgil Travestied, where the women are drabs, and the men scoundrels."—Vol. vi. p. 154, 155.

It is lamentable that such things should have been written confidentially; it was surely unnecessary to make them public.

After the dismissal of Mr. Edwards, we meet with two or three very beautiful and interesting letters from Mrs. Klopstock, the first wife of the celebrated German poet.

They have pleased us infinitely beyond any thing else in the collection; but how far they are indebted for the charm we have found in them, to the lisping innocence of the broken English in which they are written, or to their intrinsic merit, we cannot pretend to determine. We insert the following account of her courtship and marriage.

"After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was an strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They raillied at me, and said I was in love. I raillied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love (as if love must have more time than friendship!). This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved: and a short time after, I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let marry me a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an

horrible idea for me; and thank Heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

"If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty . . . . . But I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!"—Vol. iii. p. 146—149.

One of the best letters is dated from Tunbridge in 1751. We shall venture on an extract.

"But here, to change the scene, to see Mr. Walsh at eighty (Mr. Cibber calls him papa), and Mr. Cibber at seventy-seven, hunting after new faces; and thinking themselves happy if they can obtain the notice and familiarity of a fine woman!—How ridiculous!

"Mr. Cibber was over head and ears in love with Miss Chudleigh. Her admirers (such was his happiness!) were not jealous of him; but, pleased with that wit in him which they had not, were always for calling him to her. She said pretty things—for she was Miss Chudleigh. He said pretty things—for he was Mr. Cibber; and all the company, men and women, seemed to think they had an interest in what was said, and were half as well pleased as if they had said the sprightly things themselves; and mighty well contented were they to be second-hand repeaters of the pretty things. But once I faced the laureate squatted upon one of the benches, with a face more wrinkled than ordinary with disappointment. 'I thought,' said I, 'you were of the party at the tea treats—Miss Chudleigh is gone into the tea room.'—'Pshaw!' said he, 'there is

no coming at her, she is so surrounded by the toupets.'—And I left him upon the fret.—But he was called to soon after; and in he flew, and his face shone again, and looked smooth.

"Another extraordinary old man we have had here, but of a very different turn; the noted Mr. Whiston, showing eclipses, and explaining other phenomena of the stars, and preaching the millennium and anabaptism (for he is now, it seems, of that persuasion) to gay people, who, if they have white teeth, hear him with open mouths, though perhaps shut hearts; and after his lecture is over, not a bit the wiser, run from him the more eagerly to C—r and W—sh, and to flutter among the loud-laughing young fellows upon the walks, like boys and girls at a breaking up."—Vol. iii p 316—319.

As Richardson was in the habit of flattering his female correspondents, by asking their advice (though he never followed it) as to the conduct of his works, he prevailed on a certain Lady Echlin to communicate a new catastrophe which she had devised for his Clarissa. She had reformed Lovelace by means of a Dr. Christian, and made him die of remorse, though the last outrage is not supposed to be committed. How far Lady Echlin's epistles are likely to meet with readers, in this fastidious age, may be conjectured from the following specimen.

"I heartily wish every Christian would read and wisely consider Mr. Skelton's fine and pious lessons. I admire the warmth of this learned gentleman's zeal; it is laudable and necessary, 'especially in an age like this, which, for its coldness (he observes) may be called the winter of Christianity.' A melancholy truth, elegantly expressed! I have only perused a small part of this divine piece, and am greatly delighted with what I have read. *Surely he is a heavenly man. I am also very fond of Dr. Clark: and excellent good Seed!* I thank you, sir, for introducing another wise charmer, not less worthy of every

body's regard. He merits attention, and religiously commands it."—Vol. v. p. 40.

Next come several letters from the Reverend Mr. Skelton, mostly on the subject of the Dublin piracy, and the publication of some works of his own. He seems to have been a man of strong coarse sense, but extremely irritable. Some delay in the publication of his sermons draws from him the following amusing piece of fretfulness.

"Johnston kept them a month on the way; Wilson kept them three, and does nothing, only hints a sort of contemptuous censure of them to you, and huffs them out of his hands. The booksellers despise them, and I am forced to print them when the season for sale is over, or burn them. God's will be done! If I had wrote against my Saviour, or his religion, my work would long ago have been bought, and reprinted, and bought again. Millar would have now been far advanced in his third edition of it! But why do I make these weak complaints? I know my work is calculated to serve the cause of God and truth, and by no means contemptibly executed. I am confident also, I shall, if God spares me life to give it the necessary introduction, sell it to advantage, and receive the thanks of every good man for it. I will therefore be in the hands of God, and not of Mr. Millar, whose indifference to my performances invites me not to any overtures."—Vol. v. p. 234, 235.

Although Richardson is not responsible for more than one fifth part of the dulness exhibited in this collection, still the share of it that may be justly imputed to him is so considerable, and the whole is so closely associated with his name, that it would be a sort of injustice to take our final leave of his works without casting one glance back to those original and meritorious performances, upon which his reputation is so firmly established.

The great excellence of Richardson's novels consists, we think, in the unparalleled minuteness and copiousness of his descriptions, and in the pains he takes to make us thoroughly and intimately acquainted with every particular in the character and situation of the personages with whom we are occupied. It has been the policy of other writers to avoid all details that are not necessary or impressive, to hurry over all the preparatory scenes, and to reserve the whole of the reader's attention for those momentous passages in which some decisive measure is adopted, or some great passion brought into action. The consequence is, that we are only acquainted with their characters in their dress of ceremony, and that, as we never see them, except in those critical circumstances and those moments of strong emotion, which are but of rare occurrence in real life, we are never deceived into any belief of their reality, and contemplate the whole as an exaggerated and dazzling illusion. With such authors we merely make a visit by appointment, and see and hear only what we know has been prepared for our reception. With Richardson, we slip, invisible, into the domestic privacy of his characters, and hear and see every thing that is said and done among them, whether it be interesting or otherwise, and whether it gratify our curiosity or disappoint it. We sympathise with the former, therefore, only as we sympathise with the monarchs and statesmen of history, of whose condition as individuals we have but a very imperfect conception. We feel for the latter, as for our private friends and acquaintance, with whose whole situation we are familiar, and as to whom we can conceive exactly the effects that will be produced by every thing

that may befall them. In this art Richardson is undoubtedly without an equal, and, if we except De Foe, without a competitor, we believe, in the whole history of literature. We are often fatigued as we listen to his prolix descriptions, and the repetitions of those rambling and inconclusive conversations, in which so many pages are consumed without any apparent progress in the story; but, by means of all this, we get so intimately acquainted with the characters, and so impressed with a persuasion of their reality, that when any thing really disastrous or important occurs to them, we feel as for old friends and companions, and are irresistibly led to as lively a conception of their sensations, as if we had been spectators of a real transaction. This we certainly think the chief merit of Richardson's productions: for, great as his knowledge of the human heart, and his powers of pathetic description must be admitted to be, we are of opinion that he might have been equalled in those particulars by many whose productions are infinitely less interesting.

That his pieces were all intended to be strictly moral, is indisputable; but it is not quite so clear that they will uniformly be found to have this tendency. We have already quoted some observations of Mrs. Barbauld on this subject, and shall only add in general, that there is a certain air of irksome regularity, gloominess, and pedantry attached to most of his virtuous characters, which is apt to encourage more unfortunate associations than the engaging qualities with which he has invested some of his vicious ones. The mansion of the Harlowes, which, before the appearance of Lovelace, is represented as the abode of domestic felicity, is a place in which daylight can scarcely

be supposed to shine; and Clarissa, with her formal devotions, her intolerably early rising, her day divided into asks, and her quantities of needle-work and discretion, has something in her much less winning and attractive than inferior artists have often communicated to an innocent beauty of seventeen. The solemnity and moral discourses of Sir Charles, his bows, minuets, compliments, and immovable tranquillity, are much more likely to excite the derision than the admiration of a modern reader. Richardson's good people, in short, are too wise and too formal ever to appear in the light of desirable companions, or to excite in a youthful mind any wish to resemble them. The gaiety of all his characters, too, is extremely girlish and silly, and is much more like the prattle of spoiled children, than the wit and pleasantry of persons acquainted with the world. The diction throughout is heavy, vulgar, and embarrassed; though the interest of the tragical scenes is too powerful to allow us to attend to any inferior consideration. The novels of Richardson, in short, though praised perhaps somewhat beyond their merits, will always be read with admiration; and certainly can never appear to greater advantage than when contrasted with the melancholy farrago which is here entitled his Correspondence.

THE END.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street Square.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

BY THE SPECTATOR.

THE NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY W. HENRY WILLS.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1851.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE aim of the "Spectator," as defined by Dr. Johnson, was "to teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties; to regulate the practice of daily conversation; to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation." The machinery adopted by the "Spectator" to accomplish this object—to soften the harshness of his censures, to disarm the sharpest strictures of the smallest offence—was a club; the members of which, after the grave taciturn ubiquitous keen, but kindly, "Spectator" himself, were representatives of the various classes of society whose faults and absurdities rendered them most in need of pertinent admonition. To the coarse ignorant and arrogant country esquires of that day, the gentle Mentor spoke through Sir Roger de Coverley: no model magistrate, nor self-righteous censor; but a hearty humorous old gentleman—one of themselves—with enough of their foibles tastes and prejudices to win their sympathies and to charm them into reformation.

None of the characters were elaborated with so much care—to none was imparted such thorough completeness,

as that of Sir Roger de Coverley; between which (to quote a saying of Horace Walpole) and Sir John Falstaff—though a wide interval—nothing like it exists in literature for truthfulness and finish. Sir Roger's eccentricities do not, as some have written, disturb the consistency of the character: on the contrary they strengthen its individuality. If they be discords, instead of jarring, they enrich the harmony. They are precisely the humours of an honest old bachelor, whose early history had been dashed with the romance of his having been jilted. Sir Roger does nothing and says nothing which might not have been said and done, in his day, by any warm-hearted rustic gentleman who had been irredeemably crossed in love. Indeed, turning thus from Nature to the consummate Art which copied her, it can scarcely be denied that the character owes its immortality to the quaint traits of extravagance which have been stigmatised as blemishes: without impairing the efficacy of Sir Roger as a special admonitory example to the country esquire of the reign of Queen Anne, his oddities were destined to rivet the interest and excite the affectionate smile of all readers in all time.

The essays which separate the Coverley papers from one another, however exquisite in themselves, break the spell which binds the reader while lingering over the benevolence or humour of the Worcestershire baronet. Even when arranged more conveniently in a sequence, as in this book, it is not pleasing to remember that so captivating an Identity was originated and wrought out by "several hands." Every fresh lineament of the good Sir Roger so strengthens the sense of Unity, that we rather love to be

deluded with the notion that the whole was the work of one mind. With all art so perfect that it conceals art, we prefer the ignorance which is our bliss, to the knowledge that reveals the companionships, contrivances, or agonies of authorcraft. Though curiosity is gratified, sentiment is hurt, when we are told that the outlines of Sir Roger de Coverley were imagined and partly traced by Sir Richard Steele; that the colouring and more prominent lineaments were elaborated by Joseph Addison; that some of the background was put in by Eustace Budgell; and, that the portrait was defaced by either Steele or Thomas Tickell with a deformity which Addison repudiated and which is not here reproduced.

The sum of the account in hard figures stands thus:— Sir Roger de Coverley's adventures, opinions, and conversations occur in thirty of the "Spectator's" papers. Of these, Addison wrote twenty, Budgell two, and Steele eight; if it be certain that he was the author of the obnoxious portion of No. 410.; which has also been attributed to Tickell.

But over this divided labour, all evidence proves that Addison exercised a rigid and harmonising editorial vigilance. In the words of an accurate critic, "Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, coloured them; and is, in truth, the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are familiar." The literary habits of Addison and Steele were those of a close partnership. What Steele's impatient genius planned, Addison's rich taste and thoughtful industry executed: what were, and would perhaps have ever remained, dreams in Steele's brain, came out

distinct realities from under Addison's hand. Between them Pope's maxim was fully obeyed:—

"To write with fervour and correct with phlegm."

Steele supplied some of the fervour: Addison all the finish, all the phlegm.

But, it must be repeated, those who love Sir Roger de Coverley love not these ungenial revelations. They like to feel that the fine-hearted creation comes from a single source;—from those nicely-balanced stores of touching pathos and refined humour; of sound common-sense and polished wit; of keen satire and kind words; of sharp observation and genial description, which belong to the single gentleman who paints his own portrait in the first pages, and who is known wherever English letters can be read, as

"THE SPECTATOR."

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat. HOR.

His flash ends not in smoke, but out of smoke
He gives such light, as brings forth dazzling miracles.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that my mother dreamt that she had brought forth a judge: whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine;

for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me: of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind, than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the whigs and tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time; I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets: though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

THE SPECTATOR.

London, Thursday, March 1. 1710–11.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

CHAPTER I.

SIR ROGER AND THE CLUB.

Ast alii sex,
Et plures, uno conclamant ore ——. Juv.
Six besides—
And more—join the consenting voice.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a Baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him

youngster. But being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool,

but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration, is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation: and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "a penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He

has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentrey, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life, in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness

runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world: as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirabell, the rogue, cheated me in that affair: that young

fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to: he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

CHAP. II.

COVERLEY HALL.

Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. Hor.

Here to thee
Shall heap'd-up plenty flow, to crown th' abundance
Of the peaceful plain.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the county come to see him, he only shows me at a distance: as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house dog, and in the grey pad that is kept in

past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with the mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all the servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived in his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humourist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men.

it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University, to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, and sociable temper; and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it: I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking

us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

CHAP. III.

THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD.

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocârunt æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam. PHÆDR.

To Esop, though a slave, the Athenians raised
A giant statue on a stedfast base,
To show that Honour's path is spread for all.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect

of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate, with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground, if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect, founded on his benevolence to his dependents, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets, has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons

affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble,

and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shown to their undone patrons, that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little

me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

CHAP. IV.

THE COVERLEY GUEST.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens. PHÆDR.

Breathless without cause; busy doing nothing.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"Sir Roger,—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows.

forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a may-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year.

Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath

their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

CHAP. V.

THE COVERLEY LINEAGE.

Abnormis sapiens. HOR.
Unschooled, but wise.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeoman of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader: besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot: he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy: however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and, with a gentle trot. he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals) and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court: you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt Yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she

stands the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist: my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife, she brought ten children, and, when I show you the library, you shall see, in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language), the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there: observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonnetteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world: he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life: the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing

the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it: but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner. "This man" (pointing to him I looked at) "I take to be the honour of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth: all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent

old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

CHAP. VI.

THE COVERLEY GHOST.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent. VIRG.

The all-pervading horror, the silence itself terrify the soul.

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been

almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance:—"The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet, let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they

shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a good deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The Knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the report of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless: could not I give myself up to this general

testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion.

CHAP. VII.

THE COVERLEY SABBATH.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα. PYTHAG.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Pray!

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing: he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the

communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common Prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parishioners, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his

friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are

very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

CHAP. VIII.

SIR ROGER IN LOVE.

Hærent infixi pectore vultus. VIRG.

Her looks are indelibly engraven on his heart.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passions by the methods which serve only to

imprint them deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows: —

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court, with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting some-

thing so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures, that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship: she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all

to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They

both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature——But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed — but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that passage of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English,

Dum tacet hanc loquitur. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; Si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternâ patri cùm luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute,
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

CHAP. IX.

THE COVERLEY ECONOMY.

Paupertatis pudor et fuga. HOR.
The shame of appearing poor.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction

in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit, is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty; but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him

that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelve month charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbours, whose ways of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it: but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant, than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if according to that ancestor of Sir Roger, whom I lately mentioned, every

man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities.

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbour, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,

> If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
> With any wish so mean as to be great;
> Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love!

CHAP. X.

THE COVERLEY HUNT.

> Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
> Taygetique canes. VIRGIL.
>
> The hounds of Taygetus, and ferocious echoes of Cithæron, invite.

HAD not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that

nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and which the Knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some account of,

was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the Widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed, the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalise himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each

other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the Knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakspeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flu'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
> Crook-kneed and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls.
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
> Each under each a cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmer's sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant,

rode up to me, and asked me "If puss was gone that way?" Upon my answering "Yes," he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion, "That 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying Stole away!"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chace, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forward, or in hunter's language, "Flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at a fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in

the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "In view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal beforementioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the goodnature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden.

> The first physicians by debauch were made;
> Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.

By chace our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.

CHAP. XI.

THE COVERLEY WITCH.

Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt. VIRG.

By their own dreams deceived.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my

belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway.

> In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
> I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
> Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself
> Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
> Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd;
> And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
> The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
> Which served to keep her carcase from the cold
> So there was nothing of a piece about her.
> Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
> With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
> And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There

was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. Nay (says Sir Roger), I have known the master of the pack upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White has been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbour's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me, that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night mare; and that the country people

would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest object of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

CHAP. XII.

A COVERLEY LOVE MATCH.

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo. VIRG.
The fatal arrow rankles in his side.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity.

This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned on the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the Widow. "This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she does not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly built upon so agreeable an object must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: how often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confidante.

"Of all persons under the sun (continued he, calling me by my name,) be sure to set a mark upon confidantes; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore

full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that ——"

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, "What, not one smile?" We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers." The huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream, "O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature, whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with: but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish —— yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her William: her absence will make away with

me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again. —— Still do you hear me without one smile — it is too much to bear. ——" He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

"Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes!" But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father; I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself; however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, "Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved." The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know

whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her; whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, owing to this dear image in my heart, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain. For I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool."

CHAP. XIII.

THE COVERLEY ETIQUETTE.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem. VIRG.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua.

THE first and most obvious reflexions which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes

of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour, as would serve a courtier for a week.

There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives, than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner 'till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express every thing that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those

who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilised words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good-breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third, which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

CHAP. XIV.

THE COVERLEY DUCKS.

Jovis omnia plena. VIRGIL.
All things are fill'd with Jove.

My friend Sir Roger is often very merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favourite,

and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile, and the ostrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and direct all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance? When she has laid her eggs in such a manner, that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal? In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the fore-mentioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of

never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the Divine energy acting in the creatures.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so when we call it instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle, in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima brutorum*, God himself is the soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them and makes them naturally avoid

whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord applies itself to the teat. Dampier, in his Travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

CHAP. XV.

SIR ROGER ON THE BENCH.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est. PUBL.
A jolly companion on the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; the next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and goodwill which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined

couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him four-score pounds a year, but he has cast, and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told them that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. such an one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a

man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem.

When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the Knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the Knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, That much might be said on both sides.

These several adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

CHAP. XVI.

A STORY OF AN HEIR.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. HOR.

But Might is refined by Learning,
And the cultivated mind is strengthened by Virtue;
Whilst Vice tarnishes the courtliest mien,
And defiles the purest blood.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man, who rode by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother, that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who either from their own reflecting upon the estates

they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age

in which, according to Mr. Cowley, "there is no dallying with life") they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of

Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a

figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself. Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate

behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just recompence, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

CHAP. XVII.

SIR ROGER AND PARTY SPIRIT.

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires. VIRG.

No more, my sons, give up your souls to war,
Nor 'gainst your Fatherland its terrors turn.

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the roundheads and cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint! The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflexions on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the Ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the Ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with Crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations, I have endeavoured, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice, which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with several periodical meetings of whig jockeys and tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the monied interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the Knight is a much stronger tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the

staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humour. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week,) I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up nobody knows where of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I

discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE COVERLEY GIPSIES.

Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto. VIRG.
Continually collecting spoil and living by plunder.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it: they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is

*sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweet-*hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's proposal, we rode up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and, exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the Knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage;" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: my old friend cried Pish! and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The Knight still repeated she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. "Ah, master," said the gipsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache: you han't that simper about the mouth for nothing ——." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the money

CHAP. XIX.

A SUMMONS TO LONDON.

Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ. VIRG.
Once more, ye woods, adieu!

IT is usual for a man who loves country sports, to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to

myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and, in town, to choose it. In the meantime, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various: some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and, some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a "White Witch."

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously, when he is

in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a Popish priest, among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and holloa and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them, *that it is my way*, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing,

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others, without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

"Dear Spec,—I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town,

being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the Knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us Commonwealth's men

"Dear Spec, thine eternally,

"WILL HONEYCOMB."

CHAP. XX.

FAREWELL TO COVERLEY HALL.

Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.

TULL.

He, who does not see that he is wasting time, or who is too loquacious and vain-glorious, or who has no regard to the feelings of those present, may be truly called impertinent.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing, what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephr—

the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports for the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud, that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his men to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity; and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her "That indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast

asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part, that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? he said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road.

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not repli-

manded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation, fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to the one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend, (continued he, turning to the officer,) thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real

man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

CHAP. XXI.

SIR ROGER IN LONDON.

Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas. OVID.
Our rare old Simplicity.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself

with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hemms.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him six-pence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter, in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of a smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican

doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession"— but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The Knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the Knight had got all his conveniences about him.

CHAP. XXII.

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quô devenit, et Ancus. HOR.
Where Numa has gone down, and where Ancus rests from strife.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good will. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man

whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "And truly," said Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His discourse was broken off by his man telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked: as I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner,—"Dr. Busby—a great man! he whipped my grand-

father—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear that, if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir

Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil, and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and, upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger: "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the Knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our Knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

CHAP. XXIII.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces. HOR.

Those delineations of life and manners are the most truthful which are copied from the originals themselves.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the Club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the 'Committee,' which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the Knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that, if these gentlemen had any such intention,

they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the Knight, "if Captain Sentrey will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the Battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache;

and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, "These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: "Well," says the Knight, "sitting down with great satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "on my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in

with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentrey seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

CHAP. XXIV.

SIR ROGER AT VAUXHALL.

Criminibus debent Hortos. JUV.
Gardens by vice maintained.

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next "Spectator," I heard two or three irregular bounces at

my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-Gardens, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the stair-case, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one

be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in Town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the Knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old Put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us "That if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that Her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Gardens, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy

upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the Knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moon-light nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a Mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

CHAP. XXV.

SIR ROGER, THE WIDOW, WILL HONEYCOMB, AND MILTON.

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella. VIRG.

The ravenous lion pursues the wolf, the wolf the goat, and the wanton goat loves the fragrant clover.

As we were at the club last night, I observed my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead

of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it. Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fullness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain."

"Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province," interrupting our friend with a jaunting laugh; "I thought, Knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success."

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly

boarded with a surgeon, the old Put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

"I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family: I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughters' consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other successful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with

flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a Pocket-Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall.

"Oh! why did God,
Creator wise! that peopled highest heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature? and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake:
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

CHAP. XXVI.

SIR ROGER PASSETH AWAY.

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! VIRG.
What piety! What unswerving fidelity!

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead.* He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentrey which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"Honoured Sir,

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neigh-

bouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortly upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by

six of the quorum: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentrey, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindnesses to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

"Honoured Sir, your most sorrowful Servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT."

"P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentrey informs us, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Author's Preface. Page 9.

From the "Spectator," No. 1., dated March 1., 1710-11. By Addison.

Page 10. *I made a Voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take Measure of the Pyramid.* A half century's contention respecting the exact admeasurement of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh was a fair subject for ridicule, in spite of Dr. Percy's stigma that the satire was "reprehensible." Mr. John Greaves originated the argument so long before the publication of this harmless raillery as 1646, in his work entitled "Pyramidologia;" and it seems to have been carried on with burning zeal and wonderful learning to the days of the "Spectator," although death had removed Greaves from the discussion in 1652 In No. 7. the "Spectator" says, "I design to visit the next masquerade in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo."

Page 11. The Coffee-houses. *There is no place of general resort wherein I do not make my appearance.* The chief places of resort were coffee and chocolate houses, in which some men almost lived; insomuch that whoever wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not where he resided, but which coffee-house he frequented? No decently attired idler was excluded provided he laid down his penny at the bar; but this he could seldom do without struggling through the crowd of beaux who fluttered round the lovely bar-maid. Here the proud nobleman or country squire was not to be distinguished from the genteel thief and daring highwayman. "Pray, sir," says Aimwell to Gibbet, in Farquhar's "Beaux Stratagem," "ha'n't I seen your face at Will's coffee-house?" The robber's reply is:—"Yes, sir; and at White's too."

Coffee-houses, from the time of their commencement in 1652, served instead of newspapers:—they were *arenæ* for political discussion. Journalism was, in 1710, in its infancy: the first daily newspaper ("The Daily Courant,") was scarcely two years old, and was too small to contain much news; as were the other journals then extant. Hence the fiercely contested polemics of the period were either waged in single pamphlets, or in periodicals started to advocate or to oppose some particular question, and

laid down when that was settled. The peaceful leading article and mild letter "to the Editor" had not come into vogue as safety-valves for the escape of overboiling party zeal; and the hot blood, roused in public rooms to quarrelling pitch, was too often cooled by the rapier's point.

Each coffee-house had its political or literary speciality; and of those enumerated in the present paper, WILL'S was the rendezvous for the wits and poets. It was named after William Urwin, its proprietor, and was situated at No. 1., Bow Street, at the corner of Great Russell Street, Covent Garden; the coffee-room was on the first floor, the lower part having been occupied as a retail shop. Dryden's patronage and frequent appearance made the reputation of the house; which was afterwards maintained by other celebrated characters. De Foe wrote—about the year 1720—that "after the play the best company go to Tom's or Will's Coffee-house near adjoining; where there is playing picquet and the best conversation till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars familiarly, and talking with the same freedom, as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home." The turn of conversation is happily hit off in the "Spectator" for June 12th, 1712, when a false report of the death of Louis XIV. had reached England:—"Upon my going into Will's I found their discourse was gone off from the death of the French king to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other poets; whom they regretted on this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning." It was from Will's coffee-house that the "Tatler" dated his poetry.

CHILD'S was in St. Paul's Churchyard. Its vicinity to the Cathedral and Doctors' Commons made it the resort of the clergy and other ecclesiastical loungers. In one respect Child's was superseded by the Chapter in Paternoster Row.

THE ST. JAMES'S was the "Spectator's" head-quarters. It stood at the end of Pall Mall—of which it commanded a perspective view—near to, if not upon, the site of what is now No. 87., St. James's Street, and close to Ozinda's chocolate house. These were the great party rallying places; "a whig," says de Foe, "would no more go to the Cocoa Tree or Ozinda's than a tory would be seen at St. James's." Swift, however, frequented the latter during his sojourn in London, 1710-13; till, fighting in the van of the tory ranks, he could no longer show face there, and was obliged to relinquish the society of those literary friends whom, though whigs, he cherished. Up to that time all his letters were addressed to the St. James's coffee-house, and those from Mrs. Johnston (Stella) were enclosed under cover to Addison. Elliot, who kept the house, acted confidentially for his customers as a party agent; and was on occasions placed on a friendly footing with his distinguished guests. In Swift's Journal to Stella,

under the date of Nov. 19, 1710, we find the following entry:—"This evening I christened our coffee-man Elliot's child; when the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat amongst some scurvy company over a bowl of punch." This must have included some of Elliot's more intimate or private friends; for he numbered amongst his customers nearly all the Whig aristocracy. The "Tatler" (who dated his politics from the St. James's), enumerating the charges he was at to entertain his readers, assures them that "a good observer cannot even speak with Kidney, ['keeper of the book debts of the outlying customers, and observer of all those who go off without paying,'*] without clean linen."

The "Spectator," in his 403rd number, gives a graphic picture of the company in the coffee-room:—"I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists, who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for, in less than a quarter of an hour."

The "GRECIAN" in Devereux Court derived its name from a Greek named Constantine, who introduced, from the land of Epicurus, a new and improved method of making coffee. Perhaps from this cause, or from having set up his apparatus close to the Temple, he drew the learned to his rooms. "All accounts of learning," saith the Tatler, "shall be under the title of the 'Grecian.'" The alumni appear to have disputed at a particular table. "I cannot keep an ingenious man," continues Bickerstaff, "to go daily to the 'Grecian' without allowing him some plain Spanish to be as able as others at the learned table." The glory of the "Grecian" outlasted that of the rest of the coffee-houses, and it remained a tavern till 1843.

"JONATHAN'S," in Change Alley, the general mart for stockjobbers, was the precursor of the present Stock Exchange in Capel Court. The hero of Mrs. Centlivre's comedy "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," performs at "Jonathan's" his most successful deception on the city guardian of his mistress.

The other coffee-houses will be noticed as they occur in the text.

Page 12. *It is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club.* The word club, as applied to convivial meetings, is derived from the Saxon *cleafan*, to divide, "because," says Skinner, "the expenses are divided into shares or portions."

Clubs were more general in the days of the "Spectator" than perhaps at any other period of our history. Throughout the previous half-century public discord had dissevered private society; and, at the Restoration, men yearned for fellowship; but as, even yet, political danger lurked under an

* Spectator, No. 24.

unguarded expression or a rash toast, companions could not be too carefully chosen. Persons, therefore, whose political opinions and private tastes coincided, made a practice of meeting in clubs. This principle of congeniality took all manner of odd social turns; but the political clubs of the time played an important part in history.

The idea of uniting the authors of a periodical in a club—though an obvious one—was calculated to bring out sparkling contrasts of character. But it was not successfully elaborated. Each personage was greatly dissociated from the club in future papers. Hence the faults some critics have found with the character of Sir Roger; for, taken in connection with the society, it is not so coherent as if the club scheme had been efficiently developed. But viewed separately, what—as the reader of the previous pages will own—can be more harmonious or natural?

The eccentric clubs were fruitful sources of satire to the "Spectator." He is merry on the "Mummers," the "Two-penny," the "Ugly," the "Fighting," the "Fringe-Glove," the "Hum-drum," the "Doldrum," the "Everlasting," and the "Lovers'" clubs; on clubs of fat men, of tall men, of one-eyed men, and of men who lived in the same street. This last was a social arrangement almost necessary at a time when distant visits were impossible at night, not only from the bad condition of the streets, but from the ravages of the dastardly "Mohock Club;" of which hereafter.

Page 12. *Those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the "Spectator," at Mr. Buckley's.*

"This day is published,

A paper entitled THE SPECTATOR, which will be continued every day. Printed for Sam. Buckley at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and sold by A. Baldwin, in Warwick Lane."—*Daily Courant*, March 1st, 1711.

The above names form the imprint to the "Spectator's" early papers. From No. 18. appears, in addition, "Charles Lillie [perfumer, bookseller and Secretary to the Tatler's 'Court of Honour'] at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand." From the date, August 5th, 1712, (No. 449.) Jacob Tonson's imprint is appended. About that time he removed from Gray's Inn Gate to "the Strand, over against Catherine Street."

Samuel Buckley had eventually an innocent hand in the discontinuance of the "Spectator." He was the "writer and printer" of the first daily newspaper—the "Daily Courant," and having published on the 7th of April, 1712, a memorial of the States-General reflecting on the English Government, he was brought in custody to the bar of the House of Commons. The upshot was some strong resolutions respecting the licentiousness of the press (which had indeed been commented on in the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament) and the imposition of the halfpenny

stamp on periodicals. To this addition to the price of the "Spectator" is attributed its downfall.

Chap. I. Sir Roger and the Club.

No. 2. Friday, March 2nd, 1710-11. By Steele.

Page 13. *The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire of ancient descent, a baronet, his name is Sir Roger de Coverley.* Whenever any striking individuality appears in print, the public love to suppose that, instead of being the embodied representative of a class, it is an actual portrait. A thousand conjectures were afloat as to the original of Sir Roger de Coverley, at the time and long after the "Spectator's" papers were in current circulation. These were revived by a passage in the preface to Budgell's "Theophrastus," in which he asserted in general terms that most of the characters in the "Spectator" were conspicuously known. It was not, however, till 1783, when Tyers named Sir John Packington of Westwood, Worcestershire, that any prototype to Sir Roger was definitely pointed out.

Tyers's assertion is not tenable. Except that Sir Roger and Sir John were both baronets and lived in Worcestershire, each presents few points of similitude to the other:— Sir Roger was a disappointed bachelor; Sir John was twice married: Sir Roger, although more than once returned knight of the shire, was not an ardent politician; Sir John was, and sate for his native county in every parliament, save one, from his majority till his death. Westwood House—"in the middle of a wood that is cut into twelve large ridings; the whole encompassed with a park of six or seven miles,"* —bears no greater resemblance to the description of Coverley Hall than the scores of country-houses which have wood about them. Sir Roger is neither litigant nor lawyer, despite the universal applause bestowed by the Quarter Session on his exposition of "a passage in the Game Act." Sir John was a barrister, and besides having been Recorder of the city of Worcester, proved himself so powerful a plaintiff that he ousted the then Bishop of Worcester from his place of Royal Almoner for interfering in the county election.

The account of the "Spectator" himself and of each member of his club was most likely fictitious; for the "Tatler" having been betrayed into personalities gave such grave offence, that Steele determined not to fall again into a like error. Had indeed the originals of Sir Roger and his club-companions existed among, as Budgell asserts, the "conspicuous characters of the day," literary history would assuredly have revealed them. But a better witness than Budgell testifies to the reverse. The "Spectator"

* Nash's Worcestershire.

emphatically disclaims personality in various passages. In No. 262 he says, "When I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable, every letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real." In another place:—"I would not make myself merry with a piece of paste-board that is invested with a public character."

Page 13. *His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance called after him.* The real sponsor to the joyous conclusion of every ball has only been recently revealed after a vigilant search. An autograph account by Ralph Thoresby, of the family of Calverley of Calverley in Yorkshire, dated 1717, and which is now in the possession of Sir W. Calverley Trevelyan, states that the tune of "Roger a Calverley" was named after Sir Roger of Calverley, who lived in the time of Richard the First. This knight, according to the custom of that period, kept minstrels, who took the name, from their office, of "Harper." Their descendants possessed lands in the neighbourhood of Calverley, called Harperfroids and Harper's Spring. "The seal of this Sir Roger, appended to one of his charters, is large, with a chevalier on horseback."

The earliest printed copy of the tune which has yet been traced is in "a choice collection to a ground for a treble violin," by J. Playford, 1685. It appears again in 1695 in H. Playford's "Dancing Master." Mr. Chappell, author of the elaborate work on English Melodies, believes it to have been a hornpipe. That it was popular about the "Spectator's" time is shown from a passage in a satirical history of Powel the Puppet man (1715):—"Upon the preludes being ended each party fell to bawling and calling for particular tunes. The hobnailed fellows, whose breeches and lungs seemed to be of the same leather, cried out for 'Cheshire Rounds,' 'Roger of Coverley,' 'Joan's Placket,' and 'Northern Nancy.'"

Steele owned that the notion of adapting the name to the good genial old knight, originated with Swift.

Page 13. *When in town he lives in Soho Square.* Sir Roger had doubtless chosen this fashionable locality in the "fine gentleman" era of his career. We shall presently see, that on his subsequent visits to town, he changed his lodgings to humbler neighbourhoods. The splendour of Soho Square was only dawning, when foreign princes were taken to see Bloomsbury Square as one of the wonders of England. In 1681, the former had no more than eight residences in it, and the palace of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth filled up the entire south side. During Sir Roger's supposed residence in Soho (then also called King's) Square, he had for a neighbour Bishop Burnet. Only a few years later it lost caste, for by 1717 we find from Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting" that Monmouth House had been converted into auction-rooms.

Sir Roger changed his residence at each subsequent visit to London.

The "Spectator" in his 335th number lodges him in Norfolk Street, Strand, and in No. 410. in Bow Street, Covent Garden.

Page 13. *Kicked Bully Dawson.* Dawson was a swaggering gentleman at large, when Etheridge and Rochester were in full vogue. One of the manuscript notes, by Oldys, upon the margins of the copy of Langbaine's account of the English Dramatic Poets in the British Museum, mentions him thus:—

"The character of Captain Hackman in this comedy [Shadwell's 'Squire of Alsatia'] was drawn, as I have been told, by old John Bowman the player, to expose Bully Dawson, a noted sharper swaggerer and debauchee about town, especially in Blackfriars and its infamous purlieus."

Page 15. *He [the Templar] has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.* The Rose stood at the end of a passage in Russell Street, adjoining the theatre; which then, be it remembered, faced Drury Lane. It was here that on the 12th November, 1712, the seconds on either side arranged the duel fought the next day by the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, in which both were killed.

Page 15. *Sir Andrew Freeport.* "To Sir Roger, who as a country gentleman appears to be a Tory; or, as it is generally expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a new man and a wealthy merchant, zealous for the money'd interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper."—*Dr. Johnson's Life of Addison.*

No one has ventured to name originals either for the Templar or Sir Andrew Freeport.

Page 16. *Captain Sentry.* This character, heir to Sir Roger, is said —with no more probability than attaches to the imagined origin of the others—to have been copied from Col. Kempenfeldt, father of the Admiral who was drowned in the Royal George when it went down at Spithead in 1782. The conjecture probably had no other foundation—a very frail one—than a eulogium on the colonel's character in Captain Sentry's letter to the club, announcing his induction into Sir Roger's estate, which forms the last of the Coverley papers.

Page 17. *Will Honeycomb.* Col. Cleland of the Life Guards has been named as the real person here described: but, as in the former instances, the supposition is ill supported.

Chap. II. Coverley Hall.

No. 106. Monday, July 2nd, 1711. By Addison.

Page 21. *He was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his*

era were few. At a time not long antecedent, "an esquire passed for a great scholar if Hudibras, and Baker's Chronicle, Tarleton's Jests, and the Seven Champions of Christendom lay in his hall window among angling rods and fishing-lines."* But that Sir Roger may appear in this, as in other respects, above the average of his order, there is in Coverley Hall a library rich in "divinity and MS. household receipts." Sir Roger too had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors "who always lie in his hall window;" and, however limited his own classic lore, it is certain that both in love and in friendship he displayed strong literary sympathies. The perverse widow, whose cruelty darkened his whole existence, was a "reading lady," a "desperate scholar," and in argument "as learned as the best philosopher in Europe." One who, when in the country, "does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants—has a glass hive and comes into the garden out of books to see them work." In his friendship, again, Sir Roger was all for learning. Besides the "Spectator"—to whom he eventually bequeathed his books,—he indulged a Platonic admiration for Leonora, a widow, formerly a celebrated beauty, and still a very lovely woman—who "turned all the passion of her sex into a love of books and retirement."

Chap. III. The Coverley Household.

No. 107. Tuesday, July 3rd, 1711. By Steele.

Page 22. *The general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters.* The account of Sir Roger's domestics, in which his benevolence is made so vividly to beam forth, was "intended as a gentle admonition to thankless masters," whose harshness and brutality were not exaggerated in the fictions and plays of the time. It was quite usual for gentlemen to cane offending footmen, and to assail female servants with the coarsest abuse. On the other side, dependants took their revenge to the fullest extent;—sometimes by subtle artifice, at others by reckless dissipation and dishonesty. Newspapers, and criminal records, prove that Dean Swift's "Directions to Servants" was not an imaginative satire; but that every word was founded on fact. Indeed, some of the experiences from which it was drawn were manifestly derived from his own drinking, cheating, and cringing man, Patrick. In the 88th number of the "Spectator," Philo-Britannicus complains that although there is no place wherein servants labour less than in England, yet they are nowhere "so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change masters."

That most of the vices of servants were due to the ill-conduct of masters—which the example of Sir Roger in this chapter is meant in all kind-

* Macaulay's History of England.

liness to correct—the "Spectator" points out in many pages; but, especially, in his commentary on the letter of Philo-Britannicus. "All dependants," he observes, "run in some measure into the measures and behaviour of those whom they serve"—a fact which he humorously illustrates thus:—

"Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the House of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my Lord Bishop swore he would throw her out at window if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the House was rising. Down came all the company together, and away: the ale-house was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the Marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an Earl, three quarts to my new Lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us."

No. 96. of the "Spectator" and No. 87. of the "Guardian" are filled with the same subject. The short sketch, which ends the latter paper, of Lycurgus, "the banker, the council, and parent of all his numerous dependants," is a miniature copy of Sir Roger by the same artist.

Various attempts were made to reform domestics; and among them we find, in the first issue of the "Spectator" (No. 224.), the advertisement of a society for the encouragement of good servants "at the office in Ironmonger Lane. The method," continues the advertisement, "has hitherto had very good effects; the benefits not being receivable without dutiful behaviour of the servants and a good character from their master."

Chap. IV. The Coverley Guest

No. 108. Wednesday, July 4th, 1711. By Addison.

Page 26. *Will Wimble is the younger brother to a baronet and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles.* This delineation, like the rest of the "Spectator's" prominent characters, is too like life to have escaped the imputation of having been drawn from it. The received story is that Will Wimble was a Mr. Thomas Morecraft, younger son of a Yorkshire baronet, whom Steele knew in early life, and introduced to Addison, by whose bounty he was for some time supported. Though excelling in such small and profitless arts as are attributed to Will Wimble, Mr. M[illegible]

not the ingenuity to gain his own livelihood. When Addison died, he went to Ireland to his friend the Bishop of Kildare, at whose house in Fish Street, Dublin, he died in 1741.

The attentive reader of the "Tatler" will find in it the germ of many of the characters in the "Spectator"— an additional argument against their having been drawn from actual individuals. The Honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, who indicted Peter Plum in the Court of Honour for taking the wall of him (Tatler, No. 256.), will at once be recognised as the prototype of Will Wimble. "The prosecutor alleged that he was the cadet of a very ancient family; and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business; but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honour, than do anything beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends."

Chap. V. The Coverley Lineage.

No. 109. Thursday, July 5th, 1711. By Steele.

Page 30. *He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard. * * * I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.*

"South from Charing Cross, on the right hand, in Stow's time, were divers handsome houses lately built before the park; then a large tilt yard for noblemen and others to exercise themselves in justing, turneying, and fighting at the barriers." * One of these "handsome houses" afterwards became Jenny Man's "Tilt Yard Coffee House" in Whitehall, upon the site now occupied by the Paymaster-General's office. It was the resort of military officers, until supplanted by Slaughter's in St. Martin's Lane, which more recently was, in its turn, ruined by the military clubs. The "Spectator" states elsewhere that the mock military also frequented the Tilt Yard Coffee House—fellows who figured in laced hats, black cockades, and scarlet suits; and who manfully pulled the noses of such quiet citizens as wore not swords.

Page 31. *Whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart.* The hooped petticoat was revived, not long before the date of this paper, by a mantua-maker named Selby. Against it keen war was waged in the "Spectator." No. 127. is wholly devoted to the subject; Sir Roger being incidentally enlisted as an ally.

It has ever been considered a foible of the fair sex to run into extremes;

* The Edition of Stow (folio, 1720) by Seymour, otherwise J. Mottley, the compiler of Joe Miller's Jest Book.

and, while the promenade costume of that day (and indeed of scores of succeeding years) was more ample than the present crowded state of population would allow, the equestrian habit appears to have been tightened into a close imitation of male habiliments.—"I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's," says the "Spectator" (July 18, 1712), "about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lie at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat. This produced a great deal of mirth at the Knight's house; where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her *whether that was* Coverley Hall; the honest man seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, *Yes, Sir;* but upon the second question, *whether* Sir Roger de Coverley *was a married man*, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his notes into *No, Madam.*"

Chap. VI. The Coverley Ghost.

No. 110. Friday, July 6th, 1711. By Addison.

Page 33. *Feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him.* "Who giveth fodder unto the cattle: and feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him." —Psalm cxlvii. 9.

Page 34. *Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas.—Essay on Human Understanding*, Book ii. chap. 33, section 10.

Chap. VII. The Coverley Sabbath.

No. 112. Monday, July 9th, 1711. By Addison.

Page 38. *As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church.* The church close to which Addison was born and where his father ministered, may have supplied some of the traits to the exquisite picture of a rural Sabbath which this chapter presents.

The parish church of Milston is a modest edifice, situated in a combe or hollow of the Wiltshire downs, about two miles north-west of Amesbury. In the parsonage house—now an honoured ruin—on the 1st of May, 1672, Joseph Addison was born. It is only separated from the grave-yard by a hawthorn fence, and must have been, when inhabited, the beau ideal of a country parsonage. It has a spacious garden, rich glebe, and commands a pretty view, bounded by the hill on which stands the church of Durrington.

Milston Church remains nearly in the same state as during the first twelve

years of his life which Addison passed under its shadow. As no benevolent parishioner took the hint conveyed in Sir Roger's will, it is still without tower or steeple; the belfry being nothing more than a small louvered shed. Within, the church is partitioned off by tall worm-eaten pews, and is scarcely capable of holding a hundred persons. At the east end stands the communion table, "railed in." It was once lighted by a stained glass window; but of this it was deprived by the cupidity of a deceased incumbent. The same person was guilty of a worse act.—To oblige a friend—"a collector"—he actually tore out the leaf of the parish register which contained the entry of Joseph Addison's birth.

Milston Church does not display the texts of Scripture attributed to the Coverley edifice. If any existed when Addison wrote, they must have been since effaced by whitewash.

Chap. VIII. Sir Roger in Love.

No. 113. Tuesday, July 10th, 1711. By Steele.

Page 43. *The Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse.* The notion that the perverse Widow had a living charming provoking original, has been more prevalent and better supported than that respecting any of the rest of the Coverley characters. Although a mere outline,—hinted rather than delineated amidst the picturesque group of last century figures,—she is so suggestively shadowed forth that the reader himself insensibly vivifies the outline, feels her ascendancy, and doubles his pity for her kind-hearted victim. "The dignity of her aspect, the composure of her motion," and the polish of her repartee—heightened by the foil of her spiteful confidant—make us participate in Sir Roger's awe; and, while we sympathise with his ardent admiration, we tremble for the hapless presumption that aspires to "the finest hand of any woman in the world."—Her subtlety was unbounded. No coquette commands success who, besides varied resources, cannot ply her art with the chastest dexterity; and the Widow's omnipotence was attained less by her personal charms and mental graces, than by the delicacy of her lures and the nice discrimination with which they were spread.

These faint but variegated tints are so truthfully blended in the Widow, that not only general readers, but acute critics have believed that nothing short of the minutest experience of an equally desperate suit to an equally coy and fascinating original, could have inspired and executed the likeness. Both Addison and Steele had suffered from perverse widows; and who knows but this "confluence of congenial sentiment" springing from a like source was one cause of these differently constituted men being long united in friendship?

The tantalising dominion under which Addison suffered when the Co-

verley papers were in progress, was that of the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he was anxiously courting; "perhaps," says Dr. Johnson, "with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow." The result, though different, was not happier than Sir Roger's destiny. Not till four years after the Coverley papers had been finished did Addison succeed in his suit. "On the 2nd August, 1716," continues the biographer of the poets, "he married the Countess, on terms much like those on which a Turkish Princess is espoused; to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave!'" This marriage was only a change from one sort of unhappiness to another — from the intermittent vexations of a slighted lover, to the chronic miseries of an ill-matched husband.

Probability however rejects Lady Warwick as the model we seek. To find it we must, it is said, turn to Steele's tormentress. Addison's sufferings were in full force when the sketch was made; Steele's were past. Addison's tortures were too real and operative for the unchecked flow of that genial humour — for that fine tolerance of the Widow's cruelty — which softens every allusion to her; Steele's pains had, on the contrary, been first assuaged by time, and then, let us hope, extinguished by matrimony with another — and another. While, therefore, experience had made him master of a widow's arts, the retrospect of what he had suffered from them was too remote to darken the shadows, or to sour the expression of the portrait. Hence it is his signature that appears to this paper, and his Widow who is said to have inspired them.

The information on which this belief is grounded is derived from Chalmers through Archdeacon Nares, to whom it was communicated by the Rev. Duke Yonge of Plympton in Devonshire. "My attention," says the reverend gentleman, "was first drawn to this subject by a very vague tradition in the family of Sir Thomas Crawley Boevey, of Flaxley Abbey in Gloucestershire, that Mrs. Catherine Boevey, widow of William Boevey, Esq., and who died January 21, 1726, was the original from whence the picture of the perverse Widow in the "Spectator" was drawn. She was left a widow at the early age of 22, and by her portrait (now at Flaxley Abbey, and drawn at a more advanced period of her life) appears to have been a woman of a handsome, dignified figure, as she is described to have been in the 113th No. of the "Spectator." She was a personage well known and much distinguished in her day, and is described very respectably in the New Atalantis, under the name of Portia. From these facts I was induced to examine whether any internal evidence could be traced in the "Spectator" to justify the tradition. The result of that enquiry is as follows: —

"The papers in the 'Spectator,' which give the description of the Widow, were certainly written by Steele; and that Mrs. Boevey was well known to Steele, and held by him in high estimation, is equally certain.

He dedicates the three volumes of the 'Lady's Library' to three different ladies, Lady Burlington, Mrs. Boevey, and Mrs. Steele; he describes each of them in terms of the highest commendation, but each of them is distinguished by very discriminating characteristics. However exalted the characters of Lady Burlington, or Mrs. Steele, there is not one word in the dedication to either which corresponds to the character of the Widow; but the characters of Mrs. Boevey and the Widow are drawn with marks of very striking coincidence. No. 113. of the 'Spectator,' as far as it relates to the Widow, is almost a parody on the character of Mrs. Boevey, as shown in the dedication. Sir Roger tells his friend that she is a reading lady, and that her discourse was as learned as the best philosopher could possibly make. She reads upon the nature of plants, and understands everything. In the dedication Steele says, 'instead of assemblies and conversations, books and solitude have been your choice: you have charms of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours.' In No. 118. 'her superior merit is such,' says Sir Roger, 'that I cannot approach her without awe, my heart is checked by too much esteem.' Dedication. 'Your person and fortune equally raise the admiration and awe of our whole sex.'

"She is described as having a confidant, as the Knight calls her, to whom he expresses a peculiar aversion, No. 118. being chiefly on that subject. 'Of all persons,' says the good old Knight, 'be sure to set a mark on confidants.' I know not whether the lady was deserving of the Knight's reprobation, but Mrs. Boevey certainly had a female friend of this description, of the name of Pope; who lived with her more than forty years, whom she left executrix; and who, it is believed in the family, did not execute her office in the most liberal manner."

The communication goes on to state that Mrs. Boevey's residence, Flaxley Abbey, was not far from the borders of Worcestershire; but that there was no tradition in the family of her having had such a law-suit as is described by Sir Roger. Indeed, a reference to dates shows such a circumstance to have been impossible, unless the phenomenon of a widow of nine years old could be credited. Mr. Boevey died in 1691, when his wife was twenty-two: now, as the "Spectator" fixed the old Knight's age at fifty-six, and as Sir Roger himself affirms that the Widow first "cast her bewitching eye upon him" in his twenty-third year, that fatal glance must have flashed in 1678, when Mrs. Boevey was in her girlhood. But this weighs not a feather in the scale of evidence; no true artist copies every trait of his subject, and the verisimilitude is not diminished because the Gloucestershire enslaver was younger and not so litigious as the Worcestershire Widow.

Mrs. Boevey died January 21, 1726-7, in her 57th year, and was buried in the family vault at Flaxley with an inscription on the walls of the chapel

to her memory. There is also a monument to her in Westminster Abbey, erected by her executrix.

Sir Roger's Widow will never die.

Chap. IX. The Coverley Economy.

No. 114. Wednesday, July 11th, 1711. By Steele.

Page 46. *He would save four shillings in the pound,*—the land tax; which from 1689 was continued by annual enactments, till Lowndes's Act fixed it at 4*s.* in the pound. Gay addressed an epistle in verse "to my ingenious and worthy friend William Lowndes, Esq., author of the celebrated treatise in folio called the land tax bill." Some of the lines run thus:—

"Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns,
Lords, knights, and squires the assessor's power obey;
We read with pleasure though with pain we pay."

"Poets of old had such a wondrous power;
That, with their verses, they could raise a tower;
But, in thy prose, a greater force is found—
What poet ever raised three thousand pound?"

In 1799 the land tax was made perpetual.

Chap. X. The Coverley Hunt.

Nos. 115 and 116. Friday, July 13th, and Saturday, 14th, 1711. The former paper is by Addison, the latter by Eustace Budgell.

Page 47. *Such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned:*—viz. in the commencement of No. 115. "I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands; or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with."

Page 48. *His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the Knight's own hunting down.* Although the "Spectator" advocated in this and other pages moderate indulgence in the sports of the field, the excessive passion of country gentlemen for them to the exclusion of more intellectual pastimes, he elsewhere deplores. In a later volume he quotes a saying that the curse fulminated by Goliah having missed David, had rested on the modern squire:—"I will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field." The country gentleman was respected by his neighbours, less for morality or intellect, than for the number of foxes' noses he could show nailed to his stables and barns.

The sedentary though [illegible]

pastimes introduced by Charles the Second and his followers from abroad, had not, even in Queen Anne's day, become so thoroughly naturalised as they were afterwards; and ladies keenly participated in the sports of the field. The Queen herself followed the hounds in a chaise with one horse, "which," says Swift, "she drives herself; and drives furiously, like Jehu; and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod." She was, if Stella's journalist did not exaggerate, quite equal to runs even longer than those performed by the Coverley hounds; for, on the 7th August, 1711, she drove before dinner five-and-forty miles after a stag.

Page 49. *Sir Roger has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds.* We infer from Blaine's "Rural Sports," that when one of these hounds found the scent, he gave notice of his good fortune by deliberately squatting to impart more effect to his deep tones, and to get wind for a fresh start.

Page 50. *Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came here.* The "Spectator" arrived at Coverley Hall on one of the last days of June, and the hunt described in the paper dated as above is said to have taken place "yesterday." Hunting in summer would be a grievous sin against the sporting laws now in force; but from the days of Elizabeth to those of George the Third, standing corn—the mere bread of the people—was not allowed to interfere with the squirearchy in their devotion to the chase. In the ripening and harvest months, however hot the weather, sportsmen were permitted to gallop down the grain as ruthlessly as the cavalry of an invading enemy. Throughout the whole of Anne's reign, the farmers complained piteously of the losses they suffered in consequence; pamphlets were written, and every sort of appeal resorted to, but in vain. The latest of these complaints is reiterated in Day's "Sandford and Merton;" for it was not till the farmers' friend, George the Third, came to power that the abuse was abolished. By an act passed in the early part of his reign, the hunting season was confined to those months in autumn and winter which the old Saxon Chronicle had originally fixed as the "hunters' monaths," and to which hunting is still limited.

Page 52. *The huntsman threw down his pole before the dogs.* The undrained, uncultivated condition of the country in Sir Roger's days, made hunting on horseback by no means so easy as it is at present. The master of the pack therefore could follow straighter over bogs morasses and ditches, on foot, than the squire could on horseback. To assist him in leaping, the pedestrian hunter used a pole. Some of the leaps taken in this manner would surprise an equestrian huntsman of the present day.

Page 52. *The lines out of Mr. Dryden*—occur in "An Epistle to his kinsman, J. Dryden, Esq., of Chesterton."

Chap. XI. The Coverley Witch.

No. 117. Saturday, July 14th, 1711. By Addison.

Page 54. *The following description in Otway.* The lines quoted in the text are from the second act of the "Orphan."

Page 56. *I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White.* The belief in witchcraft was in Anne's reign something more than popular. The act of James (anno 1. cap. 12.) was in full force. By it, death was decreed to whoever dealt with evil or wicked spirits, or invoked them whereby any persons were killed or lamed; or discovered where anything was hidden, or provoked unlawful love, &c. Under this law two women were executed at Northampton just before the "Spectator" began to be published; and, not long after (1716), a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, making their neighbours vomit pins, raising a storm so that a certain ship was "almost" lost, and a variety of other impossible crimes. By 1736 these superstitions abated; the Witch Act had become dormant; and, on an ignorant person attempting in that year to enforce it against an old woman in Surrey, it was repealed (10th Geo. II.).

Chap. XII. The Coverley Love Match.

"Spectator," No. 118. Monday, July 16th, 1711. By Steele.

Chap. XIII. The Coverley Etiquette.

No. 119. Tuesday, July 17th, 1711. By Addison.

Page 63. *The women in many parts are still trying to vie with each other in the height of their head-dresses.* This, at the date of the present paper, was being decidedly "behind the fashion;" for early in 1711 the mode changed. Still the provincials had their excuses, for in No. 98. the "Spectator" affirms that there is no such variable thing in nature as a lady's head-dress: "Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than men The women were of such an enormous stature, that we appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five; how they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn."

Besides the numerous papers devoted to women's attire, the whole of No. 265. is a satire on the single subject of head-dresses. This frequent

recurrence to the small absurdities of female fashion is said to have damaged the prosperity of the "Spectator." Soon after the appearance of the above-cited number, Swift writes impatiently in his Journal, "I will not meddle with the 'Spectator:' let him *fair-sex it* to the world's end."

Chap. XIV. The Coverley Ducks.

Nos. 120. and 121. Wednesday, July 18th, and Thursday, 19th, 1711. By Addison.

Chap. XV. Sir Roger on the Bench.

"Spectator," No. 122. Friday, July 20th, 1711. By Addison.

Page 68. *He is just within the Game Act.* The 3rd of James the First, chap. 14., clause v., provides that if any person who has not real property producing forty pounds per annum, or who has not two hundred pounds worth of goods and chattels, shall presume to shoot game: "Then any person having lands, tenements, or hereditaments, of the clear yearly value of one hundred pounds a year, may take from the person or possession of such malefactor or malefactors, and to his own use for ever keep, such guns, bows, cross-bows, buckstalls, engine-hays, nets, ferrets, and coney dogs, &c." This amiable enactment—which permitted a one-hundred-pound freeholder to become in his single person, accuser, witness, judge, jury, and executioner; and which made an equally respectable but poorer man who shot a hare a "malefactor"—was the law of the land even so lately as 1827, for it was only repealed by the 7th and 8th Geo. IV. chap. 27.

Chap. XVI. The Story of an Heir.

No. 123. Saturday, July 21, 1711. By Addison.

Page 72. *Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates.*

"Being very well pleased with this day's 'Spectator' (writes Mr. Addison to Mr. Wortley, under date 'July 21, 1711'), I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of 2000*l.* per annum, an estate in the Indies of 14,000*l.*, and, what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too: to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that the stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go to Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with

you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.'

Of the estate in "the Indies"—referred to also by Swift—no intelligible notice has been found. The mistress was probably the perverse Widow, the Countess; who, at that date, had perhaps cast him off "for ever"—after the manner of capricious ladies—several times during a single courtship.

Chap. XVII. Sir Roger and Party Spirit.

Nos. 125. and 126. Wednesday, July 25th, and Thursday, 26th, 1711. Both by Addison.

Page 76. *This worthy knight had occasion to enquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane.* There were two St. Anne's Lanes which might have cost Sir Roger trouble to find; one "on the north side of St. Martin's-le-Grand, just within Aldersgate Street," (Stow); and the other—which it requires sharp eyes to find in Strype's map—turning out of Great Peter Street, Westminster. Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his admirable Handbook for London, prefers supposing Sir Roger enquiring his way in Westminster.

Page 76. *Sir Roger generally closes his narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the county.* There is scarcely a period when party spirit raged so fiercely as at the date of these numbers of the "Spectator;" for, although faction had long sheathed the sword, the tongue in coffee-houses and the pen in pamphlets were never more bitterly or rancorously employed. Only a few months previously, the trial of Dr. Sacheverel and the "bed-chamber cabal"—of which Mrs. Masham was chief—had overturned the Godolphin ministry; and had brought in the Tories with Harley at their head, backed by a new and eminently Tory House of Commons, with Whiggery enough in the Upper House and in the camarilla to keep the flames of party in full glow. So nearly were sides balanced in the House of Lords, that to carry the peace project, which ended in the treaty of Utrecht, Anne was obliged to make twelve new Tory peers,—a "jury" of such well-packed Tories, that a Whig wit asked one of them if they intended to vote by their "foreman." The Duchess of Somerset was still retained about the person of the queen; and counteracted, in part, the subtle Tory whisperings of Mrs. Masham into Anne's ear. The lucrative employments of the Duchess of Marlborough were divided between these two favourites. The duke was on the eve of being impeached for peculation, and his regiment had actually been transferred to Hill, Mrs. Masham's brother. The Whigs violently advocated the continuance of a war which Marlborough's victories had made at once so profitable to his private fortune and so glorious to the nation. The Tories

and the queen strove equally for peace: nor did this contest suspend the church controversy which Sachevrel's trial had brought to issue without deciding.

These questions ranged the British public into two ranks, under Whig and Tory banners; and carried the battle into private life in the manner not less truthfully than humorously described in the text, and in various other chapters of the "Spectator." Families were estranged and friendships broken up, especially amongst those who played prominent parts in the struggle—such as Swift on the Tory, and Addison and Steele on the Whig side. Yet it is gratifying to observe, that the softening influences of literature afforded a lingering link of union to these men even after they were in political opposition. Swift, the foremost party pamphleteer of his day, did not scruple to use his influence with Harley, in favour of "Pastoral" Philips, Congreve, and on one occasion for Steele—all Whigs. On the day of publication of the paper which forms part of our present chapter, (Thursday, July 26th, 1711), Swift, Addison, and Steele, dined together at young Jacob Tonson's, "Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though I wrote him a biting letter in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to the lord treasurer." Again, under a later date, Swift writes to Stella, "I met Pastoral Philips and Mr. Addison on the Mall to day, and took a turn with them; but they looked terribly dry and cold. A curse on party!"

The bonds of other classes of society were more forcibly riven. The lower the grade the more inveterate the contention: for, as Pope said about that time, "There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead." Even trade was tainted by the poison of party. The buying, in its dealings with the selling public, more generally enquired into the political principles of tradesmen, than into the excellence or defects of their wares. Inn-keepers, as we find in the text, were especially subjected to this rule, and their politics were known by the signs at their doors. The introduction of Addison's "Freeholder" to the Tory fox-hunter was accompanied by the recommendation of a host—"A lusty fellow, that lives well, is at least three yards in the girt, and is the best Church of England man upon the road."

Not the least conspicuous partizans were, alas, of the gentler sex; for the chiefs of each faction were women, and their theatre of war the queen's bedchamber. The petty expedients of each faction to distinguish itself in public from the other, are happily ridiculed in various parts of the "Spectator." At the play Whig and Tory ladies sat at opposite sides of the house, and "patched" on opposite sides of their faces:—"I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partizan, has most unfortunately a

very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which, being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig interest. But whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclination, to patch on the Whig side." No. 81.

So angry were the Whig ladies with the queen when she presented Prince Eugene with a jewelled sword, that they abstained in a body from appearing at court on that occasion;—which being that of her majesty's birthday was evidence of unprecedented party rancour.

Chap. XVIII. The Coverley Gipsies.

No. 130. Monday, July 30th, 1711. By Addison.

Chap. XIX. A Summons to London.

"Spectator," No. 131. Tuesday, July 31st, 1711. By Addison.

Page 83. *What they here call a White Witch.* According to popular belief, there were three classes of witches,—white, black, and gray. The first helped, but could not hurt; the second the reverse, and the third did both. White spirits caused stolen goods to be restored; they charmed away diseases, and did other beneficent acts; neither did a little harmless mischief lie wholly out of their way:—Dryden says

"At least as little honest as he could,
And like white witches mischievously good."

Chap. XX. The Journey from Coverley Hall.

No. 132. Wednesday, August 1st, 1711. By Steele.

Page 85. *As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant enquired of the chamberlain what company he had for the coach?* The best possible illustration of this passage is Hogarth's print of the inn yard. The landlady in her semicircular glass case, or penthouse bar; the parting drams being imbibed by the coachman and by some of the leave-takers; the sleepiness of the ostlers and porters, and the deliberation of the passengers, show how, at early day, a journey was commenced. The enquiry made by the servant was usual. It was a pardonable curiosity in the "Spectator" to try and

learn with whom he was to be jumbled over rugged roads for the three entire days which were consumed by a stage coach in a single transit from Worcester to London.

Although it was more than a half century later before any great advance in road-making took place, yet the dawn of improvement in carriages was just beginning to break. To the "Spectator" for June 24, 1711, is appended the following advertisement:

"Whereas Her Majesty has been graciously pleased lately to grant letters patent to Henry Mill, Gent., for the sole use and benefit of making and vending certain steel springs by him invented for the ease of persons riding in chaises, &c. They effectually prevent all jolts on kennels and rugged ways."

Page 86. *The captain's half-pike.* The soldier's pike had been recently superseded by the socket bayonet. Non-commissioned officers however retained the halbert, and officers the half-pike. The Duke of Monmouth is described at the battle of Sedgemoor as having rushed about on foot among his broken levies to encourage them "pike in hand."

Page 88. *Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodations fell under Ephraim.* This duty was rather onerous, on account of the number of stoppages on the road, the consequent multiplicity of reckonings, and the equal number of attempts at over-charge. It was the custom for the male to pay for the refreshments of the female passengers. This was often felt as a grievous tax, and was in some cases resisted. Thoresby, in recording in his diary a stage-coach journey from Wakefield to London in 1714, states that on the third day there was an accession of passengers, "which, though females, were more chargeable in wine and brandy than the former part of the journey, wherein we had neither; but the next day we gave them leave to treat themselves."

Page 88. *The right we had of taking place, as going to London; of all vehicles coming from thence.* This rule of the road was occasioned by the bad condition of the public ways. On the best lines of communication ruts were so deep and obstructions so formidable, that it was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available; for on each side was often a quagmire of mud. Seldom could two vehicles pass each other unless one of them stopped. Which that should be caused endless disputes, and not a few accidents Some obstinate drivers preferred disputation, and even collision and broken wheels or broken bones, to "pulling up" in deference to a rival Jehu. At such times the path was blocked up for hours; and, when an accumulation of vehicles was the consequence, the end was frequently a general fight amongst the carriers, carters, and coachmen. —Single combat also arose, from a like cause, among pedestrians in the streets to settle the important question of who should "take the wall,"—a

real privilege, when, in ordinary weather, the edge of the foot-path was heaped with mud; and, on wet days, streams poured upon it from the eaves of the houses.

Chap. XXI. Sir Roger in London.

No. 269. Tuesday, January 8th, 1712. By Addison.

Page 89. *He told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene.* The prince's mission to this country was no less popular than his victories—gained in association with Marlborough—had made his person. It was to urge the prosecution, with Austria, of the war against France in terms of the treaty of 1706; and to endeavour to restore to the queen's favour his great ally the duke, who had only four days before his arrival been dismissed with disgrace from all his employments. "Gratitude, esteem, the partnership in so many military operations," we read in Prince Eugene's Autobiography, "and pity for a person in disgrace, caused me to throw myself with emotion into Marlborough's arms."

Nothing could exceed the enthusiastic reception with which Eugene was greeted; and an adroit illustration of the eagerness of the public to behold him, is the bringing Sir Roger up to London solely for that purpose, only two days after the prince's appearance. "The Knight," says the "Spectator," "made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full view of that extraordinary man." This was in fact a necessity; for whenever the prince ventured in the streets, he was beset by eager multitudes, from the evening of his arrival (5th January, 1712) till his departure.

While there was a chance of gaining over the illustrious envoy, the court party joined in the general homage, and on her birth-day, Anne gave the Prince a jewelled sword, valued at £4,500. Then Swift, at first sight, "didn't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough; and a good shape." (Journal, Jan. 13) Eugene was not to be won; and persisted in passing most of his time with Marlborough: whom Harley, the lord treasurer, had just stripped of his title of general. One day at dinner, while Harley was plying the prince with flattery and depreciating Marlborough, he called Eugene the first general in Europe. "If I am so," said the prince, "'tis to your lordship I am indebted for that distinction." Both by words and behaviour Prince Eugene firmly adhered to the cause he had come over to advance, and he fell into utter disrepute with the Tory or peace party. Then it was that Swift, eager as the rest, got a second glimpse of the great man; but the same pair of eyes jaundiced with party prejudice found him "plaguy yellow and literally ugly besides." (Journal, Feb. 10.)

Meanwhile the illustrious envoy was the idol of the populace and of the Whigs. He returned their idolatry by a pleasing affability in public, and by a variety of small but agreeable courtesies in private. A moment's

these it must be noted that he stood sponsor to Steele's second son. The Whig ladies professed to be in love with him, and returned a compliment often paid to themselves by making him their toast. In company, he had, according to Burnet, "a most unaffected modesty, and does scarcely bear the acknowledgements that all the world pay him."

His popularity was gall to the Tories, who with a too-prevalent and mean revenge set about showering libels upon him. On the 17th of March, Prince Eugene retired from this country: his disgust and disappointment slightly tempered by the kindness of the queen; who, at parting, gave him her portrait.

A running fire of squibs and pamphlets was kept up against the Tories on account of their cringing reception and spiteful dismissal of the illustrious visitor. One was advertised in No. 471. of the "Spectator" as "Prince Eugene not the man you took him for; or a Merry Tale of a Modern Hero. Price 6*d*."

Page 89. "*I was no sooner come into Gray's-Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air.*" Gray's Inn Gardens formed for a long time a fashionable promenade. The chief entrance to them was Fulwood's Rents, now a pent-up retreat for poverty; yet, in Sir Roger's day, no place was better adapted for "clearing his pipes in good air;" for scarcely a house intervened thence to Hampstead. A contemporary satirist (but who can scarcely be quoted without an apology) affords a graphic description of this promenade;—"I found none but a parcel of Superannuated Debauchees huddled up in cloaks, frieze coats, and wadded gowns, to preserve their old carcasses from the sharpness of Hampstead air; creeping up and down in pairs and leashes no faster than the hand of a dial or a county convict going to execution; some talking of law, some of religion, and some of politics.—After I had taken two or three turns round, I sat myself down in the Upper Walk, where just before me on a stone pedestal was fixed an old rusty horizontal dial with the gnomon broke short off."* The upper walk was the Terrace mentioned by the "Spectator." Round this sun-dial, seats were arranged in a semicircle.

Gray's Inn Gardens were resorted to by less reputable characters than the beggar whom good Sir Roger scolded and relieved. Expert pick-pockets and plausible ring-droppers found easy prey there on crowded days. In the plays of the period, Gray's Inn Gardens are repeatedly mentioned as a place of assignation for clandestine lovers.

Page 91. *The late act of parliament for securing the Church of England.* The 10th Anne, cap. 2., "An Act for preserving the Protestant religion by

* Ward's London Spy, vol. I. p. 284.

better securing the Church of England as by law established," &c. It was known popularly as the act of "Occasional Conformity."

Page 92. *The Pope's procession.* Each anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession (Nov. 17) was for many years celebrated by the citizens of London in a manner expressive of their detestation of the Church of Rome. A procession—at times sufficiently attractive for royal spectators—paraded the principal streets, the chief figure being an effigy of

"The Pope, that pagan full of pride,"

well executed in wax and expensively adorned with robes and a tiara. He was accompanied by a train of cardinals and jesuits; and at his ear stood a buffoon in the likeness of a horned devil. After having been paraded through divers streets, his holiness was exultingly burnt opposite to the Whig club near the Temple gate in Fleet Street. After the discovery of the Rye House plot, the pope's procession was discontinued; but was resuscitated on the acquittal of the seven bishops and dethronement of James II. Sachevrel's trial had added a new interest to the ceremony; and on the occasion referred to by Sir Roger, besides a popular dread of the church being—from the listlessness of the ministers and the machinations of the Pretender—in danger, there was a very general opposition to the peace with France, for which the Tories were intriguing. The party cry of "No peace" was shouted in the same breath with "No popery."

The Whigs were determined, it was said, to give significance and force to these watchwords by getting up the anniversary show of 1711 with unprecedented splendour. No good Protestant, no honest hater of the French, could refuse to subscribe his guinea for such an object; and it was said, upwards of a thousand pounds were collected for the effigies and their dresses and decorations alone; independent of a large fund for incidental expenses. The pope, the devil, and the Pretender were, it was asserted, fashioned in the likeness of the obnoxious cabinet ministers. The procession was to take place at night, and "a thousand mob" were to be hired to carry flambeaux at a crown a-piece and as much beer and brandy as would inflame them for mischief. The pageant was to open with "twenty-four bagpipes marching four and four, and playing the memorable tune of Lillibullero." Presently was to come "a figure representing Cardinal Gaulteri, (lately made by the Pretender protector of the English nation), looking down on the ground in sorrowful posture; his train supported by two missionaries from Rome, supposed to be now in England."—"Two pages throwing beads, bulls, pardons, and indulgences."—"Two jack puddings sprinkling holy-water."—"Twelve hautboys playing the 'Greenwood tree.'"—Then were to succeed "Six beadles with protestant flails;" and, after a variety of other satirical mummers, the grand centre piece was to show itself:—"The pope under a magnificent canopy, with a right

silver fringe, accompanied by the chevalier St. George on the left and his councillor the devil on his right." The whole procession was to close with twenty streamers displaying this couplet wrought on each,

"God bless Queen Anne, the nation's great defender,
Keep out the French, the Pope, and the Pretender."

To be ready for this grand spectacle the figures were deposited at a house in Drury Lane, whence the procession was to march ("with proper reliefs of lights at several stations") to St. James's Square, thence through Pall Mall, the Strand, Drury Lane, and Holborn to Bishopsgate Street, and return through St. Paul's Church Yard to the bonfire in Fleet Street. "After proper ditties were sung, the Pretender was to have been committed to the flames, being first absolved by the Cardinal Gaulteri. After that the said cardinal was to be absolved by the pope and burnt. And then the devil was to jump into the flames with his holiness in his arms."*

According, however, to the Tories, who spread the most exaggerated reports of these preparations, there were to have been certain accidents which were deliberately contrived beforehand by the conspirators. Besides the great conflagration of the sovereign pontiff, there was to have been several supplementary bonfires in the line of march, into which certain actors of the show were to fling a mock copy of the preliminary articles of peace. This was to be the signal for a general exclamation of "No peace!" Horse messengers had also been engaged—so wrote the cabinet scribes—to gallop into the crowd "as if to break their necks, their hacks all foam" to cry out "the queen is dead at Hampton Court!" Lord Wharton and several noblemen of even higher rank were to disguise themselves as sailors, to mix with and incite the mob. But the grand stroke was to be dealt by the Duke of Marlborough. He was on his way from Flanders—covered, most inopportunely for his enemies, with the glory of one of his best achievements; that of having passed the strongly fortified lines drawn by the French from Bouchain to Arras. On this famous eve the duke was to have made his entry through Aldgate, and there met with the cry of "Victory, Bouchain, the lines, no peace!"

But all this was harmless as compared with the threatened sequel. On the diabolical programme were said to be inscribed certain houses that were to be burnt down. That of the Commissioners of Accounts in Essex Street was to form the first pyre, because in it had been discovered and completed Marlborough's commissorial defalcations. The lord treasurer's was to follow. Harley himself was to have been torn to pieces, as the Dutch pensionary De Witt had been. Indeed the entire city was only to have escaped destruction and rapine by a miracle. It is here that the

* From a folio half sheet published at the time.

"Spectator" himself comes upon the scene. "The 'Spectator,' who ought to be but a looker on, was to have been an assistant; that, seeing London in a flame, he might have opportunity to paint after the life, and remark the behaviour of the people in the ruin of their country; so to have made a diverting 'Spectator.'"*

These were the coarse excuses which the Tories put forth for spoiling the show. At midnight on the 16-17th of Nov. a posse of constables made forcible entry into the Drury Lane temple of the waxen images, and by force of arms seized the pope, the Pretender, the cardinals, the devil and all his works, a chariot to have been drawn by six of his imps, the canopies, the bagpipes, the bulls, the pardons, the Protestant flails, the streamers,—in short the entire paraphernalia. At one fell swoop the whole collection was carried off to the cock-pit at Whitehall, then the privy council office. That the city apprentices should not be wholly deprived of their expected treat, fifteen of the group were exhibited to the public gratis. "I saw to-day the pope, the devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I hear the owners of them are so impudent, that their design is to replevy them by law. The images are not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub Street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like lord treasurer; they were all in your odd antic masks bought in common shops." Thus wrote Swift to Stella; yet to the public he either gave, or superintended, an account of the affair which was simply a string of all the mendacious exaggerations then wilfully put about by his patrons. Such were the party tactics of Sir Roger's time.

Page 92. *Squire's Coffee House.* In Fulwood's Rents, leading from Holborn into Gray's Inn Gardens, as mentioned ante. It was much frequented by the benchers and students of Gray's Inn. Squire was a "noted coffee man" who died in 1717.

Chap. XXII. Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey.

"Spectator," No. 329. Tuesday, March 18th, 1712. By Addison.

Page 93. *He had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey.* "Spectator," No. 26.

Page 93. *He called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water.* One of the innumerable "strong waters" drunk, it is said (perhaps libellously), chiefly by the fair sex as an exhilarant; the excuses being the cholic and "the vapours." Addison, who pretends in the text to find it unpalatable, is accused of having been a constant imbiber of the widow's distillations.

* "A true Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended riot and

Indeed, Tyers goes so far as to say on the authority of "Tacitus" Gordon, that Addison hastened his end by indulgence in them. Although an advertisement of these waters is not to be found in the Folio "Spectator," yet the curious will see in it strong puffs of other potent spirits in disguise—thanks probably to the business connexions of Mr. Lillie, perfumer. A "grateful electuary" is recommended in No. 113. as having the power of raising the spirits, of curing loss of memory, and revivifying all the noble powers of the soul,—at the small charge of two and sixpence per bottle. Another chemical secret, in No. 120., promises to cure "the vapours in women, infallibly, in an instant." Daffy's Elixir is advertised in No. 356.

Page 94. *The sickness being at Dantzic.* The plague which raged there in 1709. "Idleness, which has long raged in the world, destroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzic."—*Tatler*, Nov. 22, 1709.

Page 94. "*Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man.*" This monument is in the south aisle of the choir.

"*Sir Cloudesley Shovel's* monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour."—*Spectator*, No. 26.

The sculptor was F. Bird. Sir Cloudesley Shovel died in 1707.

Page 94. *Dr. Busby! a great man—he whipp'd my grandfather.* Dr. Busby was head master of Westminster school for fifty-five years, and had the credit of having furnished both the church and the state with a greater number of eminent scholars than any other pedagogue. At the Restoration he was made a prebendary of Westminster, and carried the sacred ampulla at the coronation of Charles the Second. He was eighty-nine years old when he died in 1695. His monument, sculptured by Bird, stands not far from that of Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

Page 95. *The statesman Cecil upon his knees.* In the chapel of St. Nicholas. This tomb was erected by the great Lord Burleigh, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to the memory of his wife Mildred and their daughter Anne, whose effigies lie under a carved arch. "At the base of the monument, within Corinthian columns, are kneeling figures of Sir Robert Cecil, their son, and three grand-daughters. The inscription is in Latin, very long and very tiresome."—*Peter Cunningham's Westminster Abbey.*

Page 95. *That martyr to good housewifery, who died with the prick of a*

needle. This is one of the "hundred lies" which the attendant is said to have told Goldsmith's Citizen of the world "without blushing." The monument in St. Edmund's chapel is that of Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Lord John Russell (temp. 1584). "The figure is melancholily inclining her cheek to her right hand, and with the fore-finger of her left directing us to behold the death's head placed at her feet."—(*Keepe Monas. Westm.*) This alone is said to have originated an unwarrantable verdict of "died from the prick of a needle."

Page 95. *The stone was called Jacob's Pillar* [*pillow*]. This is the stone or "marble fatal chair," which Gathelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, is said to have sent from Spain with his son when he invaded Ireland; and which Fergus son of Gyric won there and conveyed to Cove. The stone was set into a chair in which the kings of Scotland were crowned, till Edward the first offered it, with other portions of the Scottish Regalia, at the shrine of Edward the Confessor as an evidence of his absolute conquest of Scotland. A Leonine couplet was cut in the stone which has been thus translated:

> "The Scots shall brook that realm as native ground
> (If Weirds fail not) wherever this stone is found."

This prophecy was fulfilled, to the satisfaction of the believers in prophecy, by the accession of James VI. to the English Crown. How it got the name of Jacob's pillow is difficult to trace. It is a piece of common rough Scotch sandstone; and Sir Roger's question was extremely pertinent.—The other coronation chair was placed in the Abbey in the reign of William and Mary.

Page 95. *Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword.* This, "the monumental sword that conquered France," is placed with his shield near the tomb of Edward, and which he caused to be carried before him in France. The sword is seven feet long, and weighs eighteen pounds.

Page 96. *The figure of one of our English kings without an head.* The effigy of Henry V. which was plated with silver except the head, and that was of solid metal. At the dissolution of the monasteries the figure was stripped of its plating, and the head stolen.

Chap. XXIII. Sir Roger at the Play.

"Spectator," No 335. Tuesday, March 25th, 1712. By Addison.

Page 97. *He had a great mind to see the new tragedy.* This was "The Distressed Mother," by Ambrose, otherwise "Pastoral" Philips; and, as it was advertised in the above number of the "Spectator" to be performed for the sixth time, Sir Roger must be supposed to have witnessed its fifth

formance. The "first night" is thus announced in the "Spectator" and the "Daily Courant" of 17th March, 1712.

"By desire of several ladies of Quality; by Her Majesty's Company of Comedians:

"At the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, this present Monday being 17th March will be presented a new Tragedy called

"THE DISTRESSED MOTHER,

"(By Her Majesty's command no person will be admitted behind the scenes.)

"Pyrrhus, Mr. Booth.	Andromache, Mrs. Oldfield.
Phœnix, Mr. Bowman.	Cephisa, Mrs. Knight.
Orestes, Mr. Powell.	Hermione, Mrs. Porter.
Pylades, Mr. Mills.	Cleone, Mrs. Cox."

Addison had a strong friendship for Philips, and took extraordinary pains, first to get his friend's play upon the stage, and next to make it succeed; for, according to Spence, he caused the house to be packed on the first night. No. 290. of the "Spectator" opens with a puff preliminary:—

"The players, who know I am very much their friend, take all opportunities to express a gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better occasion of obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my friend Will Honeycomb to bring me to the reading of a new tragedy, it is called 'The Distressed Mother.' I must confess, tho' some days are passed since I enjoyed that entertainment, the passions of the several characters dwell strongly upon my imagination; and I congratulate the age, that they are at last to see truth and humane life represented in the incidents which concern heroes and heroines. The style of the play is such as becomes those of the first education, and the sentiments worthy those of the highest figure. It was a most exquisite pleasure to me, to observe real tears drop from the eyes of those who had long made it their profession to dissemble affliction: and the player, who read, frequently threw down the book till he had given vent to the humanity which rose in him at some irresistible touches of the imagined sorrow."

Whoever dips into this turgid translation of Racine's "Andromache" will be much amused at the green-room grief it is said to have drawn forth. Like many a worse play, some of its success was occasioned by the epilogue as delivered by Mrs. Oldfield. "This was the most successful composition of the kind ever yet," says Johnson, "spoken on the English theatre. The first three nights it was recited twice; and not only continued to be demanded through the run, as it is termed, of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the stage—where by peculiar fortune, though a copy from the French, it keeps its place—the epilogue is still expected and still spoken." Its reputed author was Budgell; but when Addison was

asked how such a silly fellow could write so well? he replied, "[illegible] epilogue was quite another thing when I saw it first." Tonson publis[illegible] the play; and when it was first printed, Addison's name appeared to [illegible] epilogue; but happening to come into the shop early in the morning wh[illegible] the copies were to be issued, he ordered the credit of it to be given [illegible] Budgell "that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place." This story was told to Garrick by a member of the Tonson family.—The prologue was by Steele.

Page 97. *The "Committee"—a good Church-of-England play.* This comedy, written by Sir Robert Howard, was popular so early as 1663. Pepys, in his diary of that year, under June 12, writes—"To the Theatre Royal, and there saw the 'Committee,' a merry but indifferent play; only Lacy's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination." Posterity has not ratified Pepys's criticism as to the "indifference" of the "Committee," for it kept possession of the stage in one form or another till very lately. The part of Teague was always the greatest favourite, and gave to the comedy the second title of "The Faithful Irishman." After Lacy it was filled with most applause by Leigh, whom Charles the Second called "*his* comedian;" Griffin and Bowman respectively succeeded to it, and then the sponsor of the well-known jest book, Joe Miller; of whom a mezzotint likeness as Teague is still extant. The "Committee," cut down to a farce, was till lately played under the title of "Honest Thieves."

Much of its earlier celebrity was due to the political allusions in which the "Committee" abounds—to its being, in the words of Sir Roger, "a good Church-of-England play." Sir R. Howard wrote it to satirise, in the character of Obadiah, the proceedings of the Roundheads; and, at the faintest dawn of religious excitement, its announcement in the play-bills was, even in Sir Roger's time, sure to attract large audiences. Some five-and-twenty years before, when James the Second attempted to inflict popery upon Oxford, an interpolation by Leigh—who was playing Teague in that city—caused an intense commotion. The head of University College, Walker (whose first name was the same as that of the chief part in the play—Obadiah), had gone so far, in obedience to the wishes of the king as to introduce popish rites, and to turn his College into a Catholic seminary. This brought upon him great indignation, a tremendous burst of which was vented after Leigh's exploit:—towards the end of the comedy Teague has to haul in Obadiah with a halter about his neck and to threaten to hang him for refusing to drink the king's health. "Here," says Colley Cibber, "Leigh, to justify his purpose with a stronger provocation, put himself into a more than ordinary heat with his captive; and, having heightened his master's curiosity to know what Obadiah had done to deserve such usage, Leigh, folding his arms with a ridiculous stare of astonishment replied: 'Upon my shoul, he has shange his religion!'" The allusion

"Old Obadiah
Sings Ave Maria."

This adventure was the first intimation the king received of the disaffection of his Oxford subjects to the popish proceedings he had set on foot there. He caused Leigh to be severely reprimanded; and, for fear of the worst, sent down a regiment of dragoons to keep the Protestant "town and gown" in check. It is not impossible that Addison may have assisted in this riot, for he had entered as a student at Queen's College about a year before it happened.

Page 97. *Would there not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad?* It had been for many previous years the favourite amusement of dissolute young men to form themselves into clubs and associations for the cowardly pleasure of fighting and sometimes maiming harmless pedestrians, and even defenceless women. They took various slang designations. At the Restoration they were Muns and Tityre-Tus; then Hectors and Scourers*; later still, Nickers (whose delight it was to smash windows with showers of halfpence), Hawkabites, and lastly Mohocks. These last took their title from "a sort of cannibals in India who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them."† Nor was the designation inapt; for if there was one sort of brutality on which they prided themselves more than another, it was in tattooing; or slashing people's faces with, as Gay wrote, "new invented wounds." Their other exploits were quite as savage as those of their predecessors, although they aimed at dashing their mischief with wit and originality. They began the evening at their clubs, by drinking to excess in order to inflame what little courage they possessed. They then sallied forth sword in hand. Some enacted the part of "dancing masters" by thrusting their rapiers between the legs of sober citizens in such a fashion as to make them cut the most grotesque capers. The hunt spoken of by Sir Roger was commenced by a "view hallo!" and as soon as the savage pack had run down their victim, they surrounded him, and formed a circle with the points of their swords. One gave him a puncture in the rear which naturally made him wheel about, then came a prick from another, and so they kept him

* "Pish, this is nothing. Why, I knew the Hectors, and before them the Muns and Tityre-Tus: they were brave fellows indeed. In those days a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice."—*The Scowrers by Shadwell.*

† "Spectator," No. 324.

spinning like a top till in their mercy they chose to let him go free adventure of this kind is narrated in No. 332. of the "Spectator."

Another savage diversion was thrusting women into barrels and roll them down Snow or Ludgate Hill: Gay sings:

"——————— their mischiefs done
Where, from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run;
How Matrons hoop'd within a hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the falling tomb
O'er the stones thunders; bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country dy'd."

At the date of the present "Spectator" the outrages of the Mohocks were so intolerable that they became the subject of a royal proclamation issued on the 18th March, just a week before Sir Roger's visit to Drury Lane. Swift—who was horribly afraid of them—mentions some of their villanies. He writes two days previously that "two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's at the door of her house in the Park with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation."

The proclamation had little effect. On the very day after our party went to the play, we find Swift exclaiming—"They go on still, and cut people's faces every night! but they shan't cut mine;—I like it better as it is."

Page 98. *The same sword that he made use of at the Battle of Steenkirk.* This battle was remarkable in the annals of fashion for giving the name to a modish neck-cloth. At the beginning of August, 1692, while William the Third was in Flanders at the head of the allies, he discovered an enemy's spy in his camp; and, to facilitate a project of surprising the French, his Majesty caused him to give his master false information. The king then set upon the enemy at day-break while they were asleep, and routed them. The French generals, however, rallied and formed their troops on favourable ground, turned the tables, and finally conquered. The allies were so crest-fallen and disunited by this defeat, that William broke up the campaign, and retired to England. The French were as much elated. Their generals—amongst whom were the Prince de Condé and the Duke de Vendôme—were received in Paris with acclamation, and the roads were lined with jubilants. The *petits maîtres* shared in the general exultation; and, although at that time it was their pride to arrange their lace cravats with the utmost elaboration and care; yet, when they heard of the disordered dress in which the generals appeared in the fight from their haste to get into it, they suddenly changed the fashion, and wore a sort of lace negligé, which they called a "Steenkirk." The fashion soon extended to England, and for several years the "Steenkirk" was your fop's only wear;

Chap. XXIV. Sir Roger at Vauxhall.

No. 383. Tuesday, May 20th, 1712. By Addison.

Page 101. *I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-Garden.* Vauxhall or Vauxhall Gardens were a substitute for old Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, when the latter ceased to be a place of public entertainment and began to be covered with private residences. The name was derived from a "spring" which supplied a jet "by a wheel, which the gardener turns at a distance, through a number of little pipes."—(*Hentzner's Travels.*) The jet was concealed, and did not spurt forth until an unwary visitor trod on a particular spot, when there came a self-administered shower bath. This, with archery, bowls, a grove of "warbling birds," a pleasant yard and a pond for bathing, furnished the amusements. "Sometimes," says Evelyn, "they would have music, and sup on barges on the water."

At the Restoration builders invaded Spring Gardens, and its name was transferred to Vauxhall Gardens, which formed part of the estate of Sir Samuel Moreland, who had already (in 1667) built a large room there. Except the Spring, the amusements were nearly the same as in the old garden. The "close walks" were an especial attraction for other reasons than the nightingales; which, in their proper season, warbled in the trees. "The windings and turnings in the little wilderness," quoth Tom Brown, "are so intricate, that the most experienced mothers have often lost themselves in looking for their daughters." We hear little of Vauxhall from the year of Sir Roger's visit (1712) till 1732, when it was resuscitated by Mr. Jonathan Tyers: he termed it a Ridotto al Fresco, collected an efficient orchestra, set up an organ, engaged Hogarth and Roubillác to decorate the great room with paintings and statuary, and issued silver season tickets at a guinea each. From his time till about ten or fifteen years since, Vauxhall retained its popularity.

Page 103. *A great deal of the like Thames ribaldry.* The "silent highway" was peculiarly favourable for that interchange of wit and repartee in which the lower orders, and even facetious people of quality, loved to indulge. Taylor, the water poet, Swift, and Dr. Johnson have bequeathed to us some of these smart sayings: but they are too coarse for repetition.

Chap. XXV. Will Honeycomb on Widows.

No. 359. Tuesday, April 22nd, 1712. By Budgell.

Chap. XXVI. Sir Roger passeth away.

"Spectator," No. 517. Thursday, Oct. 23rd, 1712. By Addison.

Page 107. *To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley*

is dead. "Mr. Addison was so fond of this character that a little b[efore] he laid down the 'Spectator' (foreseeing that some nimble gentle[man] would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it) he said to our inti[mate] friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not o[ften] guilty of, 'I'll kill Sir Roger that nobody else may murder him.'" *The Bee*, p. 26.

On this Chalmers sensibly remarks that "the killing of Sir Roger ha[s] been sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that Addison despatched him in a fit of anger: for the work was about to close, and it appeared necessary to close the club; but whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning this circumstance, it is universally agreed that it produced a paper of transcendent excellence in all the graces of simplicity and pathos. There is not in our language any assumption of character more faithful than that of the honest butler; nor a more irresistible stroke of nature than the circumstance of the book received by Sir Andrew Freeport."

Budgell's story is another version of the reason Cervantes gave for killing *his* hero;—*para mi fola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el.* Shakespere's motive for the early death of Mercutio in the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet has been accounted for by a similar fiction.

Page 109. *Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-House, and the whole estate.* The 544th number of the "Spectator" (Nov. 24th, 1712) contains a letter from the new esquire, in which he says, "I cannot reflect upon his (Sir Roger's) character but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club; to wit, that a man of a warm and well disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who with the greatest talents is cold and languid in his affections. But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at."—"I have continued all Sir Roger's servants except such as it was a relief to dismiss unto little livings within my manor; those who are in a list of the good Knight's own hand to be taken care of by me I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them on all occasions."

THE END.